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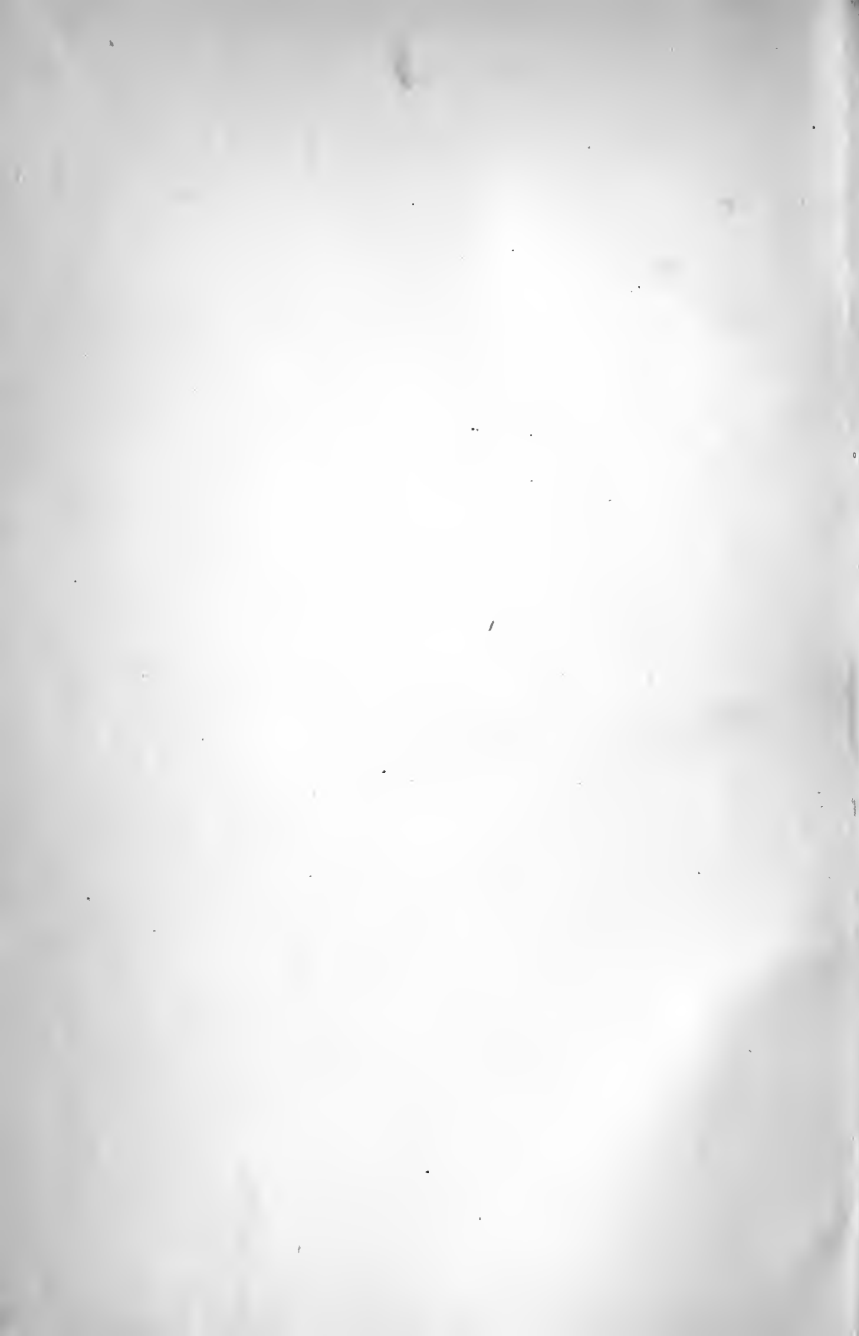
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# THE VIRGINIANS;

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY

W. M. THACKERAY.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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# THE VIRGINIANS.

VOL. III.

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## CHAPTER I.

Friends in Need.

QUICK, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Anyone who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street road at the period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey: — scarce any lights, save those carried by link-boys; badly hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man, as the journey from Marlborough to London which he had performed in the morning.

He had written to Harry, announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between England and France at that time; the French privateers were for ever on the look-out for British merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter

bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in London, and asked for his brother. Scared at the likeness between them, the maid servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. Even Madam Esmond was softened by it (and especially touched by a letter which the Baroness wrote — the letter which caused George to pack off post haste for Europe, indeed). She heartily hoped and trusted that Madam Beatrix had found occasion to repent of her former bad ways. It was time indeed, at her age; and Heaven knows that she had plenty to repent of! I have known a harmless, good old soul of eighty, still bepommeled and stoned by irreproachable ladies of the straightest sect of the Pharisees, for a little slip which occurred long before the



present century was born, or she herself was twenty years old. Rachel Esmond never mentioned her eldest daughter: Madam Esmond Warrington never mentioned her sister. No. In spite of the order for remission of the sentence — in spite of the hand-writing on the floor of the Temple — there is a crime which some folks never will pardon, and regarding which female virtue, especially, is inexorable.

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his terror at the sudden re-appearance of the master whom he supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanour when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. O George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whenever you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet: — if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart when, jolting through the dark streets towards the house of his brother's captivity, George came to think of his aunt's behaviour. "She *does* feel my poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself, "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas,

the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as by his flaring tallow-torch he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr. Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another up-stairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

The room into which George was introduced was a small apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle, too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment.

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says, there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do your business by breakfast time in the morning."

"Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are

you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, sir!" he said, "I know who *you* are. You must be Colonel Lambert, of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months amongst the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry," continued the lad with a faltering voice.

"James! James! Here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?"

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine."

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honours, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honour before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly — good, if your

honour wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officers' hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up-stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood (for, somehow, even Maria's goodness and affection, as she had just exhibited them, had not altogether consoled him; and he had thought, with a little dismay, of certain consequences to which that very kindness and fidelity bound him) when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill-temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might — to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter

frankly told Harry, "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behaviour to your senior, and what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You, see, sir, what his answer hath been to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry *Peccavimus!* Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, will you be so kind, sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and — and, God bless him for his generous behaviour." And here the young gentleman turned his head away, and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I'll — I'll follow, — on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown! I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my

message first. Just — just prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling — understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door, Mr. Gumbo entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions, his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning — himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweetheart?"

"No, Gum had not got no new sweetheart, Master."

"Give me my coat. What has brought thee back?"

Gum grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He down-stairs now with Colonel Lambert!" Whilst Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost — what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation. "Is anybody — is — my mother come?"

"No, sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master looking oddly at him, flings the door open, and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it, just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*and*

*for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."*

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room, — where, if you please, we will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there, turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart, — his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more here," says the Colonel. "Good night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick, Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-bye, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

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## CHAPTER II.

Contains a great deal of the finest Morality.

WHEN first we had the honour to be presented to Sir Miles Warrington at the King's drawing-room, in St. James's Palace, I confess that I, for one — looking at his jolly round face, his broad round waistcoat, his hearty country manner, — expected that I had lighted upon a most eligible and agreeable acquaintance at last, and was about to become intimate with that noblest specimen of the human race, the bepraised of songs and men, the good old English country gentleman. In fact, to be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honour; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a-week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the Parish, the benefactor of the Parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," to



be sure, but only for form's sake, because the words are written in the book, and to give other folks an example: — a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation; — this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable anything. If you were a royal highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until Your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You might when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry, — you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your own shortcomings, and the vanity of things in general; but, in high health, sunshine, spirit, that word miserable is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman, with the ague, seven children, two pounds a-year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a-week? No: a healthy, rich, jolly, country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery: if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

It may be he becomes somewhat selfish; but at

least he is satisfied with himself. Except my lord at the castle, there is nobody for miles and miles round so good or so great. His admirable wife ministers to him, and to the whole parish, indeed: his children bow before him: the vicar of the parish reverences him: he is respected at quarter sessions: he causes poachers to tremble: off go all hats before him at market: and round about his great coach, in which his spotless daughters and sublime lady sit, all the country-town tradesmen cringe, bareheaded, and the farmers' women drop innumerable curtsies. From their cushions in the great coach the ladies look down beneficently, and smile on the poorer folk. They buy a yard of ribbon with affability; they condescend to purchase an ounce of salts, or a packet of flower-seeds: they deign to cheapen a goose: their drive is like a royal progress; a happy people is supposed to press round them and bless them. Tradesmen bow, farmers' wives bob, town-boys, waving their ragged hats, cheer the red-faced coachman as he drives the fat bays, and cry, "Sir Miles for ever! Throw us a half-penny, my lady!"

But suppose the market-woman should hide her fat goose when Sir Miles's coach comes, out of terror lest my lady, spying the bird, should insist on purchasing it a bargain? Suppose no coppers ever were known to come out of the royal coach window? Suppose Sir Miles regaled his tenants with notoriously small beer, and his poor with especially thin broth? This may be our fine old English gentleman's way. There have been not a few fine English gentlemen and ladies of this sort; who patronised the poor without ever relieving them, who called out "Amen!" at church as loud as the clerk; who went through all the forms of piety,

and discharged all the etiquette of old English gentlemanhood; who bought virtue a bargain, as it were, and had no doubt they were honouring her by the purchase. Poor Harry in his distress asked help from his relations: his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. How much of this behaviour goes on daily in respectable life, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers, and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together, and talk nose to nose, — what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among the thieves, and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?

Dare? Do you suppose they think they have done wrong? Do you suppose Skinflint is tortured with remorse at the idea of the distress which called to him in vain, and of the hunger which he sent empty away? Not he. He is indignant with Prodigal for being a fool: he is not ashamed of himself for being a curmudgeon. What? a young man with such opportunities throw them away. A fortune spent amongst gamblers and spendthrifts? Horrible, horrible! Take warning, my child, by this unfortunate young man's behaviour, and see the consequences of extravagance. According

to the great and always Established Church of the Pharisees, here is an admirable opportunity for a moral discourse, and an assertion of virtue. "And to think of his deceiving us so!" cries out Lady Warrington.

"Very sad, very sad, my dear!" says Sir John, wagging his head.

"To think of so much extravagance in one so young!" cries Lady Warrington. "Cards, bets, feasts at taverns of the most wicked profusion, carriage and riding horses, the company of the wealthy and profligate of his own sex, and, I fear, of the most iniquitous persons of ours."

"Hush, my Lady Warrington!" cries her husband, glancing towards the spotless Dora and Flora, who held down their blushing heads, at the mention of the last naughty persons.

"No wonder my poor children hide their faces!" Mamma continues. "My dears, I wish even the existence of such creatures could be kept from you!"

"They can't go to an opera, or the park, without seeing 'em, to be sure," says Sir Miles.

"To think we should have introduced such a young serpent into the bosom of our family! and have left him in the company of that guileless darling!" and she points to Master Miles.

"Who's a serpent, mamma?" inquires that youth. "First you said cousin Harry was bad: then he was good: now he is bad again. Which is he, Sir Miles?"

"He has faults, like all of us, Miley, my dear. Your cousin has been wild, and you must take warning by him."

"Was not my elder brother, who died — my naughty brother — was not he wild too? He was not

kind to me when I was quite a little boy. He never gave me money, nor toys, nor rode with me, nor — why do you cry, mamma? Sure I remember how Hugh and you were always fight —”

“Silence, sir!” cry out papa and the girls in a breath. “Don’t you know you are never to mention that name?”

“I know I love Harry, and I didn’t love Hugh,” says the sturdy little rebel. “And if cousin Harry is in prison, I’ll give him my half-guinea that my god-papa gave me, and anything I have — yes, anything, except — except my little horse — and my silver waistcoat — and — and Snowball and Sweetlips at home — and — and, yes, my custard after dinner.” This was in reply to hint of sister Dora. “But I’d give him *some* of it,” continues Miles, after a pause.

“Shut thy mouth with it, child, and then go about thy business,” says papa, amused. Sir Miles Warrington had a considerable fund of easy humour.

“Who would have thought he should ever be so wild?” Mamma goes on.

“Nay. Youth is the season for wild oats, my dear.”

“That we should be so misled in him!” sighed the girls.

“That he should kiss us both!” cries papa.

“Sir Miles Warrington, I have no patience with that sort of vulgarity!” says the majestic matron.

“Which of you was the favourite yesterday, girls?” continues the father.

“Favourite, indeed! I told him over and over again, of my engagement to dear Tom — I did,

Dora — why do you sneer, if you please?" says the handsome sister.

"Nay, to do her justice, so did Dora too," said papa.

"Because Flora seemed to wish to forget her engagement with dear Tom sometimes," remarks her sister.

"I never never never wished to break with Tom! It's wicked of you to say so, Dora! It is you who were for ever sneering at him: it is you who are always envious because I happen — at least, because gentlemen imagine that I am not ill-looking, and prefer me to some folks, in spite of all their learning and wit!" cries Flora, tossing her head over her shoulder, and looking at the glass.

"Why are you always looking there, sister?" says the artless Miles junior. "Sure, you must know your face well enough!"

"Some people look at it just as often, child, who haven't near such good reason," says papa, gallantly.

"If you mean *me*, Sir Miles, I thank you," cries Dora. "My face is as Heaven made it, and my father and mother gave it me. 'Tis not my fault if I resemble my papa's family. If my head is homely, at least I have got some brains in it. I envious of Flora, indeed, because she has found favour in the sight of poor Tom Claypool! I should as soon be proud of captivating a ploughboy!"

"Pray, miss, was your Mr. Harry, of Virginia, much wiser than Tom Claypool? You would have had him for the asking!" exclaims Flora.

"And so would *you*, miss, and have dropped Tom Claypool into the sea!" cries Dora.

"I wouldn't."

"You would."

"I wouldn't;" — and da capo goes the conversation — the shuttlecock of wrath being briskly battled from one sister to another.

"O my children! Is this the way you dwell together in unity?" exclaims their excellent female parent, laying down her embroidery. "What an example you set to this Innocent."

"Like to see 'em fight, my lady!" cries the Innocent, rubbing his hands.

"At her, Flora! Worry her, Dora! To it again, you little rogues!" says facetious papa. "'Tis good sport, ain't it, Miley?"

"O, Sir Miles! O, my children! These disputes are unseemly. They tear a fond mother's heart," says mamma, with majestic action, though bearing the laceration of her bosom with much seeming equanimity. "What cause for thankfulness ought we to have that watchful parents have prevented any idle engagements between you and your misguided cousin. If we have been mistaken in him, is it not a mercy that we have found out our error in time? If either of you had any preference for him, your excellent good sense, my loves, will teach you to overcome, to eradicate, the vain feeling. That we cherished and were kind to him can *never* be a source of regret. 'Tis a proof of our good nature. What *we* have to regret, I fear, is, that your cousin should have proved unworthy of our kindness, and, coming away from the society of gamblers, play-actors, and the like, should have brought contamination — pollution, I had almost said — into this pure family!"

"O, bother mamma's sermons!" says Flora, as my lady pursues a harangue of which we only give the commencement here, but during which papa, whistling, gently quits the room on tiptoe, whilst the artless Miles junior winds his top and pegs it under the robes of his sisters. It has done humming, and staggered and tumbled over, and expired in its usual tipsy manner, long ere Lady Warrington has finished her sermon.

"Were you listening to me, my child?" she asks, laying her hand on her darling's head.

"Yes, mother," says he, with the whipcord in his mouth, and proceeding to wind up his sportive engine. "You was a saying that Harry was very poor now, and that we oughtn't to help him. That's what you was saying; wasn't it, madam?"

"My poor child, thou wilt understand me better when thou art older!" says mamma, turning towards that ceiling to which her eyes always have recourse.

"Get out, you little wretch!" cries one of the sisters. The artless one has pegged his top at Dora's toes, and laughs with the glee of merry boyhood at his sister's discomfiture.

But what is this? Who comes here? Why does Sir Miles return to the drawing-room, and why does Tom Claypool, who strides after the Baronet, wear a countenance so disturbed?

"Here's a pretty business, my Lady Warrington!" cries Sir Miles. "Here's a wonderful wonder of wonders, girls!"

"For goodness sake, gentlemen, what is your intelligence?" asks the virtuous matron.



"The whole town's talking about it, my lady!" says Tom Claypool puffing for breath.

"Tom has seen him," continued Sir Miles.

"Seen both of them, my Lady Warrington. They were at Ranelagh last night, with a regular mob after 'em. And so like, that but for their different ribbons you would hardly have told one from the other. One was in blue, the other in brown; but I'm certain he has worn both the suits here."

"What suits?"

"What one, — what other?" call the girls.

"Why, your fortunate youth, to be sure."

"Our precious Virginian, and heir to the principality!" says Sir Miles.

"Is my nephew, then, released from his incarceration?" asks her ladyship, "And is he again plunged in the vortex of dissipation . . . ."

"Confound him!" roars out the Baronet, with an expression which I fear was even stronger. "What should you think, my Lady Warrington; if this precious nephew of mine should turn out to be an impostor; by George! no better than an adventurer?"

"An inward monitor whispered me as much!" cried the lady; "but I dashed from me the unworthy suspicion. Speak, Sir Miles, we burn with impatience to listen to your intelligence."

"I'll speak, my love, when you've done," says Sir Miles. "Well, what do you think of my gentleman, who comes into my house, dines at my table, is treated as one of this family, kisses my —"

"What?" asks Tom Claypool, firing as red as his waistcoat.

"— Hem! Kisses my wife's hand, and is treated

in the fondest manner, by George! What do you think of this fellow, who talks of his property and his principality, by Jupiter! — turning out to be a beggarly SECOND SON! A beggar, my Lady Warrington, by —”

“Sir Miles Warrington, no violence of language before these dear ones! I sink to the earth, confounded by this unutterable hypocrisy. And did I entrust thee to a pretender, my blessed boy? Did I leave thee with an impostor, my innocent one?” the matron cries, fondling her son.

“Who’s an impostor, my lady?” asks the child.

“That confounded young scamp of a Harry Warrington!” bawls out papa; on which the little Miles, after wearing a puzzled look for a moment, and yielding to I know not what hidden emotion, bursts out crying.

His admirable mother proposes to clutch him to her heart, but he rejects the pure caress, bawling only the louder, and kicking frantically about the maternal *gremium*, as the butler announces “Mr. George Warrington, Mr. Henry Warrington!” Miles is dropped from his mother’s lap. Sir Miles’s face emulates Mr. Claypool’s waistcoat. The three ladies rise up, and make three most frigid curtsseys, as our two young men enter the room.

Little Miles runs towards them. He holds out a little hand. “O Harry! No! which is Harry? *You’re* my Harry,” and he chooses rightly this time. “O, you dear Harry! I’m so glad you are come! and they’ve been abusing you so!”

“I am come to pay my duty to my uncle,” says the dark-haired Mr. Warrington; “and to thank him for his hospitalities to my brother Henry.”

“What, nephew George? My brother’s face and eyes! Boys both, I am delighted to see you!” cries their uncle, grasping affectionately a hand of each, as his honest face radiates with pleasure.

“This indeed hath been a most mysterious and a most providential resuscitation,” says Lady Warrington. “Only I wonder that my nephew Henry concealed the circumstance until now,” she adds, with a sidelong glance at both young gentlemen.

“He knew it no more than your ladyship,” says Mr. Warrington. The young ladies looked at each other with downcast eyes.

“Indeed, sir! a most singular circumstance,” says mamma, with another curtsy. “We had heard of it, sir; and Mr. Claypool, our county neighbour, had just brought us the intelligence, and it even now formed the subject of my conversation with my daughters.”

“Yes,” cries out a little voice, “and do you know, Harry, father and mother said you was a — a imp —”

“Silence, my child! Screwby, convey Master Warrington to his own apartment! These, Mr. Warrington — or, I suppose I should say nephew George — are your cousins.” Two curtseys — two cheeses are made — two hands are held out. Mr. Esmond Warrington makes a profound low bow, which embraces (and it is the only embrace which the gentleman offers) all three ladies. He lays his hat to his heart. He says, “It is my duty, madam, to pay my respects to my uncle and cousins, and to thank your ladyship for such hospitality as you have been enabled to show to my brother.”

“It was not much, nephew, but it was our best. Ods bobs!” cries the hearty Sir Miles, “it was our best!”

"And I appreciate it, sir," says Mr. Warrington, looking gravely round at the family.

"Give us thy hand. Not a word more," says Sir Miles. "What? do you think I'm a cannibal, and won't extend the hand of hospitality to my dear brother's son? What say you, lads? Will you eat our mutton at three? This is my neighbour, Tom Claypool, son to Sir Thomas Claypool, Baronet, and my very good friend. Hey, Tom! Thou wilt be of the party, Tom? Thou knowest our brew, hey, my boy?"

"Yes, I know it, Sir Miles," replies Tom, with no peculiar expression of rapture on his face.

"And thou shalt taste it, my boy, thou shalt taste it! What is there for dinner, my Lady Warrington? Our food is plain, but plenty, lads — plain, but plenty!"

"We cannot partake of it to-day, sir. We dine with a friend who occupies my Lord Wrotham's house, your neighbour. Colonel Lambert — Major-General Lambert he has just been made."

"With two daughters, I think — countryfied-looking girls — are they not?" asks Flora.

"I think I have remarked two little rather dowdy things," says Dora.

"They are as good girls as any in England!" breaks out Harry, to whom no one had thought of saying a single word. His reign was over, you see. He was nobody. What wonder, then, that he should not be visible?

"O, indeed, cousin!" says Dora, with a glance at the young man, who sate with burning cheeks, chafing at the humiliation put upon him, but not knowing how

or whether he should notice it. "O, indeed, cousin! You are very charitable — or very lucky, I'm sure! You see angels where we only see ordinary little persons. I'm sure I could not imagine who were those odd-looking people in Lord Wrotham's coach, with his handsome liveries. But if they were three *angels*, I have nothing to say."

"My brother is an enthusiast," interposes George. "He is often mistaken about women."

"O, really!" says Dora, looking a little uneasy.

"I fear my nephew Henry has indeed met with some unfavourable specimens of our sex," the matron remarks, with a groan.

"We are so easily taken in, madam — we are both very young yet — we shall grow older and learn better."

"Most sincerely, nephew George, I trust you may. You have my best wishes, my prayers, for your brother's welfare and your own. No efforts of *ours* have been wanting. At a painful moment, to which I will not further allude —"

"And when my uncle Sir Miles was out of town," says George, looking towards the baronet, who smiles at him with affectionate approval.

"— I sent your brother a work which I thought might comfort him, and I know might improve him. Nay, do not thank me; I claim no credit; I did but my duty — a humble woman's duty — for what are this world's goods, nephew, compared to the welfare of a soul? If I did good, I am thankful; if I was useful, I rejoice. If, through my means, you have been brought, Harry, to consider —"

"O! the sermon, is it?" breaks in downright Harry.

"I hadn't time to read a single syllable of it, aunt — thank you. You see I don't care much about that kind of thing — but thank you all the same."

"The intention is everything," says Mr. Warrington, "and we are both grateful. Our dear friend, General Lambert, intended to give bail for Harry; but, happily, I had funds of Harry's with me to meet any demands upon us. But the kindness is the same, and I am grateful to the friend who hastened to my brother's rescue when he had most need of aid, and when his own relations happened — so unfortunately — to be out of town."

"Anything I could do, my dear boy, I'm sure — my brother's son — my own nephew — ods bobs! you know — that is, anything — *anything*, you know!" cries Sir Miles, bringing his own hand into George's with a generous smack. "You *can't* stay and dine with us? Put off the Colonel — the General — do, now! Or name a day. My Lady Warrington, make my nephew name a day when he will sit under his grandfather's picture, and drink some of his wine!"

"His intellectual faculties seem more developed than those of his unlucky younger brother," remarked my lady, when the young gentlemen had taken their leave. "The younger must be reckless and extravagant about money indeed, for did you remark, Sir Miles, the loss of his reversion in Virginia — the amount of which has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, but, nevertheless, must be something considerable — did you, I say, remark that the ruin of Harry's prospects scarcely seemed to affect him?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised that the elder turns

out to be as poor as the young one," says Dora, tossing her head.

"He! he! Did you see that Cousin George had one of Cousin Harry's suits of clothes on — the brown and gold — that one he wore when he went with you to the oratorio, Flora?"

"Did he take Flora to an oratorio?" asks Mr. Claypool, fiercely.

"I was ill and couldn't go, and my cousin went with her," says Dora.

"Far be it from *me* to object to any innocent amusement, much less to the music of Mr. Handel, dear Mr. Claypool," says mamma. "Music refines the soul, elevates the understanding, is heard in our churches, and 'tis well known was practised by King David. Your operas I shun as deleterious; your ballets I would forbid to my children as most immoral; but music, my dears! May we enjoy it, like everything else in reason — may we —"

"There's the music of the dinner-bell," says papa, rubbing his hands. "Come, girls. Screwby, go and fetch Master Miley. Tom, take down my lady."

"Nay, dear Thomas, I walk but slowly. Go you with dearest Flora down-stairs," said Virtue.

But Dora took care to make the evening pleasant by talking of Handel and oratorios constantly during dinner.

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## CHAPTER III.

Conticuere omnes.

ACROSS the way, if the gracious reader will please to step over with us, he will find our young gentlemen at Lord Wrotham's house, which his lordship has lent to his friend the General, and that little family party assembled, with which we made acquaintance at Oakhurst and Tunbridge Wells. James Wolfe has promised to come to dinner; but James is dancing attendance upon Miss Lowther, and would rather have a glance from her eyes than the finest kickshaws dressed by Lord Wrotham's cook, or the dessert which is promised for the entertainment at which you are just going to sit down. You will make the sixth. You may take Mr. Wolfe's place. You may be sure he won't come. As for me, I will stand at the sideboard and report the conversation.

Note first, how happy the women look! When Harry Warrington was taken by those bailiffs, I had intended to tell you how the good Mrs. Lambert, hearing of the boy's mishap, had flown to her husband, and had begged, implored, insisted, that her Martin should help him. "Never mind his rebeldom of the other day; never mind about his being angry that his presents were returned — of course anybody would be angry, much more such a high-spirited lad as Harry! Never mind about our being so poor, and wanting all our spare money for the boys at college; there *must* be



some way of getting him out of the scrape. Did you not get Charles Watkins out of the scrape two years ago; and did he not pay you back every halfpenny? Yes; and you made a whole family happy, blessed be God! and Mrs. Watkins prays for you and blesses you to this very day, and I think everything has prospered with us since. And I have no doubt it has made you a major-general — no *earthly* doubt,” says the fond wife.

Now, as Martin Lambert requires very little persuasion to do a kind action, he in this instance lets himself be persuaded easily enough, and having made up his mind to seek for friend James Wolfe, and give bail for Harry, he takes his leave and his hat, and squeezes Theo's hand, who seems to divine his errand (or perhaps that silly mamma has blabbed it), and kisses little Hetty's flushed cheek, and away he goes out of the apartment where the girls and their mother are sitting, though he is followed out of the room by the latter.

When she is alone with him, that enthusiastic matron cannot control her feelings any longer. She flings her arms round her husband's neck, kisses him a hundred and twenty-five times in an instant — calls God to bless him — cries plentifully on his shoulder; and in this sentimental attitude is discovered by old Mrs. Quiggett, my lord's housekeeper, who is bustling about the house, and, I suppose, is quite astounded at the conjugal phenomenon.

“We have had a tiff, and we are making it up! Don't tell tales out of school, Mrs. Quiggett!” says the gentleman, walking off.

“Well, I never!” says Mrs. Quiggett, with a shrill,

strident laugh, like a venerable old cockatoo — which white, hook-nosed, long-lived bird Mrs. Quiggett strongly resembles. “Well I never!” says Quiggett, laughing and shaking her old sides till all her keys, and, as one may fancy, her old ribs clatter and jingle.

“O Quiggett!” sobs out Mrs. Lambert, “what a man that is!”

“You’ve been a quarrelling, have you, mum, and making it up? That’s right.”

“Quarrel with *him*? He never told a greater story. My General is an angel, Quiggett. I should like to fall down at his boots and kiss ’em, I should! There never was a man so good as my General. What have I done to have such a man? How *dare* I have such a good husband?”

“My dear, I think there’s a pair of you,” says the old cockatoo; “and what would you like for your supper?”

When Lambert comes back very late to that meal, and tells what has happened, how Harry is free, and how his brother has come to life and rescued him, you may fancy what a commotion the whole of those people are in! If Mrs. Lambert’s General was an angel before, what is he now! If she wanted to embrace his boots in the morning, pray what further office of wallowing degradation would she prefer in the evening? Little Hetty comes and nestles up to her father quite silent, and drinks a little drop out of his glass. Theo’s and mamma’s faces beam with happiness, like two moons of brightness. . . . After supper, those four at a certain signal fall down on their knees — glad homage paying in awful mirth — rejoicing, and with such pure joy as angels do, we read, for the

sinner that repents. There comes a great knocking at the door whilst they are so gathered together. Who can be there? My lord is in the country miles off. It is past mid-night now; so late have they been, so long have they been talking! I think Mrs. Lambert guesses who is there.

"This is George," says a young gentleman, leading in another. "We have been to aunt Bernstein. We couldn't go to bed, aunt Lambert, without coming to thank you too. You dear, dear, good —" There is no more speech audible. Aunt Lambert is kissing Harry, Theo has snatched up Hetty who is as pale as death, and is hugging her into life again. George Warrington stands with his hat off, and then (when Harry's transaction is concluded) goes up and kisses Mrs. Lambert's hand: the General passes his across his eyes. I protest they are all in a very tender and happy state. Generous hearts sometimes feel it, when Wrong is forgiven, when Peace is restored, when Love returns that had been thought lost.

"We came from aunt Bernstein's; we saw lights here, you see, we couldn't go to sleep without saying good night to you all," says Harry. "Could we, George?"

"'Tis certainly a famous nightcap you have brought us, boys," says the General. "When are you to come and dine with us? To-morrow?" No, they must go to Madame Bernstein's to-morrow. The next day, then? Yes, they would come the next day — and that is the very day we are writing about: and this is the very dinner, at which, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, absent on private affairs, my gracious reader has just been invited to sit down.

To sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere Barmecide dinner — no, no — but to hear MR. GEORGE ESMOND WARRINGTON'S STATEMENT, which of course he is going to make. Here they all sit — not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlour in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit conticent, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds: —

“I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. ‘Of course,’ says he, ‘your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades.’ — ‘Psha, sir!’ says the General, ‘the savages may frighten your raw American militia’ (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), ‘but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's re-

gular troops.' — 'I heartily hope not, sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behaviour to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defence, and the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aide-de-camp after another was sent forwards. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colours and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either

side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambushade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood — of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to go forward now. One aide-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

“I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me, indeed there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

“One of them, who was half Indian half Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

“I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat, and feeling in his pockets: he then scalped him, and with his bleeding knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream — I was powerless to move, or to resist him.

“He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it, he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

“Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. ‘*A moi, Florac!*’ I cried out. ‘*C’est Georges! aide-moi!*’

“He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian’s shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to

understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, '*A moi!*'

"*'Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!'*" said Florac, with a curse; and the next moment, and with an *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

"My friend looked round him. '*Eh!*' says he, '*la belle affaire!* Where art thou wounded, in the leg?' He bound my leg tight round with his sash. 'The others will kill thee if they find thee here. *Ah, tiens!* Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

"Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier, who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I



stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec — only playing at his repeated entreaty — and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note of hand. You see, sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

“At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort, if they brought me safely there: I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log-house, and laid upon Florac's own bed.

“Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterwards, that, during my delirium, the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster, had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison.”

As George speaks, one may fancy a thrill of horror running through his sympathising audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand, and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars a-piece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George, demurely, "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry, again. "Hunt 'em down, sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses, my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster."

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the river-side. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son."

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his

bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

“At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florac had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided serjeant. Monsieur de Contreœur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old Lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne.

“This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home; and he knew that according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

“Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged, or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity of the Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, whilst I still lay very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the

letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

“In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of His Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

“Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple-trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau’s child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my gaolers; and so the weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

“At last news arrived that he had been shot by

some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly towards me; the more so as his serjeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me — as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

“A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious gaoler, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes — sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me?”

“Why, of course, she did!” cries mamma.

“What else is she good for?” says Hetty.

“You, Miss Theo, have painted her already as a dark beauty — is it not so? A swift huntress —?”

“Diana with a baby,” says the Colonel.

“— Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is Queen of the forest — and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her?”

“Well, I suppose she is an interesting creature, Mr. George?” says Theo, with a blush.

“What think you of a dark beauty, the colour of new mahogany? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pommade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes, with high cheek-bones, with a flat nose, sometimes ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny

throat, her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and inordinate passion for — O! must I own it?"

"For coquetry. I know you are going to say that!" says Miss Hetty.

"For whiskey, my dear Miss Hester — in which appetite my gaoler partook; so that I have often sate by, on the nights when I was in favour with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments, they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favour, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behaviour, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

"Whilst the result of the trapper's mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and I myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah! and O! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

"Museau was very savage when he began to give

up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that the man might have got the ransom money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time: then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

“Eh, Monsieur Museau!” says I, ‘ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here; and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honour. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec.’

“Ah, young traitor!” roars he, ‘do you wish to tamper with my honour? Do you believe an officer of France will take a bribe? I have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning.’

“My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres,’ says I; ‘and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage ....’

“And an orchard. Ah, *sacrebleu!*” says Mu-

seau, whimpering, 'and a dish of tripe à la mode du pays! ...'

"This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cyder, and *trippes à la mode de Caen*. My friend is dead now —"

"He was hung, I trust?" breaks in Colonel Lambert.

"— And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery and no other means, I am where I am."

"But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were," says Harry, "and you couldn't conquer a whole garrison, you know!" And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

"See the women, how disappointed they are!" says Lambert. "Mrs. Lambert, you blood-thirsty woman, own that you are baulked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant."

"You wished he was hung yourself, papa!" cries Miss Hetty, "and I am sure I wish anything my papa wishes."

"Nay, ladies," says George, turning a little red, "to wink at a prisoner's escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks



besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I cannot help being alive to tell it."

"O, George! — that is, I mean, Mr. Warrington! — that is, I mean, I beg your pardon!" cries Hester.

"No pardon, my dear! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See it is *his* turn to blush now," says George.

"Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne!" cries Harry, and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterwards in confidence, "You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert! a poor, extravagant fellow like me! It's absurd!"

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Intentique ora tenebant.*

WE continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up farther positions in the enemy's — that is, in the British — possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practised by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Phila-

delphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

“This was all very triumphant: but, yet, somehow the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau’s satisfaction.

“‘Eh, Commandant!’ says I, ‘tis *fort bien*, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cyder, and the *trippes à la mode de Caen*, where are they?’

“‘Yes; ’tis all very well, my *garçon*,’ says he. ‘But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontiersmen, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies — to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi* — was it not, La Biche?’

“And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed — You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

“La Biche was by no means so affected as you

seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them: they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white skin or red skin is most savage.

“‘They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, ’tis true, Commandant,’ say I coolly. ‘But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.’”

“‘Go get the whiskey-bottle, La Biche,’ says Museau.

“‘And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honour, ten thousand livres to — whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token — who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather’s arms — which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.

“‘*Ah, scélérat!*’ roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. ‘Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war.’”

“‘Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with a half dozen of cows — of a fine orchard all covered with fruit.’”

“‘And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! O my country! O my mother!’ whimpers out the Commandant. ‘Quick, La Biche, the whiskey!’”

“All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche too silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever

my eyes turned towards her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before Monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

“‘How do you know,’ he asked, ‘that this hunter will serve you?’

“‘That is my secret,’ says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honour, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

“Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, ‘My lads, I will give you an English song,’ and to the tune of ‘Over the hills and far away,’ which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favourite air in Marlborough’s camp, I made some doggerel words: — ‘This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I’m tired of lingering here: I’ll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.’

“‘What is it?’ says the hunter, ‘I don’t understand.’

“‘Tis a girl to her lover,’ I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man’s eye that he understood me.

“The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, ‘Over the hills and far away,’ the burthen of my yesterday’s doggrel.

“‘If you are ready,’ says he, ‘I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?’” Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. ‘Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!’

“And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

“I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

“Having gambled away most of the money which

he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

“When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers’ room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners’ rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy gaoler. This officers’ house, or room, was of logs like the half-dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

“‘You see those trees?’ my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. ‘He wait for you behind those trees.’

“In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before, she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and potherbs for soup. She sate down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. ‘Hide

it,' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was, she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day, she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to Commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"'I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went in to the Commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only whilst his servant was present, but afterwards when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; whilst, according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whiskey-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass — we must both have a glass that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned, I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn



was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

“He did not appear to remark anything strange in the behaviour of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so pre-occupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

“‘I gain everything from you to-night, milor,’ says he, grimly. ‘We play upon parole.’

“‘And you may count upon mine,’ I replied.

“‘Eh! ’tis all that you have!’ says he.

“‘Monsieur,’ says I, ‘my word is good for ten thousand livres;’ and we continued our game.

“At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed, and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. ‘I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,’ says he, — ‘stay, you will fall without your crutch,’ — and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier’s.

“‘What a villain night!’ says he, looking out. In fact there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. ‘Bring a lanthorn, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!’ He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

“The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes, and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was

done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited awhile here, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. O, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there 'Over the hills and far away!'"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo., who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, whilst all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me — Silverheels was the name by which he went — had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

“Ah, Brother!” cries Harry, seizing his brother’s hand, “I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London, when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! O, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!”

“But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother’s son,” said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

“We presently crossed the river,” George resumed, “taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them, and the French triumph over us two years ago.

“I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year, the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family, camping near their trees by the mountain streams; and they welcomed us at their fires, and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day’s march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will’s Creek, a valley

lying between cliffs near a thousand feet high — bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks, and watching their nests among the crags.

“And hence we descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. O! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colours again on the banks of our native Potomac!”

## CHAPTER V.

Where we remain at the Court-end of the Town.

GEORGE WARRINGTON had related the same story, which we have just heard, to Madame de Bernstein on the previous evening — a portion, that is, of the history; for the old lady nodded off to sleep many times during the narration, only waking up when George paused, saying it was most interesting; and ordering him to continue. The young gentleman hemmed and ha'd, and stuttered, and blushed, and went on, much against his will, and did not speak half so well as he did to his friendly little auditory in Hill Street, where Hetty's eyes of wonder and Theo's sympathising looks, and mamma's kind face, and papa's funny looks, were applause sufficient to cheer any modest youth who required encouragement for his eloquence. As for mamma's behaviour the General said, 'twas as good as Mr. Addison's trunkmaker, and she would make the fortune of any tragedy by simply being engaged to cry in the front-boxes. That is why we chose my Lord Wrotham's house as the theatre where George's first piece should be performed, wishing that he should speak to advantage, and not as when he was heard by that sleepy, cynical old lady, to whom he had to narrate his adventures.

"Very good and most interesting, I am sure, my dear sir," says Madame Bernstein, putting up three pretty little fingers covered with a lace mitten to hide

a convulsive movement of her mouth. "And your mother must have been delighted to see you."

George shrugged his shoulders ever so little, and made a low bow, as his aunt looked up at him for a moment with her keen, old eyes.

"Have been delighted to see you," she continued drily, "and killed the fatted calf, and — and that kind of thing. Though why I say calf, I don't know, Nephew George, for you never were the prodigal. I may say calf to thee, my poor Harry! Thou hast been amongst the swine sure enough. And evil companions have robbed the money out of thy pocket and the coat off thy back."

"He came to his family in England, madam," says George, with some heat, "and his friends were your ladyship's."

"He could not have come to worse advisers, Nephew Warrington, and so I should have told my sister earlier, had she condescended to write to me by him, as she has done by you," said the old lady tossing up her head. "Hey! hey!" she said, at night, as she arranged herself for the rout to which she was going, to her waiting-maid. "This young gentleman's mother is half sorry that he has come to life again, I could see that in his face. She is half sorry, and I am perfectly furious! Why didn't he lie still when he dropped there under the tree, and why did that young Florac carry him to the fort? I knew those Floracs when I was at Paris, in the time of Monsieur le Régent. They were of the Floracs of Ivry. No great house before Henri IV. His ancestor was the king's favourite. His ancestor — he! he! — his ancestress! Brett! entendez vous? Give me my card-purse. I don't like the grand

airs of this Monsieur George; and yet he resembles, very much, his grandfather — the same look and sometimes the same tones. You have heard of Colonel Esmond when I was young? This boy has his eyes. I suppose I liked the Colonel's, because he loved me."

Being engaged, then, to a card-party, — an amusement which she never missed, week-day or Sabbath, as long as she had strength to hold trumps or sit in a chair, — very soon, after George had ended his narration, the old lady dismissed her two nephews, giving to the elder a couple of fingers and a very stately curtsy; but to Harry two hands and a kindly pat on the cheek.

"My poor child, now thou art disinherited, thou wilt see how differently the world will use thee!" she said. "There is only, in all London, a wicked, heartless old woman who will treat thee as before. Here is a pocket-book for you, child! Do not lose it at Ranelagh to-night. That suit of yours does not become your brother half so well as it sat upon you! You will present your brother to everybody, and walk up and down the room for two hours at least, child. Were I you, I would then go to the Chocolate House, and play as if nothing had happened. Whilst you are there, your brother may come back to me and eat a bit of chicken with me. My lady Flint gives wretched suppers, and I want to talk his mother's letter over with him. Au revoir, gentlemen!" and she went away to her toilette. Her chairmen and flambeaux were already waiting at the door.

The gentlemen went to Ranelagh, where but a few of Mr. Harry's acquaintances chanced to be present. They paced the round, and met Mr. Tom Claypool with

some of his country friends; they heard the music; they drank tea in a box; Harry was master of ceremonies, and introduced his brother to the curiosities of the place; and George was even more excited than his brother had been on his first introduction to this palace of delight. George loved music much more than Harry ever did; he heard a full orchestra for the first time, and a piece of Mr. Handel satisfactorily performed; and a not unpleasing instance of Harry's humility and regard for his elder brother was, that he could even hold George's love of music in respect at a time when fiddling was voted effeminate and unmanly in England, and Britons were, every day, called upon by the patriotic prints to sneer at the frivolous accomplishments of your Squallinis, Monsieurs, and the like. Nobody in Britain is proud of his ignorance now. There is no conceit left among us. There is no such thing as dullness. Arrogance is entirely unknown . . . Well, at any rate, Art has obtained her letters of naturalisation, and lives here on terms of almost equality. If Mrs. Thrale chose to marry a music master now, I don't think her friends would shudder at the mention of her name. If she had a good fortune and kept a good cook, people would even go and dine with her in spite of the *mésalliance*, and actually treat Mr. Piozzi with civility.

After Ranelagh, and pursuant to Madame Bernstein's advice, George returned to her ladyship's house, whilst Harry showed himself at the club, where gentlemen were accustomed to assemble at night to sup, and then to gamble. No one of course alluded to Mr. Warrington's little temporary absence, and Mr. Ruff, his ex-landlord, waited upon him with the utmost gravity and civility, and as if there had never been any difference



between them. Mr. Warrington had caused his trunks and habiliments to be conveyed away from Bond Street in the morning, and he and his brother were now established in apartments elsewhere.

But when the supper was done, and the gentlemen as usual were about to seek the macco-table up-stairs, Harry said he was not going to play any more. He had burned his fingers already, and could afford no more extravagance.

"Why," says Mr. Morris, in a rather flippant manner. "You must have won more than you have lost, Mr. Warrington, after all said and done."

"And of course I don't know my own business as well as you do, Mr. Morris," says Harry, sternly, who had not forgotten the other's behaviour on hearing of his arrest; "but I have another reason. A few months or days ago, I was heir to a great estate, and could afford to lose a little money. Now, thank God, I am heir to nothing," and he looked round, blushing not a little, to the knot of gentlemen, his gaming associates, who were lounging at the tables or gathered round the fire.

"How do you mean, Mr. Warrington?" cries my Lord March. "Have you lost Virginia, too? Who has won it? I always had a fancy to play you myself for that stake."

"And grow an improved breed of slaves in the colony," says another.

"The right owner has won it. You heard me tell of my twin elder brother?"

"Who was killed in that affair of Braddock's two years ago? Yes. Gracious goodness, my dear sir, I hope in heaven he has not come to life again?"

"He arrived in London two days since. He has been a prisoner in a French fort for eighteen months; he only escaped a few months ago; and left our house in Virginia very soon after his release."

"You haven't had time to order mourning, I suppose, Mr. Warrington?" asks Mr. Selwyn very good-naturedly, and simple Harry hardly knew the meaning of his joke until his brother interpreted it to him.

"Hang me, if I don't believe the fellow is absolutely glad of the re-appearance of his confounded brother!" cries my Lord March, as they continued to talk of the matter when the young Virginian had taken his leave.

"These savages practise the simple virtues of affection — they are barely civilised in America yet," yawns Selwyn.

"They love their kindred, and they scalp their enemies," simpers Mr. Walpole. "It's not Christian, but natural. Shouldn't you like to be present at a scalping-match, George, and see a fellow skinned alive?"

"A man's elder brother is his natural enemy," says Mr. Selwyn, placidly ranging his money and counters before him.

"Torture is like broiled bones and pepper. You wouldn't relish simple hanging afterwards, George!" continues Horry.

"I'm hanged if there's any man in England who would like to see his elder brother alive," says my lord.

"No, nor his father either, my lord!" cries Jack Morris.

"First time I ever knew you had one, Jack. Give me counters for five hundred."

"I say, 'tis all mighty fine about dead brothers coming to life again," continues Jack. "Who is to know that it wasn't a scheme arranged between these two fellows? Here comes a young fellow who calls himself the Fortunate Youth, who says he is a Virginiian Prince and the deuce knows what, and who gets into our society —"

A great laugh ensues at Jack's phrase of "our society."

"Who is to know that it wasn't a cross?" Jack continues. "The young one is to come first. He is to marry an heiress, and, when he has got her, up is to rise the elder brother! When did this elder brother show? Why, when the younger's scheme was blown, and all was up with him! Who shall tell me that the fellow hasn't been living in Seven Dials, or in a cellar dining off tripe and cow-heel until my younger gentleman was disposed of? Dammy, as gentlemen, I think we ought to take notice of it: and that this Mr. Warrington has been taking a most outrageous liberty with the whole club."

"Who put him up? It was March, I think, put him up?" asks a bystander.

"Yes. But my lord thought he was putting up a very different person. Didn't you, March?"

"Hold your confounded tongue, and mind your game!" says the nobleman addressed: but Jack Morris's opinion found not a few supporters in the world. Many persons agreed that it was most indecorous of Mr. Harry Warrington to have ever believed in his brother's death; that there was something suspicious about the young man's first appearance and subsequent actions, and, in

fine, that regarding these foreigners, adventurers, and the like, we ought to be especially cautious.

Though he was out of prison and difficulty; though he had his aunt's liberal donation of money in his pocket; though his dearest brother was restored to him, whose return to life Harry never once thought of deploring, as his friends at White's supposed he would do; though Maria had shown herself in such a favourable light by her behaviour during his misfortune: yet Harry, when alone, felt himself not particularly cheerful, and smoked his pipe of Virginia with a troubled mind. It was not that he was deposed from his principality: the loss of it never once vexed him; he knew that his brother would share with him as he would have done with his brother; but after all those struggles and doubts in his own mind, to find himself poor and yet irrevocably bound to his elderly cousin! Yes, she was elderly, there was no doubt about it. When she came to that horrible den in Cursitor Street and the tears washed her rouge off, why, she looked as old as his mother! her face was all wrinkled and yellow, and as he thought of her he felt just such a qualm as he had when she was taken ill that day in the coach on their road to Tunbridge. What would his mother say when he brought her home, and, Lord, what battles there would be between them! He would go and live on one of the plantations — the farther from home the better — and have a few negroes, and farm as best he might, and hunt a good deal; but at Castlewood or in her own home, such as he could make it for her, what a life for poor Maria, who had been used to go to Court and to cards and balls and assemblies every night! If he could be but the overseer of the estates

— O he would be an honest factor, and try and make up for his useless life and extravagance in these past days! Five thousand pounds, all his patrimony and the accumulations of his long minority squandered in six months! He a beggar, except for dear George's kindness, with nothing in life left to him but an old wife, — a pretty beggar, dressed out in velvet and silver lace forsooth — the poor lad was arrayed in his best clothes — a pretty figure he had made in Europe, and a nice end he was come to! With all his fine friends at White's and Newmarket, with all his extravagance, had he been happy a single day since he had been in Europe? Yes, three days, four days, yesterday evening, when he had been with dear dear Mrs. Lambert, and those affectionate kind girls, and that brave good Colonel. And the Colonel was right when he rebuked him for his spendthrift follies, and he had been a brute to be angry as he had been, and God bless them all for their generous exertions in his behalf! Such were the thoughts which Harry put into his pipe, and he smoked them whilst he waited his brother's return from Madame Bernstein.

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## CHAPTER VI.

During which Harry sits smoking his Pipe at Home.

THE maternal grandfather of our Virginians, the Colonel Esmond of whom frequent mention has been made, and who had quitted England to reside in the New World, had devoted some portion of his long American leisure to the composition of the memoirs of his early life. In these volumes, Madame de Bernstein (Mrs. Beatrice Esmond was her name as a spinster) played a very considerable part; and as George had read his grandfather's manuscript many times over, he had learned to know his kinswoman long before he saw her, — to know, at least, the lady, young, beautiful, and wilful, of half a century since, with whom he now became acquainted in the decline of her days. When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days, the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall, — the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer, — fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

And that was a beauty once! thinks George War-

rington, as his aunt, in her rouge and diamonds, comes in from her rout, and that ruin was a splendid palace. Crowds of lovers have sighed before those decrepit feet, and been bewildered by the brightness of those eyes. He remembered a firework at home, at Williamsburg, on the King's birthday, and afterwards looking at the skeleton wheel and the sockets of the exploded Roman candles. The dazzle and brilliancy of Aunt Beatrice's early career passed before him, as he thought over his grandsire's journals. Honest Harry had seen them, too, but Harry was no book-man, and had not read the manuscript very carefully; nay, if he had, he would probably not have reasoned about it as his brother did, being by no means so much inclined to moralising as his melancholy senior.

Mr. Warrington thought that there was no cause why he should tell his aunt how intimate he was with her early history, and accordingly held his peace upon that point. When their meal was over, she pointed with her cane to her escritoire, and bade her attendant bring the letter which lay under the inkstand there; and George, recognising the superscription, of course knew the letter to be that of which he had been the bearer from home.

"It would appear by this letter," said the old lady, looking hard at her nephew, "that ever since your return, there have been some differences between you and my sister."

"Indeed? I did not know that Madam Esmond had alluded to them," George said.

The Baroness puts a great pair of glasses upon eyes which shot fire and kindled who knows how many

passions in old days, and, after glancing over the letter, hands it to George, who reads as follows:

“RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *December 26th, 1756.*

“HONOURED MADAM! AND SISTER!

“I have received, and thankfully acknowledge, your ladyship’s favour, per Rose packet, of October 23 ult.; and straightway answer you at a season which should be one of goodwill and peace to all men: but in which Heaven hath nevertheless decreed we should still bear our portion of earthly sorrow and trouble. My reply will be brought to you by my eldest son, Mr. Esmond Warrington, who returned to us so miraculously out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death (as our previous letters have informed my poor Henry), and who is desirous, not without my consent to his wish, to visit Europe, though he has been amongst us so short a while. I grieve to think that my dearest Harry should have appeared at home — I mean in England — *under false colours*, as it were; and should have been presented to His Majesty, to our family, and his own, as his father’s heir, whilst my dear son George was still alive, though dead to us. Ah, Madam! During the eighteen months of his captivity, what anguish have his mother’s, his brother’s, hearts undergone! My Harry’s is the tenderest of any man’s now alive. In the joy of seeing Mr. Esmond Warrington returned to life, he will forget the worldly misfortune which befalls him. He will return to (comparative) poverty without a pang. The most generous, *the most obedient* of human beings, of sons, he will gladly give up to his elder brother that inheritance which had been his own but for the accident of birth, and for the providential return of my son George.



“Your beneficent intentions towards dearest Harry will be more than ever welcome, now he is reduced to a younger brother’s slender portion! Many years since, an advantageous opportunity occurred of providing for him in this province, and he would by this time have been master of a *noble estate* and negroes, and have been enabled to make a figure with most here, could his *mother’s wishes* have been complied with, and his father’s small portion, now lying at small interest in the British funds, have been invested in this most excellent purchase. But the forms of the law, and, I grieve to own, *my elder son’s scruples*, prevailed, and this admirable opportunity was lost to me! Harry will find the savings of his income have been carefully accumulated — long, long may he live to enjoy them! May Heaven bless you, dear sister, for what your ladyship may add to *his little store*! As I gather from your letter, that the sum which has been allowed to him has not been sufficient for his expenses *in the fine company* which he has kept (and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond, — one who had so *nearly* been his lordship’s *heir* — may sure claim equality with any other nobleman in Great Britain), and having a sum by me which I had always intended for the child’s establishment, I entrust it to my eldest son, who, to do him justice, hath a most sincere regard for his brother; to lay it out for Harry’s best advantage.”

“It took him out of prison, yesterday, madam. I think that was the best use to which we could put it,” interposed George, at this stage of his mother’s letter.

“Nay, sir, I don’t know any such thing! Why not have kept it to buy a pair of colours for him, or to

help towards another estate and some negroes, if he has a fancy for home?" cried the old lady. "Besides, I had a fancy to pay that debt myself."

"I hope you will let his brother do that. I ask leave to be my brother's banker in this matter, and consider I have borrowed so much from my mother, to be paid back to my dear Harry."

"Do you say so, sir? Give me a glass of wine! You are an extravagant fellow! Read on, and you will see your mother thinks so. I drink to your health, nephew George! 'Tis good Burgundy. Your grandfather never loved Burgundy. He loved claret, the little he drank."

And George proceeded with the letter.

"This remittance will, I trust, amply cover any expenses which, owing to the mistake respecting his position, dearest Harry may have incurred. I wish I could trust his elder brother's prudence as confidently as my Harry's! But I fear that, even in his captivity, Mr. Esmond W. has learned little of that *humility* which becomes all Christians, and which I have ever endeavoured to teach to my children. Should you by chance show him these lines, when, by the blessing of Heaven on those who go down to the sea in ships, the Great Ocean divides us! he will know that a fond mother's blessing and prayers follow both her children, and that there is no act I have ever done, no desire I have ever expressed (however little he may have been inclined to obey it!) but hath been dictated by the fondest wishes for my dearest boys' welfare."

"There is a scratch with a penknife, and a great

blot upon the letter there, as if water had fallen on it. Your mother writes well, George. I suppose you and she had a difference?" said George's aunt, not unkindly.

"Yes, ma'am, many," answered the young man, sadly. "The last was about a question of money — of ransom which I promised to the old lieutenant of the fort who aided me to make my escape. I told you he had a mistress, a poor Indian woman, who helped me, and was kind to me. Six weeks after my arrival at home, the poor thing made her appearance at Richmond, having found her way through the woods by pretty much the same track which I had followed, and bringing me the token which Museau had promised to send me when he connived to my flight. A commanding officer and a considerable reinforcement had arrived at Duquesne. Charges, I don't know of what speculation (for his messenger could not express herself very clearly), had been brought against this Museau. He had been put under arrest, and had tried to escape; but, less fortunate than myself, he had been shot on the rampart, and he sent the Indian woman to me, with my grandfather's watch, and a line scrawled in his prison on his death-bed, begging me to send *ce que je savais* to a notary at Havre de Grace in France to be transmitted to his relatives at Caen in Normandy. My friend Silver-heels, the hunter, had helped my poor Indian on her way. I don't know how she would have escaped scalping else. But at home they received the poor thing sternly. They hardly gave her a welcome. I won't say what suspicions they had regarding her and me. The poor wretch fell to drinking whenever she could find means. I ordered that she should have food

and shelter, and she became the jest of our negroes, and formed the subject of the scandal and tittle-tattle of the old fools in our little town. Our Governor was, luckily, a man of sense, and I made interest with him, and procured a pass to send her back to her people. Her very grief at parting with me only served to confirm the suspicions against her. A fellow preached against me from the pulpit, I believe; I had to treat another with a cane. And I had a violent dispute with Madam Esmond — a difference which is not healed yet — because I insisted upon paying to the heirs Museau pointed out the money I had promised for my deliverance. You see that scandal flourishes at the borders of the wilderness, and in the New World as well as the Old.”

“I have suffered from it myself, my dear!” said madame Bernstein, demurely. “Fill thy glass, child! A little tass of cherry-brandy! ’Twill do thee all the good in the world.”

“As for my poor Harry’s marriage,” Madam Esmond’s letter went on, “though I know *too well, from sad experience*, the dangers to which youth is subject, and would keep my boy, *at any price*, from them, though I should wish him to marry a person of rank, as becomes his birth, yet my Lady Maria Esmond is out of the question. Her age is almost the same as mine; and I know my brother Castlewood left his daughters with the very smallest portions. My Harry is so obedient that I know a desire from me will be sufficient to cause him to give up this imprudent match. Some foolish people once supposed that I myself once thought of a second union, and with a person of rank very different from ours. No! I knew what was due to

my children. As succeeding to this estate after me, Mr. Esmond W. is amply provided for. Let my task now be to save for his less fortunate younger brother: and, as I do not love to live quite alone, let him return without delay to his fond and loving mother.

“The report which your ladyship hath given of my Harry fills my heart with warmest gratitude. He is all indeed a mother may wish. A year in Europe will have given him a polish and refinement which he could not acquire in our homely Virginia. Mr. Stack, one of our invaluable ministers in Richmond, hath a letter from Mr. Ward — my darling’s tutor of early days — who knows my Lady Warrington and her excellent family, and saith that my Harry has lived much with his cousins of late. I am grateful to think that my boy has the privilege of being with his good aunt. May he follow her councils, and listen to those around him who will guide him on the way of *his best welfare!* Adieu, dear madam and sister! For your kindness to my boy accept the grateful thanks of a mother’s heart. Though we have been divided hitherto, may these kindly ties draw us nearer and nearer. I am thankful that you should speak of my dearest father so. He was, indeed, one of the best of men! He, too, thanks you, I know, for the love you have borne to one of his children; and his daughter subscribes herself,

“With sincere thanks,

“Your ladyship’s

“Most dutiful and grateful sister and servant,

“RACHEL ESMOND WN.

“P.S. — I have communicated with My Lady Maria; but there will be no need to tell her and dear Harry

that his mother or your ladyship hope to be able to increase his small fortune. The match is altogether unsuitable."

"As far as regards myself, madam," George said, laying down the paper, "my mother's letter conveys no news to me. I always knew that Harry was the favourite son with Madam Esmond, as he deserves indeed to be. He has a hundred good qualities which I have not the good fortune to possess. He has better looks —"

"Nay, that is not your fault," said the old lady, slyly looking at him; "and, but that he is fair and you are brown, one might almost pass for the other."

Mr. George bowed, and a faint blush tinged his pale cheek.

"His disposition is bright, and mine is dark," he continued; "Harry is cheerful, and I am otherwise perhaps. He knows how to make himself beloved by everyone, and it has been my lot to find but few friends."

"My sister and you have pretty little quarrels. There were such in old days in our family," the Baroness said; "and if Madam Esmond takes after our mother —"

"My mother has always described hers as an angel upon earth," interposed George.

"Eh! That is a common character for people when they are dead!" cried the Baroness; "and Rachel Castlewood was an angel, if you like — at least your grandfather thought so. But let me tell you, sir, that angels are sometimes not very *commodes à vivre*. It may be they are too good to live with us sinners, and

the air down below here don't agree with them. My poor mother was so perfect that she never could forgive me for being otherwise. Ah, mon Dieu! how she used to oppress me with those angelical airs!"

George cast down his eyes, and thought of his own melancholy youth. He did not care to submit more of his family secrets to the cynical inquisition of this old worldling, who seemed, however, to understand him in spite of his reticence.

"I quite comprehend you, sir, though you hold your tongue," the Baroness continued. "A sermon in the morning: a sermon at night: and two or three of a Sunday. That is what people call being good. Every pleasure cried fie upon; all us worldly people excommunicated; a ball an abomination of desolation; a play a forbidden pastime; and a game of cards perdition! What a life! Mon Dieu, what a life!"

"We played at cards every night, if we were so inclined," said George, smiling; "and my grandfather loved Shakspeare so much, that my mother had not a word to say against her father's favourite author."

"I remember. He could say whole pages by heart; though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And, then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the old lady, tapping her fan.

"If your ladyship does not like Shakspeare, you will not quarrel with my mother for being indifferent to him, too," said George. "And indeed I think, and I am sure, that you don't to her justice. Wherever there are any poor she relieves them; wherever there are any sick she —"

"She doses them with her horrible purges and boluses!" cried the Baroness. "Of course, just as my mother did!"

"She does her best to cure them! She acts for the best, and performs her duty as far as she knows it."

"I don't blame you, sir, for doing yours, and keeping your own counsel about Madam Esmond," said the old lady. "But at least there is one point upon which we all three agree — that this absurd marriage must be prevented. Do you know how old the woman is? I can tell you, though she has torn the first leaf out of the family Bible at Castlewood."

"My mother has not forgotten her cousin's age, and is shocked at the disparity between her and my poor brother. Indeed, a city-bred lady of her time of life, accustomed to London gaiety and luxury, would find but a dismal home in our Virginian plantation. Besides, the house, such as it is, is not Harry's. He is welcome there, Heaven knows; more welcome, perhaps, than I, to whom the property comes in natural reversion; but, as I told him, I doubt how his wife would — would like our colony," George said, with a blush, and a hesitation in his sentence.

The old lady laughed shrilly. "He, he! Nephew Warrington!" she said, "you need not scruple to speak your mind out. I shall tell no tales to your mother: though 'tis no news to me that she has a high temper, and loves her own way. Harry has held his tongue, too; but it needed no conjuror to see who was the mistress at home, and what sort of a life my sister led you: I love my niece, my Lady Molly, so well, that I could wish her two or three years of Virginia, with your mother reigning over her. You may well look



alarmed, sir! Harry has said quite enough to show me who governs the family."

"Madam," said George, smiling, "I may say as much as this, that I don't envy any woman coming into our house against my mother's will: and my poor brother knows this perfectly well."

"What? You two have talked the matter over? No doubt you have. And the foolish child considers himself bound in honour — of course he does, the gaby!"

"He says Lady Maria has behaved most nobly to him. When he was sent to prison, she brought him her trinkets and jewels, and every guinea she had in the world. This behaviour has touched him so, that he feels more deeply than ever bound to her ladyship. But I own my brother seems bound by honour rather than love — such at least is his present feeling."

"My good creature," cries Madam Bernstein, "don't you see that Maria brings a few twopenny trinkets and a half-dozen guineas to Mr. Esmond, the heir of the great estate in Virginia, — not to the second son, who is a beggar, and has just squandered away every shilling of his fortune? I swear to you, on my credit as a gentle-woman, that, knowing Harry's obstinacy, and the misery he had in store for himself, I tried to bribe Maria to give up her engagement with him, and only failed because I could not bribe high enough! When he was in prison, I sent my lawyer to him, with orders to pay his debts immediately, if he would but part from her, but Maria had been beforehand with us, and Mr. Harry chose not to go back from his stupid word. Let me tell you what has passed in the last month!" And here the old lady narrated at length the history

which we know already, but in that cynical language which was common in her times, when the finest folks and the most delicate ladies called things and people by names which we never utter in good company now-a-days. And so much the better on the whole. We mayn't be more virtuous, but it is something to be more decent: perhaps we are not more pure, but of a surety we are more cleanly.

Madame Bernstein talked so much, so long, and so cleverly, that she was quite pleased with herself and her listener; and when she put herself into the hands of Mrs. Brett to retire for the night, informed the waiting-maid that she had changed her opinion about her eldest nephew, and that Mr. George was handsome, that he was certainly much wittier than poor Harry (whom Heaven, it must be confessed, had not furnished with a very great supply of brains), and that he had quite the *bel air* — a something melancholy — a noble and distinguished *je ne sçais quoy* — which reminded her of the Colonel. Had she ever told Brett about the Colonel? Scores of times, no doubt. And now she told Brett about the Colonel once more. Meanwhile, perhaps, her new favourite was not quite so well pleased with her as she was with him. What a strange picture of life and manners had the old lady unveiled to her nephew! How she railed at all the world round about her! How unconsciously did she paint her own family — her own self; how selfish, one and all; pursuing what mean ends; grasping and scrambling frantically for what petty prizes; ambitious for what shabby recompenses; trampling — from life's beginning to its close — through what scenes of stale dissipations and faded pleasures! “Are these the inheritors of noble

blood?" thought George, as he went home quite late from his aunt's house, passing by doors whence the last guests of fashion were issuing, and where the chairmen were yawning over their expiring torches. "Are these the proud possessors of ancestral honours and ancient names, and were their forefathers, when in life, no better? We have our pedigree at home with noble coats-of-arms emblazoned all over the branches, and titles dating back before the Conquest and the Crusaders. When a knight of old found a friend in want, did he turn his back upon him, or an unprotected damsel, did he delude her and leave her? When a nobleman of the early time received a young kinsman, did he get the better of him at dice, and did the ancient chivalry cheat in horseflesh? Can it be that this wily woman of the world as my aunt has represented, has inveigled my poor Harry into an engagement, that her tears are false, and that as soon as she finds him poor she will desert him? Had we not best pack the trunks and take a cabin in the next ship bound for home?" George reached his own door revolving these thoughts, and Gumbo came up yawning with a candle, and Harry was asleep before the extinguished fire, with the ashes of his emptied pipe on the table besides him.

He starts up, his eyes for a moment dulled by sleep, lighten with pleasure as he sees his dear George. He puts his arms round his brother with a boyish laugh.

"There he is in flesh and blood, thank God!" he says, "I was dreaming of thee but now, George, and that Ward was hearing us our lesson! Dost thou remember the ruler, Georgy? Why, bless my soul 'tis

three o'clock! Where have you been a gadding, Mr. George? Hast thou supped? I supped at White's, but I'm hungry again. I did not play, sir, — no, no; no more of that for younger brothers! And my Lord March paid me fifty he lost to me. I bet against his horse and on the Duke of Hamilton's! They both rode the match at New-market this morning, and he lost because he was under weight. And he paid me, and he was as sulky as a bear. Let us have one pipe, George! — just one."

And after the smoke the young men went to bed, where I, for one, wish them a pleasant rest, for sure it is a good and pleasant thing to see brethren who love one another.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## Between Brothers.

OF course our young men had had their private talk about home, and all the people and doings there, and each had imparted to the other full particulars of his history since their last meeting. How were Harry's dogs, and little Dempster, and good old Nathan, and the rest of the household? Was Mountain well, and Fanny grown to be a pretty girl? So Parson Broadbent's daughter was engaged to marry Tom Barker of Savannah, and they were to go and live in Georgia! Harry owns that at one period he was very sweet upon Parson Broadbent's daughter, and lost a great deal of pocket-money at cards, and drank a great quantity of strong-waters with the father, in order to have a pretext for being near the girl. But, Heaven help us! Madam Esmond would never have consented to his throwing himself away upon Polly Broadbent. So Colonel G. Washington's wife was a pretty woman, very good-natured and pleasant, and with a good fortune? He had brought her into Richmond, and paid a visit of state to Madam Esmond. George described, with much humour, the awful ceremonials at the interview between these two personages, and the killing politeness of his mother to Mr. Washington's wife. "Never mind, George, my dear!" says Mrs. Mountain. "The Colonel has taken another wife, but I feel certain that at one time two young gentlemen I know of

ran a very near chance of having a tall step-father six feet two in his boots." To be sure, Mountain was for ever match-making in her mind. Two people could not play a game at cards together, or sit down to a dish of tea, but she fancied their conjunction was for life. It was she — the foolish tattler — who had set the report abroad regarding the poor Indian woman. As for Madam Esmond, she had repelled the insinuation with scorn when Parson Stack brought it to her, and said, "I should as soon fancy Mr. Esmond stealing the spoons or marrying a negro woman out of the kitchen." But, though she disdained to find the poor Biche guilty, and even thanked her for attending her son in his illness, she treated her with such a chilling haughtiness of demeanour, that the Indian slunk away into the servants' quarters, and there tried to drown her disappointments with drink. It was not a cheerful picture that which George gave of his two months at home. "The birthright is mine, Harry," he said, "but thou art the favourite, and God help me! I think my mother almost grudges it to me. Why should I have taken the *pas*, and preceded your worship into the world? Had you been the elder, you would have had the best cellar, and ridden the best nag, and been the most popular man in the country, whereas I have not a word to say for myself, and frighten people by my glum face: I should have been second son, and set up as lawyer, or come to England and got my degrees, and turned parson, and said grace at your honour's table. The time is out of joint, sir. O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

"Why, Georgy, you are talking verses, I protest you are!" says Harry.

"I think, my dear, some one else talked those verses before me," says George, with a smile.

"It's out of one of your books. You know every book that ever was wrote, that I do believe!" cries Harry; and then told his brother how he had seen the two authors at Tunbridge, and how he had taken off his hat to them. "Not that *I* cared much about their books, not being clever enough. But I remembered how my dear old George used to speak of 'em," says Harry, with a choke in his voice, "and that's why I liked to see them. I say, dear, it's like a dream seeing you over again. Think of that bloody Indian with his knife at my George's head! I should like to give that Monsieur de Florac something for saving you — but I haven't got much now, only my little gold kneebuckles, and they ain't worth two guineas."

"You have got the half of what I have, child, and we'll divide as soon as I have paid the Frenchman," George said.

On which Harry broke out not merely into blessings but actual imprecations, indicating his intense love and satisfaction; and he swore that there never was such a brother in the world as his brother George. Indeed, for some days after his brother's arrival, his eyes followed George about: he would lay down his knife and fork, or his newspaper, when they were sitting together, and begin to laugh to himself. When he walked with George on the Mall or in Hyde Park, he would gaze round at the company, as much as to say, "Look here, gentlemen! This is he. This is my brother, that was dead and is alive again! Can any man in Christendom produce such a brother as this?"

Of course he was of opinion that George should

pay to Museau's heirs the sum which he had promised for his ransom. This question had been the cause of no small unhappiness to poor George at home. Museau dead, Madam Esmond argued with much eagerness, and not a little rancour, the bargain fell to the ground, and her son was free. The man was a rogue in the first instance. *She* would not pay the wages of iniquity. Mr. Esmond had a small independence from his father, and might squander his patrimony if he chose. He was of age, and the money was in his power; but she would be no party to such extravagance, as giving twelve thousand livres to a parcel of peasants in Normandy with whom we were at war, and who would very likely give it all to the priests and the pope. *She* would not subscribe to any such wickedness. If George wanted to squander away his father's money (she must say that formerly he had not been so *eager*, and when *Harry's benefit* was in question had refused to touch a penny of it!) — if he wished to spend it now, why not give it to his own flesh and blood, to poor Harry, who was suddenly deprived of his inheritance, and not to a set of priest-ridden peasants in France? This dispute had raged between mother and son during the whole of the latter's last days in Virginia. It had never been settled. On the morning of George's departure, Madam Esmond had come to his bedside, after a sleepless night, and asked him whether he still persisted in his intention to fling away his father's property? He replied in a depth of grief and perplexity, that his word was passed, and he must do as his honour bade him. She answered that she would continue to pray that Heaven might soften his proud heart, and enable her to bear her heavy trials: and the



last view George had of his mother's face was as she stood yet a moment by his bedside, pale and with tearless eyes, before she turned away and slowly left his chamber.

“Where didst thou learn the art of winning over everybody to thy side, Harry?” continued George; “and how is it that you and all the world begin by being friends? Teach me a few lessons in popularity, — nay, I don't know that I will have them; and when I find and hear certain people hate me, I think I am rather pleased than angry. At first, at Richmond, Mr. Esmond Warrington, the only prisoner who had escaped from Braddock's field — the victim of so much illness and hardship — was a favourite with the town-folks, and received privately and publicly with no little kindness. The parson glorified my escape in a sermon; the neighbours came to visit the fugitive; the family coach was ordered out, and Madame Esmond and I paid our visits in return. I think some pretty little caps were set at me. But these our mother routed off, and frightened with the prodigious haughtiness of her demeanour; and my popularity was already at the decrease, before the event occurred which put the last finishing stroke to it. I was not jolly enough for the officers, and didn't care for their drinking-bouts, dice-boxes, and swearing. I was too sarcastic for the ladies, and their tea and tattle stupified me almost as much as the men's blustering and horse-talk. I cannot tell thee, Harry, how lonely I felt in that place, amidst the scandal and squabbles: I regretted my prison almost, and found myself more than once wishing for the freedom of thought, and the silent ease of Duquesne. I am very shy, I suppose: I can speak unreservedly

to very few people. Before most, I sit utterly silent. When we two were at home, it was thou who used to talk at table, and get a smile now and then from our mother. When she and I were together we had no subject in common, and we scarce spoke at all until we began to dispute about law and divinity.

“So the gentlemen had determined I was supercilious, and a dull companion (and, indeed, I think their opinion was right), and the ladies thought I was cold and sarcastic, — could never make out whether I was in earnest or no, and, I think, generally voted I was a disagreeable fellow, before my character was gone quite away; and that went with the appearance of the poor Biche. O, a nice character they made for me, my dear!” cried George, in a transport of wrath, “and a pretty life they led me, after Museau’s unlucky messenger had appeared amongst us! The boys hooted the poor woman if she appeared in the street; the ladies dropped me half-curtseys, and walked over to the other side. That precious clergyman went from one tea-table to another preaching on the horrors of seduction, and the lax principles which young men learned in Popish countries and brought back thence. The poor Fawn’s appearance at home, a few weeks after my return home, was declared to be a scheme between her and me; and the best informed agreed that she had waited on the other side of the river until I gave her the signal to come and join me in Richmond. The officers bantered me at the coffee-house, and cracked their clumsy jokes about the woman I had selected. O the world is a nice charitable world! I was so enraged that I thought of going to Castlewood and living alone there, — for our mother finds the place dull, and the greatest consolation

in precious Mr. Slack's ministry, — when the news arrived of *your* female perplexity, and I think we were all glad that I should have a pretext for coming to Europe."

"I should like to see any of the infernal scoundrels who said a word against you, and break their rascally bones," roars out Harry, striding up and down the room.

"I had to do something like it for Bob Clubber."

"What! that little sneaking, backbiting toad-eating wretch, who is always hanging about my lord at Greenway Court, and spunging on every gentleman in the country? If you whipped him, I hope you whipped him well, George?"

"We were bound over to keep the peace; and I offered to go into Maryland with him and settle our difference there, and of course the good folk said, that having made free with the seventh commandment I was inclined to break the sixth. So, by this and by that — and being as innocent of the crime imputed to me as you are — I left home, my dear Harry, with as awful a reputation as ever a young gentleman earned."

Ah, what an opportunity is there here to moralise! If the esteemed reader and his humble servant could but know — could but write down in a book — could but publish, with illustrations, a collection of the lies which have been told regarding each of us since we came to man's estate, — what a harrowing and thrilling work of fiction that romance would be! Not only is the world informed of every thing about you, but of a great deal more. Not long since the kind postman brought a paper containing a valuable piece of criticism,

which stated, "This author states he was born in such and such a year. It is a lie. He was born in the year so and so." The critic knew better; of course he did. Another (and both came from the country which gave MULLIGAN birth) warned some friend, saying, "Don't speak of New South Wales to him. He has a brother there, and the family *never mention his name.*" But this subject is too vast and noble for a mere paragraph. I shall prepare a memoir, or let us rather have *par une société de gens de lettres*, a series of Biographies, — of lives of gentlemen, as told by their dear friends whom they don't know.

George having related his exploits as champion and martyr, of course Harry had to unbosom himself to his brother, and lay before his elder an account of his private affairs. He gave up all the family of Castlewood — my lord, not for getting the better of him at play; for Harry was a sporting man, and expected to pay when he lost, and receive when he won; but for refusing to aid the chaplain in his necessity, and dismissing him with such false and heartless pretexts. About Mr. Will he had made up his mind, after the horsedealing matter, and freely marked his sense of the latter's conduct upon Mr. Will's eyes and nose. Respecting the Countess and Lady Fanny, Harry spoke in a manner more guarded, but not very favourable. He had heard all sorts of stories about them. The countess was a card-playing old cat; Lady Fanny was a desperate flirt. Who told him? Well, he had heard the stories from a person who knew them both very well indeed. In fact, in those days of confidence, of which we made mention in the last volume, Maria had freely imparted to her cousin a number of anecdotes respecting her

step-mother and her half-sister, which were by no means in favour of those ladies.

But in respect to Lady Maria herself, the young man was stanch and hearty. "It may be imprudent: I don't say no, George. I may be a fool: I think I am. I know there will be a dreadful piece of work at home, and that Madam and she will fight. Well! We must live apart. Our estate is big enough to live on without quarreling, and I can go elsewhere than to Richmond or Castlewood. When you come to the property, you'll give me a bit — at any rate, Madam will let me off at an easy rent — or I'll make a famous farmer or factor. I can't and won't part from Maria. She has acted so nobly by me, that I should be a rascal to turn my back on her. Think of her bringing me every jewel she had in the world, dear brave creature! and flinging them into my lap with her last guineas, — and — and — God bless her!" Here Harry dashed his sleeve across his eyes, with a stamp of his foot; and said, "No, brother, I won't part with her, not to be made Governor of Virginia to-morrow; and my dearest old George would never advise me to do so, I know that."

"I am sent here to advise you," George replied. "I am sent to break the marriage off, if I can: and a more unhappy one I can't imagine. But I can't counsel you to break your word, my boy."

"I knew you couldn't! What's said is said, George. I have made my bed, and must lie on it," says Mr. Harry, gloomily.

Such had been the settlement between our two young worthies, when they first talked over Mr. Harry's love affair. But after George's conversation with his aunt,

and the farther knowledge of his family, which he acquired through the information of that keen old woman of the world, Mr. Warrington, who was naturally of a sceptical turn, began to doubt about Lady Maria, as well as regarding her brothers and sister, and looked at Harry's engagement with increased distrust and alarm. Was it for his wealth that Maria wanted Harry? Was it his handsome young person that she longed after? Were those stories true which Aunt Bernstein had told of her? Certainly he could not advise Harry to break his word; but he might cast about in his mind for some scheme for putting Maria's affection to the trial; and his ensuing conduct, which appeared not very amiable, I suppose resulted from this deliberation.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Ariadne.

My Lord Castlewood had a house in Kensington Square spacious enough to accommodate the several members of his noble family, and convenient for their service at the palace hard-by, when His Majesty dwelt there. Her ladyship had her evenings, and gave her card-parties here for such as would come; but Kensington was a long way from London a hundred years since, and George Selwyn said he for one was afraid to go, for fear of being robbed of a night, — whether by footpads with crape over their faces, or by ladies in rouge at the quadrille-table, we have no means of saying. About noon on the day after Harry had made his re-appearance at White's, it chanced that all his virtuous kinsfolks partook of breakfast together, even Mr. Will being present, who was to go into waiting in the afternoon.

The ladies came first to their chocolate: then Mr. Will joined in his court suit; finally, my lord appeared, languid, in his bedgown and nightcap, having not yet assumed his wig for the day. Here was news which Will had brought home from the Star and Garter last night, when he supped in company with some men who had heard it at White's and seen it at Ranelagh!

"Heard what? seen what?" asked the head of the house, taking up his Daily Advertiser.

"Ask Maria!" says Lady Fanny. My lord turns

to his elder sister, who wears a face of portentous sadness, and looks as pale as a table-cloth.

"'Tis one of Will's usual elegant and polite inventions," says Maria.

"No," swore Will, with several of his oaths; "it was no invention of his. Tom Claypool of Norfolk saw 'em both at Ranelagh; and Jack Morris came out of White's, where he heard the story from Harry Warrington's own lips. Curse him, I'm glad of it!" roars Will, slapping the table. "What do you think of your Fortunate Youth? your Virginian, whom your lordship made so much of, turning out to be a second son?"

"The elder brother not dead?" says my lord.

"No more dead than you are. Never was. It's my belief that it was a cross between the two."

"Mr. Warrington is incapable of such duplicity!" cries Maria.

"I never encouraged the fellow, I am sure you will do me justice there," says my lady. "Nor did Fanny: not we, indeed!"

"Not we, indeed!" echoes my Lady Fanny.

"The fellow is only a beggar, and, I dare say, has not paid for the clothes on his back," continues Will. "I'm glad of it, for, hang him, I hate him!"

"You don't regard him with favourable eyes; especially since he blacked yours, Will!" grins my lord. "So the poor fellow has found his brother, and lost his estate!" And here he turned towards his sister Maria, who, although she looked the picture of woe, must have suggested something ludicrous to the humorist near whom she sate; for his lordship, having gazed at her for a minute, burst into a shrill laugh, which caused the poor lady's face to flush, and presently her eyes to



pour over with tears. "It's a shame! it's a shame!" she sobbed out, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Maria's step-brother and sister looked at each other. "We never quite understand your lordship's humour," the former lady remarked, gravely.

"I don't see there is the least reason why you should," said my lord, coolly. "Maria, my dear, pray excuse me if I have said — that is, done anything, to hurt your feelings."

"Done anything! You pillaged the poor lad in his prosperity, and laugh at him in his ruin!" says Maria, rising from table, and glaring round at all her family.

"Excuse me, my dear sister, I was not laughing at *him*," said my lord, gently.

"Oh, never mind at what or whom else, my lord! You have taken from him all he had to lose. All the world points at you as the man who feeds on his own flesh and blood. And now you have his all you make merry over his misfortune!" and away she rustled from the room, flinging looks of defiance at all the party there assembled.

"Tell us what has happened, or what you have heard, Will, and my sister's grief will not interrupt us." And Will told, at greater length, and with immense exultation at Harry's discomfiture, the story now buzzed through all London, of George Warrington's sudden apparition. Lord Castlewood was sorry for Harry: Harry was a good brave lad, and his kinsman liked him, as much as certain worldly folks like each other. To be sure, he played Harry at cards, and took the advantage of the market upon him; but why not? The peach which other men would certainly pluck, he might

as well devour. "Eh! if that were all my conscience had to reprove me with, I need not be very uneasy!" my lord thought. "Where does Mr. Warrington live?"

Will expressed himself ready to enter upon a state of reprobation if he knew or cared.

"He shall be invited here, and treated with every respect," says my lord.

"Including picquet, I suppose!" growls Will.

"Or will you take him to the stables, and sell him one of your bargains of horse-flesh, Will?" asks Lord Castlewood. "You would have won of Harry Warrington fast enough, if you could; but you cheat so clumsily at your game that you got paid with a cudgel. I desire, once more, that every attention may be paid to our Cousin Warrington."

"And that you are not to be disturbed, when you sit down to play, of course, my lord!" cries Lady Castlewood.

"Madam, I desire fair play, for Mr. Warrington, and for myself, and for every member of this amiable family," retorted Lord Castlewood, fiercely.

"Heaven help the poor gentleman if your lordship is going to be kind to him," said the Stepmother, with a curtsy; and there is no knowing how far this family dispute might have been carried, had not, at this moment, a phaeton driven up to the house, in which were seated the two young Virginians.

It was the carriage which our young Prodigal had purchased in the days of his prosperity. He drove it still: George sate in it by his side; their negroes were behind them. Harry had been for meekly giving the whip and reins to his brother, and ceding the whole property to him. "What business has a poor devil

like me with horses and carriages, Georgy?" Harry had humbly said. "Beyond the coat on my back, and the purse my aunt gave me, I have nothing in the world. You take the driving-seat, brother; it will ease my mind if you will take the driving-seat?" George laughingly said he did not know the way, and Harry did; and that, as for the carriage, he would claim only a half of it, as he had already done with his brother's wardrobe. "But a bargain is a bargain; if I share thy coats thou must divide my breeches' pocket, Harry; that is but fair dealing!" Again and again Harry swore there never was such a brother on earth. How he rattled his horses over the road! How pleased and proud he was to drive such a brother! They came to Kensington in famous high spirits; and Gumbo's thunder upon Lord Castlewood's door was worthy of the biggest footman in all St. James's.

Only my Lady Castlewood and her daughter Lady Fanny were in the room into which our young gentlemen were ushered. Will had no particular fancy to face Harry, my lord was not dressed, Maria had her reasons for being away, at least till her eyes were dried. When we drive up to friends' houses now-a-days in our coaches and six, when John carries up our noble names, when, finally, we enter the drawing-room with our best hat and best Sunday smile foremost, does it ever happen that we interrupt a family row? that we come simpering and smiling in, and stepping over the delusive ashes of a still burning domestic heat? that in the interval between the hall-door and the drawing-room, Mrs., Mr., and the Misses Jones have grouped themselves in a family tableau; this girl artlessly arranging flowers in a vase, let us

say; that one reclining over an illuminated work of devotion; mamma on the sofa, with the butcher's and grocer's book pushed under the cushion, some elegant work in her hand, and a pretty little foot pushed out advantageously; while honest Jones, far from saying, "Curse that Brown, he is always calling here!" holds out a kindly hand, shows a pleased face, and exclaims, "What, Brown, my boy, delighted to see you! Hope you've come to lunch!" I say, does it ever happen to *us* to be made the victims of domestic artifices, the spectators of domestic comedies got up for our special amusement? O, let us be thankful, not only for faces, but for masks! not only for honest welcome, but for hypocrisy, which hides unwelcome things from us! Whilst I am talking, for instance, in this easy chatty way, what right have you, my good sir, to know what is really passing in my mind? It may be that I am racked with gout, or that my eldest son has just sent me in a thousand pounds' worth of college-bills, or that I am writhing under an attack of the Stoke Pogis Sentinel, which has just been sent me under cover, or that there is a dreadfully scrappy dinner, the evident remains of a party to which I *didn't* invite you, and yet I conceal my agony, I wear a merry smile, I say, "What! come to take pot-luck with us, Brown, my boy? Betsy! Put a knife and fork for Mr. Brown! Eat! Welcome! Fall to! It's my best!" I say that humbug which I am performing is beautiful self-denial — that hypocrisy is true virtue. O, if every man spoke his mind, what an intolerable society ours would be to live in!

As the young gentlemen are announced, Lady Castlewood advances towards them with perfect ease

and good humour. "We have heard, Harry," she says, looking at the latter with a special friendliness, "of this most extraordinary circumstance. My Lord Castlewood said at breakfast that he should wait on you this very day, Mr. Warrington, and cousin Harry, we intend not to love you any the less because you are poor."

"We shall be able to show now that it is not for your acres that we like you, Harry!" says Lady Fanny, following her mamma's lead.

"And I to whom the acres have fallen?" says Mr. George, with a smile and a bow.

"O, cousin, we shall like you for being like Harry!" replies the arch Lady Fanny.

Ah! who that has seen the world, has not admired that astonishing ease with which fine ladies drop you and pick you up again? Both the ladies now addressed themselves almost exclusively to the younger brother. They were quite civil to Mr. George: but with Mr. Harry they were fond, they were softly familiar, they were gently kind, they were affectionately reproachful. Why had Harry not been for days and days to see them?

"Better to have had a dish of tea and a game at picquet with them than with some other folks," says Lady Castlewood. "If *we* had won enough to buy a paper of pins from you we should have been content; but young gentlemen don't know what is for their own good," says mamma.

"Now you have no more money to play with, you can come and play with us, cousin!" cries fond Lady Fanny, lifting up a finger, "and so your misfortune will be good fortune to us."

George was puzzled. This welcome of his brother

was very different from that to which he had looked. All these compliments and attentions paid to the younger brother, though he was without a guinea! Perhaps the people were not so bad as they were painted? The Blackest of all Blacks is said not to be of *quite* so dark a complexion as some folks describe him.

This affectionate conversation continued for some twenty minutes, at the end of which period my Lord Castlewood made his appearance, wig on head, and sword by side. He greeted both the young men with much politeness: one not more than the other. "If you were to come to us — and I, for one, cordially rejoice to see you — what a pity it is you did not come a few months earlier! A certain evening at picquet would then most likely never have taken place. A younger son would have been more prudent."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry.

"Or a kinsman more compassionate. But I fear that love of play runs in the blood of all of us. I have it from my father, and it has made me the poorest peer in England. Those fair ladies whom you see before you are not exempt. My poor brother Will is a martyr to it; and what I, for my part, win on one day, I lose on the next. 'Tis shocking, positively, the rage for play in England. All my poor cousin's bank-notes parted company from me within twentyfour hours after I got them."

"I have played, like other gentlemen, but never to hurt myself, and never indeed caring much for the sport," remarked Mr. Warrington.

"When we heard that my lord had played with Harry, we did so scold him," cried the ladies.

"But if it had not been I, thou knowest; cousin

Warrington, some other person would have had thy money. 'Tis a poor consolation, but as such Harry must please to take it, and be glad that friends won his money, who wish him well, not strangers, who cared nothing for him, and fleeced him."

"Eh! a tooth out is a tooth out, though it be your brother who pulls it, my lord!" said Mr. George, laughing. "Harry must bear the penalty of his faults, and pay his debts, like other men."

"I am sure I have never said or thought otherwise. 'Tis not like an Englishman, to be sulky because he is beaten," says Harry.

"Your hand, cousin! You speak like a man!" cries my lord, with delight. The ladies smile to each other.

"My sister, in Virginia, has known how to bring up her sons as gentlemen!" exclaims Lady Castlewood, enthusiastically.

"I protest you must not be growing so amiable now you are poor, cousin Harry!" cries cousin Fanny. "Why, mamma, we did not know half his good qualities when he was only Fortunate Youth and Prince of Virginia! You are exactly like him, cousin George, but I vow you can't be as amiable as your brother!"

"I am the Prince of Virginia, but I fear I am not the Fortunate Youth," said George, gravely.

Harry was beginning, "By Jove, he is the best —" when the noise of a harpischord was heard from the upper room. The lad blushed: the ladies smiled.

"'Tis Maria, above," said Lady Castlewood. "Let some of us go up to her!"

The ladies rose, and made way towards the door; and Harry followed them, blushing very much. George was about to join the party, but Lord Castlewood

checked him. "Nay, if all the ladies follow your brother," his lordship said, "let me at least have the benefit of your company and conversation. I long to hear the account of your captivity and rescue, cousin George!"

"O, we must hear that too!" cried one of the ladies, lingering.

"I am greedy, and should like it all by myself," said Lord Castlewood, looking at her very sternly; and followed the women to the door, and closed it upon them, with a low bow.

"Your brother has no doubt acquainted you with the history of all that has happened to him in this house, cousin George?" asked George's kinsman.

"Yes, including the quarrel with Mr. Will, and the engagement to my Lady Maria," replies George, with a bow. "I may be pardoned for saying, that he hath met with but ill fortune here, my lord."

"Which no one can deplore more cordially than myself. My brother lives with horse-jockeys and trainers, and the wildest bloods of the town, and between us there is very little sympathy. We should not all live together, were we not so poor. This is the house which our grandmother occupied before she went to America and married Colonel Esmond. Much of the old furniture belonged to her." George looked round the wainscotted parlour with some interest. "Our house has not flourished in the last twenty years; though we had a promotion of rank a score of years since, owing to some interest we had at court, then. But the malady of play has been the ruin of us all. I am a miserable victim to it: only too proud to sell myself and title to a *roturière*, as many noblemen, less



scrupulous, have done. Pride is my fault, my dear Cousin. I remember how I was born!" And his lordship laid his hand on his shirt-frill, turned out his toe, and looked his cousin nobly in the face.

Young George Warrington's natural disposition was to believe everything which everybody said to him. When once deceived, however, or undeceived about the character of a person, he became utterly incredulous, and he saluted this fine speech of my lord's with a sardonical, inward laughter, preserving his gravity, however, and scarce allowing any of his scorn to appear in his words.

"We have all our faults, my lord. That of play hath been condoned over and over again in gentlemen of our rank. Having heartily forgiven my brother, surely I cannot presume to be your lordship's judge in the matter; and instead of playing and losing, I wish sincerely that you had both played and won!"

"So do I, with all my heart!" says my lord, with a sigh, "I augur well for your goodness when you can speak in this way, and for your experience and knowledge of the world, too, cousin, of which you seem to possess a greater share than most young men of your age. Your poor Harry hath the best heart in the world; but I doubt whether his head be very strong."

"Not very strong, indeed. But he hath the art to make friends wherever he goes, and in spite of all his imprudences most people love him."

"I do — we all do, I'm sure; as if he were our brother!" cries my lord.

"He has often described in his letters his welcome at your lordship's house. My mother keeps them all, you may be sure. Harry's style is not very learned,

but his heart is so good, that to read him is better than wit."

"I may be mistaken, but I fancy his brother possesses a good heart and a good wit, too!" says my lord, obstinately gracious.

"I am as Heaven made me, cousin; and perhaps had some more experience and sorrow than has fallen to the lot of most young men."

"This misfortune of your poor brother — I mean this piece of good fortune, your sudden re-appearance — has not quite left Harry without resources?" continued Lord Castlewood, very gently.

"With nothing but what his mother can leave him, or I, at her death, can spare him. What is the usual portion here of a younger brother, my lord?"

"Eh! A younger brother here is — you know — in fine, everybody knows what a younger brother is," said my lord, and shrugged his shoulders and looked his guest in the face.

The other went on: "We are the best of friends, but we are flesh and blood: and I don't pretend to do more for him than is usually done for younger brothers. Why give him money? That he should squander it at cards or horse-racing? My lord, we have cards and jockeys in Virginia, too; and my poor Harry hath distinguished himself in his own country already, before he came to yours. He inherits the family failing for dissipation."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, I pity him!"

"Our estate, you see, is great, but our income is small. We have little more money than that which we get from England for our tobacco — and very little of that too — for our tobacco comes back to us in the

shape of goods, clothes, leather, groceries, ironmongery, nay, wine and beer for our people and ourselves. Harry may come back and share all these: there is a nag in the stable for him, a piece of venison on the table, a little ready money to keep his pocket warm, and a coat or two every year. This will go on whilst my mother lives, unless, which is far from improbable, he gets into some quarrel with Madam Esmond. Then, whilst I live he will have the run of the house and all it contains: then, if I die leaving children, he will be less and less welcome. His future, my lord, is a dismal one, unless some strange piece of luck turn up on which we were fools to speculate. Henceforth he is doomed to dependence, and I know no worse lot, than to be dependent on a self-willed woman like our mother. The means he had to make himself respected at home he hath squandered away here. He has flung his patrimony to the dogs, and poverty and subserviency are now his only portion." Mr. Warrington delivered this speech with considerable spirit and volubility, and his cousin heard him respectfully.

"You speak well, Mr. Warrington. Have you ever thought of public life?" said my lord.

"Of course I have thought of public life like every man of my station — every man, that is, who cares for something beyond a dice-box or a stable," replies George. "I hope, my lord, to be able to take my own place, and my unlucky brother must content himself with his. This I say advisedly, having heard from him of certain engagements which he has formed, and which it would be misery to all parties were he to attempt to execute now."

"Your logic is very strong," said my lord. "Shall

we go up and see the ladies? There is a picture above stairs which your grandfather is said to have executed. Before you go, my dear cousin, you will please to fix a day when our family may have the honour of receiving you. Castlewood, you know, is always your home when we are there. It is something like your Virginian Castlewood, cousin, from your account. We have beef, and mutton, and ale, and wood, in plenty; but money is wofully scarce amongst us."

They ascended to the drawing-room, where, however, they found only one of the ladies of the family. This was my Lady Maria, who came out of the embrasure of a window, where she and Harry Warrington had been engaged in talk.

George made his best bow, Maria her lowest curtsy. "You are indeed wonderfully like your brother," she said, giving him her hand. "And from what he says, Cousin George, I think you are as good as he is."

At the sight of her swollen eyes and tearful face George felt a pang of remorse. "Poor thing," he thought. "Harry has been vaunting my generosity and virtue to her, and I have been playing the selfish elder brother down-stairs! How could he ever have a passion for such a woman as that?" How? Because he did not see with your eyes, Mr. George. He saw rightly too now with his own, perhaps. I never know whether to pity or congratulate a man on coming to his senses.

After the introduction a little talk took place, which for a while Lady Maria managed to carry on in easy manner: but though ladies in this matter of social hypocrisy are, I think, far more consummate performers than men, after a sentence or two the poor lady broke out

into a sob, and, motioning Harry away with her hand, fairly fled from the room.

Harry was rushing forward, but stopped — checked by that sign. My lord said his poor sister was subject to these fits of nerves, and had already been ill that morning. After this event our young gentlemen thought it was needless to prolong their visit. Lord Castlewood followed them down-stairs, accompanied them to the door, admired their nags in the phaeton, and waved them a friendly farewell.

“And so we have been coaxing and cuddling in the window, and we part good friends, Harry? Is it not so?” says George to his charioteer.

“O, she *is* a good woman!” cries Harry, lashing the horses. “I know you’ll think so when you come to know her.”

“When you take her home to Virginia? A pretty welcome our mother will give her. She will never forgive me for not breaking the match off, nor you for making it.”

“I can’t help it, George! Don’t you be popping your ugly head so close to my ears, Gumbo! After what has passed between us, I am bound in honour to stand by her. If she sees no objection, I must find none. I told her all. I told her that madam would be very rusty at first; but that she was very fond of me, and must end by relenting. And when *you* come to the property, I told her that I knew my dearest George so well, that I might count upon sharing with him.”

“The deuce you did! Let me tell you, my dear, that I have been telling my Lord Castlewood quite a different story. That as an elder brother I intend to have all my rights — there, don’t flog that near horse

so — and that you can but look forward to poverty and dependence.”

“What? You won’t help me?” cries Harry, turning quite pale. “George, I don’t believe it, though I hear it out of your own mouth!”

There was a minute’s pause after this outbreak, during which Harry did not even look at his brother, but sate, gazing blindly before him, the picture of grief and gloom. He was driving so near to a road-post, that the carriage might have been upset but for George’s pulling the rein.

“You had better take the reins, sir,” said Harry, “I told you you had better take them.”

“Did you ever know me fail you, Harry?” George asked.

“No,” said the other, “not till now” — the tears were rolling down his cheeks as he spoke.

“My dear, I think one day you will say I have done my duty.”

“What have you done?” asked Harry.

“I have said you were a younger brother — that you have spent all your patrimony, and that your portion at home must be very slender. Is it not true?”

“Yes, but I would not have believed it, if ten thousand men had told me,” said Harry. “Whatever happened to me, I thought I could trust *you*, George Warrington.” And in this frame of mind Harry remained during the rest of the drive.

Their dinner was served soon after their return to their lodgings, of which Harry scarce ate any, though he drank freely of the wine before him.

“That wine is a bad consoler in trouble, Harry,” his brother remarked.

"I have no other, sir," said Harry, grimly; and having drank glass after glass in silence, he presently seized his hat, and left the room.

He did not return for three hours. George, in much anxiety about his brother, had not left home meanwhile, but read his book, and smoked the pipe of patience. "It *was* shabby to say I would not aid him, and, God help me, it was not true. I won't leave him, though he marries a blackamoor," thought George: "have I not done him harm enough already, by coming to life again? Where has he gone; has he gone to play?"

"Good God! what has happened to thee?" cried George Warrington, presently, when his brother came in, looking ghastly pale.

He came up and took his brother's hand. "I can take it now, Georgy," he said. "Perhaps what you did was right, though I for one will never believe that you would throw your brother off in distress. I'll tell you what. At dinner, I thought suddenly, I'll go back to her and speak to her. I'll say to her, 'Maria, poor as I am, your conduct to me has been so noble, that, by Heaven! I am yours to take or to leave. If you will have me, here I am: I will enlist: I will work: I will try and make a livelihood for myself somehow, and my bro— my relations will relent, and give us enough to live on.' That's what I determined to tell her; and I did, George. I ran all the way to Kensington in the rain — look, I am splashed from head to foot, — and found them all at dinner, all except Will, that is. I spoke out that very moment to them all, sitting round the table, over their wine. 'Maria,' says I, 'a poor fellow wants to redeem his promise which

he made when he fancied he was rich. Will you take him?' I found I had plenty of words, and didn't hem and stutter as I'm doing now. I spoke ever so long, and I ended by saying I would do my best and my duty by her, so help me God!"

"When I had done, she came up to me quite kind. She took my hand, and kissed it before the rest. 'My dearest, best Harry!' she said (those were her words, I don't want otherwise to be praising myself), 'you are a noble heart, and I thank you with all mine. But, my dear, I have long seen it was only duty, and a foolish promise made by a young man to an old woman, that has held you to your engagement. To keep it would make you miserable, my dear. I absolve you from it, thanking you with all my heart for your fidelity, and blessing and loving my dear cousin always.' And she came up and kissed me before them all, and went out of the room quite stately, and without a single tear. They were all crying, especially my lord, who was sobbing quite loud. I didn't think he had so much feeling. And she, George? O, isn't she a noble creature?"

"Here's her health!" cries George, filling one of the glasses that still stood before him.

"Hip, hip, huzzay!" says Harry. He was wild with delight at being free.

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## CHAPTER IX.

In which Mr. Harry's nose continues to be put out of joint.

MADAME DE BERNSTEIN was scarcely less pleased than her Virginian nephews at the result of Harry's final interview with Lady Maria. George informed the Baroness of what had passed, in a billet which he sent to her the same evening; and shortly afterwards her nephew Castlewood, whose visits to his aunt were very rare, came to pay his respects to her, and frankly spoke about the circumstances which had taken place; for no man knew better than my Lord Castlewood how to be frank upon occasion, and now that the business between Maria and Harry was ended, what need was there of reticence or hypocrisy? The game had been played, and was over: he had no objection now to speak of its various moves, stratagems, finesses. "She is my own sister," said my lord, affectionately; "she won't have many more chances — many more *such* chances of marrying and establishing herself. I might not approve of the match in all respects, and I might pity your ladyship's young Virginian favourite: but of course such a piece of good fortune was not to be thrown away, and I was bound to stand by my own flesh and blood."

"Your candour does your lordship honour," says Madame de Bernstein, "and your love for your sister is quite edifying!"

"Nay, we have lost the game, and I am speaking

*sans rancune*. It is not for you, who have won to bear malice," says my lord, with a bow.

Madame de Bernstein protested she was never in her life in better humour. "Confess, now, Eugene, that visit of Maria to Harry at the spunging-house — that touching giving up of all his presents to her, was a stroke of thy invention?"

"Pity for the young man, and a sense of what was due from Maria to her friend — her affianced lover — in misfortune, sure these were motives sufficient to make her act as she did," replies Lord Castlewood demurely.

"But 'twas you advised her, my good nephew?"

Castlewood, with a shrug of his shoulders, owned that he *did* advise his sister to see Mr. Henry Warrington. "But we should have won, in spite of your ladyship," he continued, "had not the elder brother made his appearance. And I have been trying to console my poor Maria by showing her what a piece of good fortune it is after all, that we lost."

"Suppose she had married Harry, and then Cousin George had made his appearance?" remarks the Baroness.

"*Effectivement*," cries Eugene, taking snuff. "As the grave was to give up its dead, let us be thankful to the grave for disgorging in time! I am bound to say, that Mr. George Warrington seems to be a man of sense, and not more selfish than other elder sons and men of the world. My poor Molly fancied that he might be a — what shall I say? — a greenhorn perhaps is the term — like his younger brother. She fondly hoped that he might be inclined to go share and share alike with Twin junior; in which case, so infatuated was she about the young fellow, that I believe

she would have taken him. 'Harry Warrington, with half a loaf, might do very well,' says I, 'but Harry Warrington with no bread, my dear!'"

"How no bread?" asks the Baroness.

"Well. No bread except at his brother's side-table. The elder said as much."

"What a hard-hearted wretch!" cries Madame de Bernstein.

"Ah, bah! I play with you, aunt, *cartes sur table!* Mr. George only did what everybody else would do; and we have no right to be angry with him, really, we haven't. Molly herself acknowledged as much, after her first burst of grief was over, and I brought her to listen to reason. The silly old creature! to be so wild about a young lad at her time of life!"

"'Twas a real passion, I almost do believe," said Madame de Bernstein.

"You should have heard her take leave of him! *C'était touchant, ma parole d'honneur!* I cried. Before George, I could not help myself. The young fellow with muddy stockings, and his hair about his eyes, flings himself amongst us when we were at dinner; makes his offer to Molly in a very frank and noble manner, and in good language, too; and she replies. Begad it put me in mind of Mrs. Woffington in the new Scotch play, that Lord Bute's man has wrote — Douglas — what d'ye call it? She clings round the lad; she bids him adieu in heart-rending accents. She steps out of the room in a stately despair — no more chocolate, thank you. If she had made a *mauvais pas* no one could retire from it with more dignity. 'Twas a masterly retreat after a defeat. We were starved out of our position, but we retired with all the honours of war."

“Molly won't die of the disappointment!” said my lord's aunt, sipping her cup.

My lord snarled a grin, and showed his yellow teeth. “He, he!” he said, “she hath once or twice before had the malady very severely, and recovered perfectly. It don't kill, as your ladyship knows, at Molly's age.”

How should her ladyship know? She did not marry Doctor Tusher until she was advanced in life. She did not become Madame de Bernstein until still later. Old Dido, a poet remarks, was not ignorant of misfortune, and hence learned to have compassion on the wretched.

People in the little world, as I have been told, quarrel and fight, and go on abusing each other, and are not reconciled for ever so long. But people in the great world are surely wiser in their generation. They have differences; they cease seeing each other. They make it up and come together again, and no questions are asked. A stray prodigal, or a stray puppy-dog is thus brought in under the benefit of an amnesty, though you know he has been away in ugly company. For six months past, ever since the Castlewoods and Madame de Bernstein had been battling for possession of poor Harry Warrington, these two branches of the Esmond family had remained apart. Now, the question being settled, they were free to meet again, as though no difference ever had separated them: and Madame de Bernstein drove in her great coach to Lady Castlewood's rout, and the Esmond ladies appeared smiling at Madame de Bernstein's drums, and loved each other just as much as they previously had done.

“So, sir, I hear you have acted like a hard-hearted

monster about your poor brother Harry!" says the Baroness, delighted, and menacing George with her stick.

"I acted but upon your ladyship's hint, and desired to see whether it was for himself or his reputed money that his kinsfolk wanted to have him," replies George, turning rather red.

"Nay, Maria could not marry a poor fellow who was utterly penniless, and whose elder brother said he would give him nothing!"

"I did it for the best, madam," says George, still blushing.

"And so thou didst, O thou hypocrite!" cries the old lady.

"Hypocrite, madam! and why?" asks Mr. Warrington, drawing himself up in much state.

"I know all, my infant!" says the Baroness in French. "Thou art very like thy grandfather. Come, that I embrace thee! Harry has told me all, and that thou hast divided thy little patrimony with him!"

"It was but natural, madam. We have had common hearts and purses since we were born. I but feigned hard-heartedness in order to try those people yonder," says George, with filling eyes.

"And thou wilt divide Virginia with him, too?" asks the Bernstein.

"I don't say so. It were not just," replied Mr. Warrington. "The land must go to the eldest born, and Harry would not have it otherwise: and it may be I shall die, or my mother outlive the pair of us. But half of what is mine is his: and he, it must be remembered, only was extravagant because he was mistaken as to his position."

"But it is a knight of old, it is a Bayard, it is the

grandfather come to life!" cried Madame de Bernstein to her attendant, as she was retiring for the night. And that evening, when the lads left her, it was to poor Harry she gave the two fingers, and to George the rouged cheek, who blushed for his part, almost as deep as that often-dyed rose, at such a mark of his old kinswoman's favour.

Although Harry Warrington was the least envious of men, and did honour to his brother as in all respects his chief, guide, and superior, yet no wonder a certain feeling of humiliation and disappointment oppressed the young man after his deposition from his eminence as Fortunate Youth and heir to boundless Virginian territories. Our friends at Kensington might promise and vow that they would love him all the better after his fall; Harry made a low bow and professed himself very thankful; but he could not help perceiving, when he went with his brother to the state entertainment with which my Lord Castlewood regaled his new-found kinsman, that George was all in all to his cousins: had all the talk, compliments, and *petits soins* for himself, whilst of Harry no one took any notice save poor Maria, who followed him with wistful looks, pursued him with eyes conveying dismal reproaches, and, as it were, blamed him because she had left him. "Ah!" the eyes seemed to say, "'tis mighty well of you, Harry, to have accepted the freedom which I gave you; but I had no intention, sir, that you should be so pleased at being let off." She gave him up, but yet she did not quite forgive him for taking her at her word. She would not have him, and yet she would. O, my young friends, how delightful is the beginning of a love-business, and how undignified, sometimes, the

end! What a romantic vista is before young Damon and young Phillis (or middle-aged ditto ditto) when, their artless loves made known to each other, they twine their arms round each other's waists and survey that charming *pays du tendre* which lies at their feet! Into that country, so linked together, they will wander from now until extreme old age. There may be rocks and roaring rivers, but will not Damon's strong true love enable him to carry Sweetheart over them? There may be dragons and dangers in the path, but shall not his courageous sword cut them down? Then at eve, how they will rest cuddled together, like two pretty babes in the wood, the moss their couch, the stars their canopy, their arms their mutual pillows! This is the wise plan young folks make when they set out on the love-journey; and — O me! — they have not got a mile when they come to a great wall and find they must walk back again. They are squabbling with the post-boy at Barnet (the first stage on the Gretna Road, I mean), and, behold, perhaps Strephon has not got any money, or here is Papa with a whacking horse-whip, who takes Miss back again, and locks her up crying in the school-room. The parting is heart-breaking; but, when she has married the banker and had eight children, and he has become, it may be, a prosperous barrister, — it may be, a seedy raff who has gone twice or thrice into the Gazette; when, I say, in after years Strephon and Delia meet again, is not the meeting ridiculous? Nevertheless, I hope no young man will fall in love, having any doubt in his mind as to the eternity of his passion. 'Tis when a man has had a second or third amorous attack that he begins to grow doubtful; but some women are romantic to the end, and, from

eighteen to eight-and-fifty (for what I know) are always expecting their hearts to break. In fine, when you have been in love and are so no more, when the King of France, with twenty thousand men, with colours flying, music playing, and all the pomp of war, having marched up the hill, then proceeds to march down again, he and you are in an absurd position.

This is what Harry Warrington, no doubt, felt when he went to Kensington and encountered the melancholy reproachful eyes of his cousin. Yes! it is a foolish position to be in; but it is also melancholy to look into a house you have once lived in, and see black case-ments and emptiness where once shone the fires of welcome. Melancholy? Yes; but, ha! how bitter, how melancholy, how absurd to look up as you pass sentimentally by No. 13, and see somebody else grinning out of window, and evidently on the best terms with the landlady. I always feel hurt, even at an inn which I frequent, if I see other folks' trunks and boots at the doors of the rooms which were once mine. Have those boots lolled on the sofa which once I reclined on? I kick you from before me, you muddy, vulgar highlows!

So considering that his period of occupation was over, and Maria's rooms, if not given up to a new tenant, were, at any rate, to let, Harry did not feel very easy in his cousin's company, nor she possibly in his. He found either that he had nothing to say to her, or that what she had to say to him was rather dull and common-place, and that the red lip of a white-necked pipe of Virginia was decidedly more agreeable to him now than Maria's softest accents and most melancholy *moue*. When George went to Ken-



sington, then, Harry did not care much about going, and pleaded other engagements.

At his uncle's house in Hill Street the poor lad was no better amused, and, indeed, was treated by the virtuous people there with scarce any attention at all. The ladies did not scruple to deny themselves when he came; he could scarce have believed in such insincerity after their caresses, their welcome, their repeated vows of affection; but happening to sit with the Lamberts for an hour after he had called upon his aunt, he saw her ladyship's chairmen arrive with an empty chair, and his aunt step out and enter the vehicle, and not even blush when he made her a bow from the opposite window. To be denied by his own relations — to have that door which had opened to him so kindly, slammed in his face! He would not have believed such a thing possible, poor simple Harry said. Perhaps he thought the door-knocker had a tender heart, and was not made of brass; not more changed than the head of that knocker was my Lady Warrington's virtuous face when she passed her nephew.

"My father's own brother's wife! What have I done to offend her? O Aunt Lambert, Aunt Lambert, did you ever see such cold-heartedness?" cries out Harry, with his usual impetuosity.

"Do *we* make any difference to you, my dear Harry?" says Aunt Lambert, with a side look at her youngest daughter. "The world may look coldly at you, but we don't belong to it: so you may come to us in safety."

"In this house you are different from other people," replies Harry. "I don't know how, but I always feel quiet and happy somehow when I come to you."

"Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hâc est  
Optandum vitâ dicere quis potuit?"

calls out General Lambert. "Do you know where I got these verses, Mr. Gownsmen?" and he addresses his son from college, who is come to pass an Easter holiday with his parents.

"You got them out of Catullus, sir," says the scholar.

"I got them out of no such thing, sir. I got them out of my favourite Democritus Junior — out of old Burton, who has provided many indifferent scholars with learning;" and who and Montaigne were favourite authors with the good General.

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## CHAPTER X.

Where we do what Cats may do.

We have said how our Virginians, with a wisdom not uncommon in youth, had chosen to adopt strong Jacobite opinions, and to profess a prodigious affection for the exiled royal family. The banished prince had recognised Madam Esmond's father as Marquis of Esmond, and she did not choose to be very angry with an unfortunate race, that after all, was so willing to acknowledge the merits of her family. As for any little scandal about her sister, Madame de Bernstein, and the Old Chevalier, she tossed away from her with scorn the recollection of that odious circumstance, asserting, with perfect truth, that the two first monarchs of the House of Hanover were quite as bad as any Stuarts in regard to their domestic morality. But the king *de facto* was the king, as well as his Majesty *de jure*. De Facto had been solemnly crowned and anointed at church, and had likewise utterly discomfited de Jure, when they came to battle for the kingdom together. Madam's clear opinion was, then, that her sons owed it to themselves as well as the sovereign to appear at his royal court. And if his Majesty should have been minded to confer a lucrative post, or a blue or red ribbon upon either of them, she, for her part, would not have been in the least surprised. She made no doubt but that the king knew the Virginian Esmonds as well as any other members of his nobility. The lads were specially com-

manded, then, to present themselves at Court, and, I dare say, their mother would have been very angry had she known that George took Harry's laced coat on the day when he went to make his bow at Kensington.

A hundred years ago the king's drawing-room was open almost every day to his nobility and gentry; and loyalty — especially since the war had begun — could gratify itself a score of times in a month with the august sight of the sovereign. A wise avoidance of the enemy's ships-of-war; a gracious acknowledgment of the inestimable loss the British isles would suffer by the seizure of the royal person at sea, caused the monarch to forego those visits to his native Hanover which was so dear to his royal heart, and compelled him to remain, it must be owned, unwillingly amongst his loving Britons. A Hanoverian lady, however, whose virtues had endeared her to the prince, strove to console him for his enforced absence from Herrenhausen. And from the lips of the Countess of Walmoden (on whom the imperial beneficence had gracefully conferred a high title of British honour) the revered Defender of the Faith could hear the accents of his native home.

To this beloved Sovereign, Mr. Warrington requested his uncle, an assiduous courtier, to present him: and as Mr. Lambert had to go to Court likewise, and thank his Majesty for his promotion, the two gentlemen made the journey to Kensington together, engaging a hackney coach for the purpose, as my Lord Wrotham's carriage was now wanted by its rightful owner, who had returned to his house in town. They alighted at Kensington Palace Gate, where the sentries on duty knew and saluted the good General, and hence modestly made their way on foot to the summer re-

sidence of the Sovereign. Walking under the portico of the Palace, they entered the gallery which leads to the great black marble staircase (which hath been so richly decorated and painted by Mr. Kent), and then passed through several rooms, richly hung with tapestry and adorned with pictures and bustos, until they came to the King's great drawing-room, where that famous Venus by Titian is, and, amongst other masterpieces, the picture of St. Francis adoring the infant Saviour, performed by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and here, with the rest of the visitors to the Court, the gentlemen waited until his Majesty issued from his private apartments, where he was in conference with certain personages who were called in the newspaper language of that day his M — j — ty's M — n — st — rs.

George Warrington, who had never been in a palace before, had leisure to admire the place, and regard the people round him. He saw fine pictures for the first time too, and I daresay delighted in that charming piece of Sir Anthony Vandyke, representing King Charles the First, his Queen and Family, and the noble picture of Esther before Ahasuerus, painted by Tintoret, and in which all the figures are dressed in the magnificent Venetian habit. With the contemplation of these works he was so enraptured, that he scarce heard all the remarks of his good friend the General, who was whispering into his young companion's almost heedless ear the names of some of the personages round about them.

"Yonder," says Mr. Lambert, "are two of my Lords of the Admiralty, Mr. Gilbert Elliot and Admiral Boscawen: *your* Boscawen, whose fleet fired the first gun in your waters two years ago. That stout gentle-

man all belaced with gold is Mr. Fox, that was minister, and is now content to be paymaster with a great salary."

"He carries the *auri fames* on his person; why, his waistcoat is a perfect Potosi!" says George.

"*Alieni appetens* — how goes the text? He loves to get money and to spend it," continues General Lambert. "Yon is my Lord Chief-Justice Willes, talking to my Lord of Salisbury, Doctor Hoadley, who, if he serve his God as he serves his king, will be translated to some very high promotion in Heaven. He belongs to your grandfather's time, and was loved by Dick Steele and hated by the Dean. With them is my Lord of London, the learned Doctor Sherlock. My lords of the lawn sleeves have lost half their honours now. I remember when I was a boy in my mother's hand, she made me go down on my knees to the Bishop of Rochester; him who went over the water, and became minister to somebody who shall be nameless — Perkin's Bishop. That handsome fair man is Admiral Smith. He was president of poor Byng's court-martial, and strove in vain to get him off his penalty; Tom of Ten Thousand they call him in the fleet. The French Ambassador had him broke; when he was a lieutenant, for making a French man-of-war lower topsails to him, and the King made Tom a captain the next day. That tall, haughty-looking man is my Lord George Sackville, who, now I am a major-general myself, will treat me somewhat better than a footman. I wish my stout old Blakeney were here; he is the soldier's darling, and as kind and brave as yonder poker of a nobleman is brave and — I am your lordship's very humble servant. This is a young gentleman who is just from

America, and was in Braddock's sad business two years ago."

"O, indeed!" says the poker of a nobleman. "I have the honour of speaking to Mr. —"

"To Major-General Lambert, at your lordship's service, and who was in his Majesty's sometime before you entered it. That, Mr. Warrington, is the first commoner in England, Mr. Speaker Onslow. Where is your uncle? I shall have to present you myself to his Majesty if Sir Miles delays much longer." As he spoke, the worthy General addressed himself entirely to his young friend, making no sort of account of his colleague, who stalked away with a scared look as if amazed at the other's audacity. A hundred years ago, a nobleman was a nobleman, and expected to be admired as such.

Sir Miles's red waistcoat appeared in sight presently, and many cordial greetings passed between him, his nephew, and General Lambert: for we have described how Sir Miles was the most affectionate of men. So the General had quitted my Lord Wrotham's house? It was time, as his lordship himself wished to occupy it? Very good; but consider what a loss for the neighbours!

"We miss you, we positively miss you, my dear General," cries Sir Miles. "My daughters were in love with those lovely young ladies — upon my word they were, and my Lady Warrington and my girls were debating over and over again how they should find an opportunity of making the acquaintance of your charming family. We feel as if we were old friends already; indeed we do, General, if you will permit me the liberty of saying so; and we love you, if I may be

allowed to speak frankly, on account of your friendship and kindness to our dear nephews: though we were a little jealous, I own a little jealous of them, because they went so often to see you. Often and often have I said to my Lady Warrington, 'My dear, why don't we make acquaintance with the General? Why don't we ask him and his ladies to come over in a family way and dine with some other plain country gentlefolks?' Carry my most sincere respects to Mrs. Lambert, I pray, sir; and thank her for her goodness to these young gentlemen. My own flesh and blood, sir; my dear, dear brother's boys!" He passed his hand across his manly eyes: he was choking almost with generous and affectionate emotion.

Whilst they were discoursing — George Warrington the while restraining his laughter with admirable gravity — the door of the King's apartments opened, and the pages entered, preceding his Majesty. He was followed by his burly son, his Royal Highness the Duke, a very corpulent Prince, with a coat and face of blazing scarlet: behind them came various gentlemen and officers of state, among whom George at once recognised the famous Mr. Secretary Pitt, by his tall stature, his eagle eye and beak, his grave and majestic presence. As I see that solemn figure passing, even a hundred years off, I protest I feel a present awe, and a desire to take my hat off. I am not frightened at George the Second; nor are my eyes dazzled by the portentous appearance of his Royal Highness the Duke of Culloden and Fontenoy; but the Great Commoner, the terrible Cornet of Horse! His figure bestrides our narrow isle of a century back like a Colossus; and I hush as he passes in his gouty shoes, his thunderbolt



hand wrapped in flannel. Perhaps as we see him now, issuing with dark looks from the royal closet, angry scenes have been passing between him and his august master. He has been boring that old monarch for hours with prodigious long speeches, full of eloquence, voluble with the noblest phrases upon the commonest topics; but, it must be confessed, utterly repulsive to the little shrewd old gentleman, "at whose feet he lays himself," as the phrase is, and who has the most thorough dislike for fine *boedry* and for fine *brose* too! The sublime minister passes solemnly through the crowd; the company ranges itself respectfully round the wall; and his Majesty walks round the circle, his royal son lagging a little behind, and engaging select individuals in conversation for his own part.

The monarch is a little, keen, fresh-coloured old man, with very protruding eyes, attired in plain, old-fashioned snuff-coloured clothes and brown stockings, his only ornament the blue ribbon of his Order of the Garter. He speaks in a German accent, but with ease, shrewdness, and simplicity, addressing those individuals whom he has a mind to notice, or passing on with a bow. He knew Mr. Lambert well, who had served under his Majesty at Dettingen, and with his royal son in Scotland, and he congratulated him good-humouredly on his promotion.

"It is not always," his Majesty was pleased to say, "that we can do as we like; but I was glad when, for once, I could give myself that pleasure in your case, General; for my army contains no better officer as you."

The veteran blushed and bowed, deeply gratified at this speech. Meanwhile, the Best of Monarchs was

looking at Sir Miles Warrington (whom his Majesty knew perfectly, as the eager recipient of all favours from all ministers), and at the young gentleman by his side.

“Who is this?” the Defender of the Faith condescended to ask, pointing towards George Warrington, who stood before his sovereign in a respectful attitude, clad in poor Harry’s best embroidered suit.

With the deepest reverence Sir Miles informed his King, that the young gentleman was his nephew, Mr. George Warrington of Virginia, who asked leave to pay his humble duty.

“This, then, is the other brother?” the Venerated Prince deigned to observe. “He came in time; else the other brother would have spent all the money. My Lord Bishop of Salisbury, why do you come out in this bitter weather? You had much better stay at home!” and with this, the revered wielder of Britannia’s sceptre passed on to other lords and gentlemen of his Court. Sir Miles Warrington was deeply affected at the royal condescension. He clapped his nephew’s hands. “God bless you, my boy,” he cried; “I told you that you would see the greatest monarch and the finest gentleman in the world. Is he not so, my Lord Bishop?”

● “That, that he is!” cried his lordship, clasping his ruffled hands and turning his fine eyes up to the sky, “the best of princes and of men.”

“That is Master Louis, my Lady Yarmouth’s favourite nephew,” says Lambert, pointing to a young gentleman who stood with a crowd round him; and presently the stout Duke of Cumberland came up to our little group.

His Royal Highness held out his hand to his old companion in arms. "Congratulate you on your promotion, Lambert," he said good-naturedly. Sir Miles Warrington's eyes were ready to burst out of his head with rapture.

"I owe it, sir, to your Royal Highness's good offices," said the grateful General.

"Not at all; not at all: ought to have had it a long time before. Always been a good officer; perhaps there'll be some employment for you soon. This is the gentleman whom James Wolfe introduced to me."

"His brother, sir."

"O, the real fortunate youth! You were with poor Ned Braddock in America — a prisoner, and lucky enough to escape. Come and see me, sir, in Pall Mall. Bring him to my levee, Lambert;" and the broad back of the Royal Prince was turned to our friends.

"It is raining! You came on foot, General Lambert? You and George must come home in my coach. You must and *shall* come home with me, I say. By George you must! I'll have no denial," cried the enthusiastic Baronet; and he drove George and the General back to Hill Street, and presented the latter to my Lady Warrington and his darlings, Flora and Dora, and insisted upon their partaking of a collation, as they must be hungry after their ride. "What, there is only cold mutton? Well, an old soldier can eat cold mutton. And a good glass of my Lady Warrington's own cordial, prepared with her own hands, will keep the cold wind out. Delicious cordial! Capital mutton! Our own, my dear General," says the hospitable Baronet, "our own from the country, six years old if a day. We keep a plain table; but all the

Warringtons since the Conqueror, have been remarkable for their love of mutton; and our meal may look a little scanty, and is, for we are plain people, and I am obliged to keep my rascals of servants on board-wages. Can't give them seven-year-old mutton, you know."

Sir Miles, in his nephew's presence and hearing, described to his wife and daughters, George's reception at Court in such flattering terms that George hardly knew himself, or the scene at which he had been present or how to look his uncle in the face, or how to contradict him before his family in the midst of the astonishing narrative he was relating. Lambert sat by for a while with open eyes. He, too, had been at Kensington. He had seen none of the wonders which Sir Miles described.

"We are proud of you, dear George. We love you, my dear nephew — we all love you, we are all proud of you —"

"Yes; but I like Harry best," says a little voice.

— "not because you are wealthy! Screwby, take Master Miles to his governor. Go, dear child. Not because you are blest with great estates and an ancient name; but because, George, you have put to good use the talents with which Heaven has adorned you; because you have fought and bled in your country's cause, in your monarch's cause, and as such are indeed worthy of the favour of the best of sovereigns. General Lambert, you have kindly condescended to look in on a country family, and partake of our unpretending meal. I hope we may see you some day when our hospitality is a little less homely. Yes, by George, General, you must and shall name a day when you

and Mrs. Lambert, and your dear girls will dine with us. I'll take no refusal now, by George I won't," bawls the knight.

"You will accompany us, I trust, to my drawing-room?" says my lady, rising.

Mr. Lambert pleaded to be excused; but the ladies on no account would let dear George go away. No, positively, he should *not* go. They wanted to make acquaintance with their cousin. They must hear about that dreadful battle and escape from the Indians. Tom Claypool came in and heard some of the story. Flora was listening to it with her handkerchief to her eyes, and little Miles had just said:

"Why do you take your handkerchief, Flora? You're not crying a bit."

Being a man of great humour, Martin Lambert, when he went home, could not help entertaining his wife with an account of the new family with which he had made acquaintance. A certain cant word called humbug had lately come into vogue. Will it be believed that the General used it to designate the family of this virtuous country gentleman? He described the eager hospitalities of the father, the pompous flatteries of the mother, and the daughter's looks of admiration; the toughness and scarcity of the mutton, and the abominable taste and odour of the cordial; and we may be sure Mrs. Lambert contrasted Lady Warrington's recent behaviour to poor Harry with her present conduct to George.

"Is this Miss Warrington really handsome?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Yes; she is very handsome indeed, and the most astounding flirt I have ever set eyes on," replies the General.

"The hypocrite! I have no patience with such people!" cries the lady.

To which the General, strange to say, only replied by the monosyllable "Bo!"

"Why do you say 'Bo!' Martin?" asks the lady.

"I say 'Bo!' to a goose, my dear," answers the General.

And his wife vows she does not know what he means, or of what he is thinking, and the General says:

"Of course not."

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## CHAPTER XI.

In which we are treated to a play.

THE real business of life, I fancy, can form but little portion of the novelist's budget. When he is speaking of the profession of arms, in which men can show courage or the reverse, and in treating of which the writer naturally has to deal with interesting circumstances, actions, and characters, introducing recitals of danger, devotedness, heroic deaths, and the like, the novelist may perhaps venture to deal with actual affairs of life: but, otherwise, they scarcely can enter into our stories. The main part of Ficulnus's life, for instance, is spent in selling sugar, spices, and cheese; of Causidicus's in poring over musty volumes of black letter law; of Sartorius's in sitting, cross-legged, on a board after measuring gentlemen for coats and breeches. What can a story-teller say about the professional existence of these men? Would a real rustical history of hobnails and eighteenpence a-day be endurable? In the days whereof we are writing, the poets of the time chose to represent a shepherd in pink breeches and a chintz waistcoat, dancing before his flocks, and playing a flageolet tied up with a blue satin ribbon. I say, in reply to some objections which have been urged by potent and friendly critics, that of the actual affairs of life the novelist cannot be expected to treat — with the almost single exception of war before named. But law, stock-broking, polemical theology,

linen-drapery, apothecary-business, and the like, how can writers manage fully to develop these in their stories? All authors can do, is to depict men *out* of their business — in their passions, loves, laughter, amusements, hatreds, and what not — and describe these as well as they can, taking the business-part for granted, and leaving it as it were for subaudition.

Thus, in talking of the present or the past world, I know I am only dangling about the theatre-lobbies, coffee-houses, ridottos, pleasure-haunts, fair-booths, and feasting and fiddling-rooms of life; that, meanwhile, the great serious past or present world is plodding in its chambers, toiling at its humdrum looms, or jogging on its accustomed labours, and we are only seeing our characters away from their work. Corydon has to cart the litter and thresh the barley, as well as to make love to Phillis; Ancillula has to dress and wash the nursery, to wait at breakfast and on her misses, to take the children out, &c., before she can have her brief sweet interview through the area-railings with Boopis, the policeman. All day long have his heels to beat the stale pavement before he has the opportunity to snatch the hasty kiss or the furtive cold pie. It is only at moments, and away from these labours, that we can light upon one character or the other; and hence, though most of the persons of whom we are writing have doubtless their grave employments and avocations, it is only when they are disengaged and away from their work, that we can bring them and the equally disengaged reader together.

The Macaronis and fine gentlemen at White's and Arthur's continued to show poor Harry Warrington such a very cold shoulder, that he sought their society



less and less, and the Ring and the Mall and the gaming-table knew him no more. Madame de Bernstein was for her nephew's braving the indifference of the world, and vowed that it would be conquered, if he would but have courage to face it; but the young man was too honest to wear a smiling face when he was discontented; to disguise mortification or anger; to parry slights by adroit flatteries or cunning impudence; as many gentlemen and gentlewomen must and do who wish to succeed in society.

"You pull a long face, Harry, and complain of the world's treatment of you," the old lady said. "Fiddlededee, sir! Everybody has to put up with impertinences: and if you get a box on the ear now you are poor and cast down, you must say nothing about it, bear it with a smile, and if you can, revenge it ten years after. *Moi qui vous parle*, sir! — do you suppose I have had no humble pie to eat? All of us in our turn are called upon to swallow it; and, now you are no longer the Fortunate Youth, be the Clever Youth, and win back the place you have lost by your ill luck. Go about more than ever. Go to all the routs and parties to which you are asked, and to more still. Be civil to everybody — to all women especially. Only of course take care to show your spirit, of which you have plenty. With œconomy, and by your brother's, I must say, admirable generosity, you can still make a genteel figure. With your handsome person, sir, you can't fail to get a rich heiress. *Tenez!* You should go amongst the merchants in the City, and look out there. They won't know that you are out of fashion at the court-end of the town. With a little management, there is not the least reason, sir, why you should not make

a good position for yourself still. When did you go to see my Lady Yarmouth, pray? Why did you not improve that connexion? She took a great fancy to you. I desire you will be constant at her ladyship's evenings, and lose no opportunity of paying court to her."

Thus the old woman who had loved Harry so on his first appearance in England, who had been so eager for his company, and pleased with his artless conversation, was taking the side of the world, and turning against him. Instead of the smiles and kisses with which the fickle old creature used once to greet him, she received him with coldness; she became peevish and patronising; she cast jibes and scorn at him before her guests, making his honest face flush with humiliation, and awaking the keenest pangs of grief and amazement in his gentle manly heart. Madame de Bernstein's servants, who used to treat him with such eager respect, scarcely paid him now any attention. My lady was often indisposed or engaged when he called on her; her people did not press him to wait; did not volunteer to ask whether he would stay and dine, as they used in the days when he was the Fortunate Youth and companion of the wealthy and great. Harry carried his woes to Mrs. Lambert. In a passion of sorrow he told her of his aunt's cruel behaviour to him. He was stricken down and dismayed by the fickleness and heartlessness of the world in its treatment of him. While the good lady and her daughters would move to and fro, and busy themselves with the cares of the house, our poor lad would sit glum in a window seat, heart-sick and silent:

"I know you are the best people alive," he would say to the ladies, "and the kindest, and that I must

be the dullest company in the world — yes, that I am.”

“Well, you are not very lively, Harry,” says Miss Hetty, who began to command him, and perhaps to ask herself, “What? Is this the gentleman whom I took to be such a hero?”

“If he is unhappy why should he be lively?” asks Theo, gently. “He has a good heart, and is pained at his friends’ desertion of him. Sure, there is no harm in that?”

“I would have too much spirit to show I was hurt, though,” cries Hetty, clenching her little fists. “And I would smile, though that horrible old painted woman boxed my ears. She is horrible, Mamma. You think so yourself, Theo! Own, now, you think so yourself! You said so last night, and acted her coming in on her crutch, and grinning round to the company.”

“I mayn’t like her,” says Theo, turning very red. “But there is no reason why I should call Harry’s aunt names before Harry’s face.”

“You provoking thing; you are always right!” cries Hetty, “and that’s what makes me so angry. Indeed, Harry, it was very wrong of me to make rude remarks about any of your relations.”

“I don’t care about the others, Hetty; but it seems hard that this one should turn upon me. I had got to be very fond of her; and, you see, it makes me mad, somehow, when people I’m very fond of turn away from me, or act unkind to me.”

“Suppose George were to do so?” asks Hetty. You see, it was George and Hetty, and Theo and Harry, amongst them now.

“You are very clever and very lively, and you may

suppose a number of things; but not that, Hetty, if you please," cried Harry, standing up, and looking very resolute and angry. "You don't know my brother as I know him — or you wouldn't take — such a — liberty as to suppose — my brother, George, could do anything unkind or unworthy!" Mr. Harry was quite in a flush as he spoke.

Hetty turned very white. Then she looked up at Harry, and then she did not say a single word.

Then Harry said, in his simple way, before taking leave, "I'm very sorry, and I beg your pardon, Hetty, if I said anything rough, or that seemed unkind; but I always fight up if anybody says anything against George."

Hetty did not answer a word out of her pale lips, but gave him her hand, and dropped a prim little curtsey.

When she and Theo were together at night, making curl-paper confidences, "O," said Hetty, "I thought it would be so happy to see him every day, and was so glad when Papa said, we were to stay in London! And now I do see him, you see, I go on offending him. I can't help offending him; and I know he is not clever, Theo. But, O! isn't he good, and kind, and brave? Didn't he look handsome when he was angry?"

"You silly little thing, you are always trying to make him look handsome," Theo replied.

It was Theo and Hetty, and Harry and George, among these young people, then; and I dare say the reason why General Lambert chose to apply the monosyllable "Bo" to the mother of his daughters, was as a rebuke to that good woman for the inveterate love of

sentiment and propensity to match-making which belonged to her (and every other woman in the world whose heart is worth a fig); and as a hint that Madam Lambert was a goose if she fancied the two Virginian lads were going to fall in love with the young women of the Lambert house. Little Het might have her fancy; little girls will; but they get it over: "and you know, Molly (which dear, soft-hearted Mrs. Lambert could not deny), you fancied somebody else before you fancied me," says the General: but Harry had evidently not been smitten by Hetty; and, now he was superseded, as it were, by having an elder brother over him, and could not even call the coat upon his back his own, Master Harry was no great catch.

"O yes: now he is poor we will show him the door, as all the rest of the world does, I suppose," says Mrs. Lambert.

"That is what I always do, isn't it, Molly? turn my back on my friends in distress?" asks the General.

"No, my dear! I *am* a goose, now, and that I own, Martin!" says the wife, having recourse to the usual pocket-handkerchief.

"Let the poor boy come to us, and welcome: ours is almost the only house in this selfish place where so much can be said for him. He is unhappy, and to be with us puts him at ease; in God's name, let him be with us!" says the kind-hearted officer. Accordingly, whenever poor crest-fallen Hal wanted a dinner, or an evening's entertainment, Mr. Lambert's table had a corner for him. So was George welcome, too. He went among the Lamberts, not at first with the cordiality which Harry felt for these people, and inspired among them: for George was colder in his manner, and

more mistrustful of himself and others than his twin-brother: but there was a goodness and friendliness about the family which touched almost all people who came into frequent contact with them; and George soon learned to love them for their own sake, as well as for their constant regard and kindness to his brother. He could not but see and own how sad Harry was, and pity his brother's depression. In his sarcastic way, George would often take himself to task before his brother for coming to life again, and say, "Dear Harry, I am George the Unlucky, though you have ceased to be Harry the Fortunate. Florac would have done much better not to pass his sword through that Indian's body, and to have left my scalp as an ornament for the fellow's belt. I say he would, sir! At White's the people would have respected you. Our mother would have wept over me, as a defunct angel, instead of being angry with me for again supplanting her favourite — you *are* her favourite, you deserve to be her favourite: everybody's favourite: only, if I had not come back, *your* favourite, Maria, would have insisted on marrying you; and that is how the gods would have revenged themselves upon you for your prosperity."

"I never know whether you are laughing at me or yourself, George," says the brother. "I never know whether you are serious or jesting."

"Precisely my own case, Harry, my dear!" says George.

"But this I know, that there never was a better brother in all the world; and never better people than the Lamberts."

"Never was truer word said!" cries George, taking his brother's hand.

“And if I’m unhappy, ’tis not your fault — nor their fault — nor perhaps mine, George,” continues the younger. “’Tis fate, you see, ’tis the having nothing to do. I *must* work; and how, George, that is the question?”

“We will see what our mother says. We must wait till we hear from her,” says George.

“I say, George! Do you know, I don’t think I should much like going back to Virginia?” says Harry, in a low, alarmed voice.

“What! in love with one of the lasses here?”

“Love ’em like sisters — with all my heart, of course, dearest, best girls! but, having come out of that business, thanks to you, I don’t want to go back, you know. No! no! It is not for that I fancy staying in Europe better than going home. But, you see, I don’t fancy hunting, duck-shooting, tobacco-planting, whist-playing, and going to sermon, over and over and over again, for all my life, George. And what else is there to do at home? What on earth is there for me to do at all, I say? That’s what makes me miserable. It would not matter for you to be a younger son; you are so clever you would make your way anywhere; but, for a poor fellow like me, what chance is there? Until I do something, George, I shall be miserable, that’s what I shall!”

“Have I not always said so? Art thou not coming round to my opinion?”

“What opinion, George? You know pretty much whatever you think, I think, George!” says the dutiful junior.

“That Florac had best have left the Indian to take my scalp, my dear!”

At which Harry bursts away with an angry exclamation; and they continue to puff their pipes in friendly union.

They lived together, each going his own gait; and not much intercourse, save that of affection, was carried on between them. Harry never would venture to meddle with George's books, and would sit as dumb as a mouse at the lodgings whilst his brother was studying. They removed presently from the court-end of the town, Madame de Bernstein pishing and pshaing at their change of residence. But George took a great fancy to frequenting Sir Hans Sloane's new reading-room and museum, just set up in Montagu House, and he took cheerful lodgings in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, looking over the delightful fields towards Hampstead, at the back of the Duke of Bedford's gardens. And Lord Wrotham's family coming to May Fair, and Mr. Lambert, having business which detained him in London, had to change his house, too, and engaged furnished apartments in Soho, not very far off from the dwelling of our young men; and it was, as we have said, with the Lamberts that Harry, night after night, took refuge.

George was with them often, too; and, as the acquaintance ripened, he frequented their house with increasing assiduity, finding their company more to his taste than that of Aunt Bernstein's polite circle of gamblers, than Sir Miles Warrington's port and mutton, or the daily noise and clatter of the coffee-houses. And as he and the Lambert ladies were alike strangers in London, they partook of its pleasures together, and, no doubt, went to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, to Marybone Gardens, and the play, and



the Tower, and wherever else there was honest amusement to be had in those days. Martin Lambert loved that his children should have all the innocent pleasure which he could procure for them, and Mr. George, who was of a most generous, openhanded disposition, liked to treat his friends likewise, especially those who had been so admirably kind to his brother.

With all the passion of his heart Mr. Warrington loved a play. He had never enjoyed this amusement in Virginia, and only once or twice at Quebec, when he visited Canada; and when he came to London, where the two houses were in their full glory, I believe he thought he never could have enough of the delightful entertainment. Anything he liked himself, he naturally wished to share amongst his companions. No wonder that he was eager to take his friends to the theatre, and we may be sure our young country folks were not unwilling. Shall it be Drury Lane or Covent Garden, ladies? There was Garrick and Shakspeare at Drury Lane. Well, will it be believed, the ladies wanted to hear the famous new author whose piece was being played at Covent Garden?

At this time a star of genius had arisen, and was blazing with quite a dazzling brilliancy. The great Mr. John Home, of Scotland, had produced a tragedy, than which, since the days of the ancients, there had been nothing more classic and elegant. What had Mr. Garrick meant by refusing such a masterpiece for his theatre? Say what you will about Shakspeare; in the works of that undoubted great poet (who had begun to grow vastly more popular in England since Monsieur Voltaire attacked him), there were many barbarisms that could not but shock a polite auditory;

whereas Mr. Home, the modern author, knew how to be refined in the very midst of grief and passion; to represent death, not merely as awful, but graceful and pathetic; and never condescended to degrade the majesty of the Tragic Muse by the ludicrous apposition of buffoonery and familiar punning, such as the elder play-wright certainly had resort to. Besides, Mr. Home's performance had been admired in quarters so high, and by personages whose taste was known to be as elevated as their rank, that all Britons could not but join in the plaudits for which august hands had given the signal. Such, it was said, was the opinion of the very best company, in the coffee-houses, and amongst the wits about town. Why, the famous Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, said there had not been for a hundred years any dramatic dialogue of such a true style; and as for the poet's native capital of Edinburgh, where the piece was first brought out, it was even said that the triumphant Scots called out from the pit (in their dialect), "Where's Wully Shakspeare noo?"

"I should like to see the man who could beat Willy Shakspeare," says the General, laughing.

"Mere national prejudice," says Mr. Warrington.

"Beat Shakspeare, indeed!" cries Mrs. Lambert.

"Pooh, pooh! you have cried more over Mr. Sam Richardson, than ever you did over Mr. Shakspeare, Molly!" remarks the General. "I think few women love to read Shakspeare: they say they love it, but they don't."

"O, Papa!" cry three ladies, throwing up three pair of hands.

"Well, then, why do you all three prefer 'Douglas?'"

And you boys, who are such Tories, will you go see a play which is wrote by a Whig Scotchman, who was actually made prisoner at Falkirk?"

"*Relictâ non bene parmulâ,*" says Mr. Jack the scholar.

"Nay; it was *relictâ bene parmulâ,*" cried the General. "It was the Highlanders who flung their targes down, and made fierce work among us red coats. If they had fought all their fields as well as that, and young Perkin had not turned back from Derby —"

"I know which side would be rebels, and who would be called the Young Pretender," interposed George.

"Hush! you must please to remember my cloth, Mr. Warrington," said the General, with some gravity, "and that the cockade I wear is a black, not a white one! Well, if you will not love Mr. Home for his politics, there is, I think, another reason, George, why you should like him."

"I may have Tory fancies, Mr. Lambert; but I think I know how to love and honour a good Whig," said George, with a bow to the General: "and why should I like this Mr. Home, sir?"

"Because, being a Presbyterian clergyman, he has committed the heinous crime of writing a play, and his brother parsons have barked out an excommunication at him. They took the poor fellow's means of livelihood away from him for his performance; and he would have starved, but that the young Pretender on *our* side of the water has given him a pension."

"If he has been persecuted by the parsons there is

hope for him," says George, smiling. "And henceforth I declare myself ready to hear his sermons."

"Mrs. Woffington is divine in it, though not generally famous in tragedy. Barry is drawing tears from all eyes; and Garrick is wild at having refused the piece. Girls, you must bring each half-a-dozen handkerchiefs! As for Mamma, I cannot trust her; and she positively must be left at home."

But Mamma persisted she would go; and, if need were to weep, she would sit and cry her eyes out in a corner. They all went to Covent Garden, then; the most of the party duly prepared to see one of the master-pieces of the age and drama. Could they not all speak long pages of Congreve; had they not wept and kindled over Otway and Rowe? O ye past literary glories, that were to be eternal, how long have you been dead? Who knows much more now than where your graves are? Poor, neglected Muse of the bygone theatre! She pipes for us, and we will not dance; she tears her hair, and we will not weep. And the Immortals of our time, how soon shall they be dead and buried, think you? How many will survive? How long shall it be ere Nox et Domus Plutonia shall overtake them?

So away went the pleased party to Covent Garden to see the tragedy of the immortal John Home. The ladies and the General were conveyed in a glass coach, and found the young men in waiting to receive them at the theatre door. Hence they elbowed their way through a crowd of torch-boys, and a whole regiment of footmen. Little Hetty fell to Harry's arm in this expedition, and the blushing Miss Theo was handed to the box by Mr. George. Gumbo had kept

the places until his masters arrived, when he retired, with many bows, to take his own seat in the footman's gallery. They had good places in a front box, and there was luckily a pillar behind which Mamma could weep in comfort. And opposite them they had the honour to see the august hope of the empire, his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, with the Princess Dowager his mother, whom the people greeted with loyal, but not very enthusiastic, plaudits. That handsome man standing behind his Royal Highness, was my Lord Bute, the Prince's Groom of the Stole, the patron of the poet whose performance they had come to see, and over whose work the Royal party had already wept more than once.

How can we help it, if during the course of the performance, Mr. Lambert would make his jokes and mar the solemnity of the scene? At first, as the reader of the tragedy well knows, the characters are occupied in making a number of explanations. Lady Randolph explains how it is that she is so melancholy. Married to Lord Randolph somewhat late in life, she owns, and his lordship perceives, that a dead lover yet occupies all her heart, and her husband is fain to put up with this dismal, second-hand regard, which is all that my lady can bestow. Hence, an invasion of Scotland by the Danes, is rather a cause of excitement than disgust to my lord, who rushes to meet the foe, and forget the dreariness of his domestic circumstances. Welcome Vikings and Norsemen! Blow, northern blasts, the invaders' keels to Scotland's shore! Randolph and other heroes will be on the beach to give the foeman a welcome! His lordship has no sooner disappeared behind the trees of the forest, but Lady

Randolph begins to explain to her confidante the circumstances of her early life. The fact was she had made a private marriage, and what would the confidante say, if, in early youth, she, Lady Randolph, had lost a husband? In the cold bosom of the earth was lodged the husband of her youth, and in some cavern of the ocean lies her child and his!

Up to this the General behaved with as great gravity as any of his young companions to the play, but when Lady Randolph proceeded to say, "Alas! Hereditary evil was the cause of my misfortunes," he nudged George Warrington, and looked so droll, that the young man burst out laughing.

The magic of the scene was destroyed after that. These two gentlemen went on cracking jokes during the whole of the subsequent performance, to their own amusement, but the indignation of their company, and perhaps of the people in the adjacent boxes. Young Douglas, in those days, used to wear a white satin "shape" slashed at the legs and body, and when Mr. Barry appeared in this droll costume, the General vowed it was the exact dress of the Highlanders in the late war. The Chevalier's Guard, he declared, had all white satin slashed breeches, and red boots — "only they left them at home, my dear," adds this wag. Not one pennyworth of sublimity would he or George allow henceforth to Mr. Home's performance. As for Harry, he sat in very deep meditation over the scene; and when Mrs. Lambert offered him a penny for his thoughts, he said, "That he thought, Young Norval, Douglas, What-d'ye-call-'em, the fellow in white satin — who looked as old as his mother — was very lucky to be able to distinguish himself so soon. I wish I could get

a chance, Aunt Lambert," says he, drumming on his hat; on which Mamma sighed, and Theo, smiling, said, "We must wait, and perhaps the Danes will land."

"How do you mean?" asks simple Harry.

"O! the Danes always land, *pour qui sçait attendre!*" says kind Theo, who had hold of her sister's little hand, and, I daresay, felt its pressure.

She did not behave unkindly — that was not in Miss Theo's nature — but somewhat coldly to Mr. George, on whom she turned her back, addressing remarks, from time to time, to Harry. In spite of the gentlemen's scorn, the women chose to be affected. A mother and son, meeting in love and parting in tears, will always awaken emotion in female hearts.

"Look, Papa! there is an answer to all your jokes!" says Theo, pointing towards the stage.

At a part of the dialogue between Lady Randolph and her son, one of the grenadiers on guard on each side of the stage, as the custom of those days was, could not restrain his tears, and was visibly weeping before the side-box.

"You are right, my dear," says Papa.

"Didn't I tell you she always is?" interposes Hetty.

"Yonder sentry is a better critic than we are, and a touch of nature masters us all."

"*Tamen usque recurrit!*" cries the young student from college.

George felt abashed somehow and interested, too. He had been sneering, and Theo sympathising. Her kindness was better — nay, wiser — than his scepticism, perhaps. Nevertheless, when, at the beginning of the fifth act of the play, young Douglas, drawing

his sword and looking up at the gallery, bawled out —

Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!  
 To whom I oft have of my lot complained,  
 Hear and record my soul's unaltered wish:  
 Living or dead, let me but be renowned!  
 May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane  
 To give a bold defiance to our host!  
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept, —  
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die!

The gods, to whom Mr. Barry appealed, saluted this heroic wish with immense applause, and the General clapped his hands prodigiously. His daughter was rather disconcerted.

"This Douglas is not only brave, but he is modest!" says Papa.

"I own I think he need not have asked for a gigantic Dane," says Theo, smiling, as Lady Randolph entered in the midst of the gallery-thunder.

When the applause had subsided, Lady Randolph is made to say —

My son, I heard a voice!

"I think she *did* hear a voice!" cries Papa. "Why, the fellow was bellowing like a bull of Basan." And the General would scarcely behave himself from henceforth to the end of the performance. He said he was heartily glad that the young gentleman was put to death behind the scenes. When Lady Randolph's friend described how her mistress had "flown like lightning up the hill, and plunged herself into the empty air," Mr. Lambert said he was delighted to be rid of her. "And as for that story of her early marriage," says he, "I have my very strongest doubts about it."



“Nonsense, Martin! Look, children! Their Royal Highnesses are moving.”

The tragedy over, the Princess Dowager and the Prince were, in fact, retiring; though, I daresay, the latter, who was always fond of a farce, would have been far better pleased with that which followed, than he had been with Mr. Home's dreary tragic masterpiece.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Which treats of Macbeth, a Supper, and a pretty Kettle of Fish.

WHEN the performances were concluded, our friends took coach for Mr. Warrington's lodging, where the Virginians had provided an elegant supper. Mr. Warrington was eager to treat them in the handsomest manner, and the General and his wife accepted the invitation of the two bachelors, pleased to think that they could give their young friends pleasure. General and Mrs. Lambert, their son from college, their two blooming daughters, and Mr. Spencer of the Temple, a new friend whom George had met at the coffee-house, formed the party, and partook with cheerfulness of the landlady's fare. The order of their sitting I have not been able exactly to ascertain; but, somehow, Miss Theo had a place next to the chickens and Mr. George Warrington, whilst Miss Hetty and a ham divided the attentions of Mr. Harry. Mrs. Lambert *must* have been on George's right hand, so that we have but to settle the three places of the General, his son, and the Templar.

Mr. Spencer had been at the other theatre, where, on a former day, he had actually introduced George to the green-room. The conversation about the play was resumed, and some of the party persisted in being delighted with it.

"As for what our gentlemen say, sir," cries Mrs. Lambert to Mr. Spencer, "you must not believe a word of it. 'Tis a delightful piece, and my husband and Mr. George behaved as ill as possible."

"We laughed in the wrong place, and when we ought to have cried," the General owned, "that's the truth."

"You caused all the people in the boxes about us to look round, and cry 'Hush!' You made the pit-folks say, 'Silence in the boxes, yonder!' Such behaviour I never knew, and quite blushed for you, Mr. Lambert!"

"Mamma thought it was a tragedy, and we thought it was a piece of fun," says the General. "George and I behaved perfectly well, didn't we, Theo?"

"Not when I was looking your way, Papa!" Theo replies. At which the General asks, "Was there ever such a saucy baggage seen?"

"You know, sir, I didn't speak till I was bid," Theo continues, modestly. "I own I was very much moved by the play, and the beauty and acting of Mrs. Woffington. I was sorry that the poor mother should find her child, and lose him. I am sorry too, Papa, if I oughtn't to have been sorry!" adds the young lady, with a smile.

"Women are not so clever as men, you know, Theo!" cries Hetty, from her end of the table, with a sly look at Harry. "The next time we go to the play, please, brother Jack, pinch us when we ought to cry, or give us a nudge when it is right to laugh."

"I wish we could have had the fight," said General Lambert — "the fight between little Norval and the gigantic Norwegian — that would have been rare sport: and you should write, Jack, and suggest it to Mr. Rich, the manager!"

"I have not seen that: but I saw Slack and Broughton at Marybone Gardens!" says Harry, gravely; and

wondered if he had said something witty, as all the company laughed so? "It would require no giant," he added, "to knock over yonder little fellow in the red boots. I, for one, could throw him over my shoulder."

"Mr. Garrick is a little man. But there are times when he looks a giant," says Mr. Spencer. "How grand he was in Macbeth, Mr. Warrington! How awful that dagger-scene was! You should have seen our host, ladies! I presented Mr. Warrington in the green-room, to Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, and Lady Macbeth did him the honour to take a pinch out of his box."

"Did the wife of the Thane of Cawdor sneeze?" asked the General, in an awful voice.

"She thanked Mr. Warrington, in tones so hollow and tragic, that he started back, and must have upset some of his rappee, for Macbeth sneezed thrice."

"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!" cries the General.

And the great philosopher who was standing by, — Mr. Johnson, says, "You must mind, Davy, lest thy sneeze should awaken Duncan!" who, by the way, was talking with the three witches as they sat against the wall.

"What! Have you been behind the scenes at the play? O, I would give worlds to go behind the scenes!" cries Theo.

"And see the ropes pulled, and smell the tallow candles, and look at the pasteboard gold, and the tinsel jewels, and the painted old women, Theo? No. Do not look too close," says the sceptical young host, demurely drinking a glass of hock. "You were angry with your Papa and me."

"Nay, George!" cries the girl.

"Nay? I say, yes! You were angry with us be-

cause we laughed when you were disposed to be crying. If I may speak for you, sir, as well as myself," says George (with a bow to his guest, General Lambert), "I think we were not inclined to weep, like the ladies, because we stood behind the author's scenes of the play, as it were. Looking close up to the young hero, we saw how much of him was rant and tinsel; and as for the pale, tragical mother, that her pallor was white chalk, and her grief her pocket-handkerchief. Own now, Theo, you thought me very unfeeling?"

"If you find it out, sir, without my owning it, — what is the good of my confessing?" says Theo.

"Suppose I were to die?" goes on George, "and you saw Harry in grief, you would be seeing a genuine affliction, a real tragedy; you would grieve too. But you wouldn't be affected if you saw the undertaker in weepers and a black cloak!"

"Indeed, but I should, sir!" says Mrs. Lambert; "and so, I promise you, would any daughter of mine."

"Perhaps we might find weepers of our own, Mr. Warrington," says Theo, "in such a case."

"Would you!" cries George, and his cheeks and Theo's simultaneously flushed up with red; I suppose because they both saw Hetty's bright young eyes watching them.

"The elder writers understood but little of the pathetic," remarked Mr. Spencer, the Temple wit.

"What do you think of Sophocles and Antigone?" calls out Mr. John Lambert.

"Faith, our wits trouble themselves little about *him*, unless an Oxford gentleman comes to remind us of him! I did not mean to go back further than Mr.

Shakspeare, who, as you will all agree, does not understand the elegant and pathetic as well as the moderns. Has he ever approached Belvidera, or Monimia, or Jane Shore; or can you find in his comic female characters the elegance of Congreve?" and the Templar offered snuff to the right and left.

"I think Mr. Spencer himself must have tried his hand?" asks some one.

"Many gentlemen of leisure have. Mr. Garrick, I own, has had a piece of mine, and returned it."

"And I confess that I have four acts of a play in one of my boxes," says George.

"I'll be bound to say it's as good as any of 'em," whispers Harry to his neighbour.

"Is it a tragedy or a comedy?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"O, a tragedy, and two or three dreadful murders at least!" George replies.

"Let us play it, and let the audience look to their eyes! Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant," says the General.

"The tragedy, the tragedy! Go and fetch the tragedy this moment, Gumbo!" calls Mrs. Lambert to the black. Gumbo makes a low bow, and says "Tragedy? yes, madam."

"In the great cowskin trunk, Gumbo," George says, gravely.

Gumbo bows and says, "Yes, sir," with still superior gravity.

"But my tragedy is at the bottom of I don't know how much linen, packages, books, and boots, Hetty."

"Never mind, let us have it, and fling the linen out of window!" cries Miss Hetty.

"And the great cowskin trunk is at our agent's at Bristol: so Gumbo must get post-horses, and we can keep it up till he returns the day after to-morrow," says George.

The ladies groaned a comical O! and Papa, perhaps more seriously said: "Let us be thankful for the escape. Let us be thinking of going home too. Our young gentlemen have treated us nobly, and we will all drink a parting bumper to Madam Esmond Warrington of Castlewood, in Virginia. Suppose, boys, you were to find a tall, handsome stepfather when you got home? Ladies as old as she have been known to marry before now."

"To Madam Esmond Warrington, my old school-fellow!" cries Mrs. Lambert. "I shall write and tell her what a pretty supper her sons have given us: and, Mr. George, I won't say how ill you behaved at the play!" And, with this last toast, the company took leave; the General's coach and servant, with a flambeau, being in waiting to carry his family home.

After such an entertainment as that which Mr. Warrington had given, what could be more natural or proper than a visit from him to his guests, to inquire how they had reached home and rested? Why, their coach might have taken the open country behind Montagu House, in the direction of Oxford Road, and been waylaid by footpads in the fields. The ladies might have caught cold or slept ill after the excitement of the tragedy. In a word, there was no reason why he should make any excuse at all to himself or them for visiting his kind friends; and he shut his books early at the Sloane Museum, and perhaps thought, as he

walked away thence, that he remembered very little about what he had been reading.

Pray what is the meaning of this eagerness, this hesitation, this pshaing and shilly-shallying, these doubts, this tremor as he knocks at the door of Mr. Lambert's lodgings in Dean Street, and surveys the footman who comes to his summons? Does any young man read? does any old one remember? does any wearied, worn, disappointed pulseless heart recall the time of its full beat and early throbbing? It is ever so many hundred years since some of us were young; and we forget, but do not all forget. No, madam, we remember with advantages, as Shakspeare's Harry promised his soldiers they should do if they survived Agincourt and that day of St. Crispin. Worn old chargers turned out to grass, if the trumpet sounds over the hedge, may we not kick up our old heels, and gallop a minute or so about the paddock, till we are brought up roaring? I do not care for clown and pantaloons now, and think the fairy ugly, and her verses insufferable; but I like to see children at a pantomime. I do not dance, or eat supper any more; but I like to watch Eugenio and Flirtilla twirling round in a pretty waltz, or Lucinda and Ardentio pulling a cracker. Burn your little fingers, children! Blaze out little kindly flames from each other's eyes! And then draw close together and read the motto (that old namby-pamby motto, so stale and so new!) — I say, let her lips read it, and his construe it; and so divide the sweatmeat, young people, and crunch it between you. I have no teeth. Bitter almonds and sugar disagree with me, I tell you; but, for all that, shall not bon-bons melt in the mouth?



We follow John up-stairs to the General's apartments, and enter with Mr. George Esmond Warrington, who makes a prodigious fine bow. There is only one lady in the room, seated near a window: there is not often much sunshine in Dean Street: the young lady in the window is no special beauty: but it is spring time, and she is blooming vernally. A bunch of fresh roses is flushing in her honest cheek. I suppose her eyes are violets. If we lived a hundred years ago, and wrote in the Gentleman's or the London Magazine, we should tell Mr. Sylvanus Urban that her neck was the lily, and her shape the nymph's; we should write an acrostic about her, and celebrate our Lambertella in an elegant poem, still to be read between a neat new engraved plan of the city of Prague and the King of Prussia's camp, and a map of Maryland and the Delaware counties.

Here is Miss Theo blushing like a rose. What could Mamma have meant an hour since by insisting that she was very pale and tired, and had best not come out to-day with the rest of the party? They were gone to pay their compliments to my Lord Wrotham's ladies, and thank them for the house in their absence; and papa was at the Horse Guards. He is in great spirits. I believe he expects some command, though Mamma is in a sad tremor lest he should again be ordered abroad.

"Your brother and mine are gone to see our little brother at his school at the Chartreux. My brothers are both to be clergymen, I think," Miss Theo continues. She is assiduously hemming at some article of boyish wearing apparel as she talks. A hundred years ago, young ladies were not afraid either to make shirts

or to name them. Mind, I don't say they were the worse or the better for that plain stitching or plain speaking: and have not the least desire, my dear young lady, that you should make puddings or I should black boots.

"So Harry has been with them? He often comes, almost every day," Theo says, looking up in George's face. "Poor fellow! He likes us better than the fine folks, who don't care for him now — now he is no longer a fine folk himself," adds the girl, smiling. "Why have you not set up for the fashion, and frequented the chocolate-houses and the race-courses, Mr. Warrington?"

"Has my brother got so much good out of his gay haunts or his grand friends, that I should imitate him?"

"You might at least go to Sir Miles Warrington; sure his arms are open to receive you. Her ladyship was here this morning in her chair, and to hear her praises of you! She declares you are in a certain way to preferment. She says his Royal Highness the Duke made much of you at Court. When you are a great man will you forget us, Mr. Warrington?"

"Yes, when I am a great man I will, Miss Lambert."

"Well! Mr. George, then —"

"*Mr. George!*"

"When Papa and Mamma are here, I suppose there need be no mistering," says Theo, looking out of the window, ever so little frightened. "And what have you been doing, sir? Reading books, or writing more of your tragedy? Is it going to be a tragedy to make us

cry, as we like them, or only to frighten us, as *you* like them?"

"There is plenty of killing, but, I fear, not much crying. I have not met many women. I have not been very intimate with those. I daresay what I have written is only taken out of books or parodied from poems which I have read and imitated like other young men. Women do not speak to me, generally; I am said to have a sarcastic way which displeases them."

"Perhaps you never cared to please them?" inquires Miss Theo, with a blush.

"I displeased you last night; you know I did?"

"Yes; only it can't be called displeasure, and afterwards I thought I was wrong."

"Did you think about me at all when I was away, Theo?"

"Yes, George — that is, Mr. — well, George! I thought you and Papa were right about the play; and, as you said, that it was not real sorrow, only affectation, which was moving us. I wonder whether it is good or ill-fortune to see so clearly? Hetty and I agreed that we would be very careful, for the future, how we allowed ourselves to enjoy a tragedy. So, be careful when yours comes! What is the name of it?"

"He is not christened. Will you be the godmother? The name of the chief character is —" But at this very moment Mamma and Miss Hetty arrived from their walk; and Mamma straightway began protesting that she never expected to see Mr. Warrington at all that day — that is, she thought he might come — that is, it was very good of him to come, and the

play and the supper of yesterday were all charming, except that Theo had a little headache this morning.

"I daresay it is better now, Mamma," says Miss Hetty.

"Indeed, my dear, it never was of any consequence; and I told Mamma so," says Miss Theo, with a toss of her head.

Then they fell to talking about Harry. He was very low. He must have something to do. He was always going to the Military Coffeehouse, and perpetually poring over the King of Prussia's campaigns. It was not fair upon him, to bid him remain in London, after his deposition, as it were. He said nothing, but you could see how he regretted his previous useless life, and felt his present dependence, by the manner in which he avoided his former haunts and associates. Passing by the guard at St. James's, with John Lambert, he had said to brother Jack, "Why mayn't I be a soldier too? I am as tall as yonder fellow, and can kill with a fowling-piece as well as any man I know. But I can't earn so much as sixpence a-day. I have squandered my own bread, and now I am eating half my brother's. He is the best of brothers, but so much the more shame that I should live upon him. Don't tell my brother, Jack Lambert." "And my boy promised he *wouldn't* tell," says Mrs. Lambert. No doubt. The girls were both out of the room when their mother made this speech to George Warrington. He, for his part, said he had written home to his mother — that half his little patrimony, the other half likewise, if wanted, were at Harry's disposal, for purchasing a

commission, or for any other project which might bring him occupation or advancement.

"He *has* got a good brother, that is sure. Let us hope for good times for him," sighs the lady.

"The Danes always come *pour qui sçait attendre*," George said, in a low voice.

"What, you heard that? Ah, George! my Theo is an —. Ah! never mind *what* she is, George Warrington," cried the pleased mother, with brimful eyes. "Bah! I am going to make a gaby of myself as I did at the tragedy."

Now Mr. George had been revolving a fine private scheme, which he thought might turn to his brother's advantage. After George's presentation to his Royal Highness at Kensington, more persons than one, his friend General Lambert included, had told him that the Duke had inquired regarding him, and had asked why the young man did not come to his levee. Importunity so august could not but be satisfied. A day was appointed between Mr. Lambert and his young friend, and they went to pay their duty to his Royal Highness at his house in Pall Mall.

When it came to George's turn to make a bow, the Prince was especially gracious; he spoke to Mr. Warrington at some length about Braddock and the war, and was apparently pleased with the modesty and intelligence of the young gentleman's answers. George ascribed the failure of the expedition to the panic and surprise certainly, but more especially to the delays occasioned by the rapacity, selfishness, and unfair dealing of the people of the colonies towards the King's troops who were come to defend them. "Could we have moved, sir, a month sooner, the fort was certain-

ly ours, and the little army had never been defeated," Mr. Warrington said; in which observation his Royal Highness entirely concurred.

"I am told you saved yourself, sir, mainly by your knowledge of the French language," the Royal Duke then affably observed. Mr. Warrington modestly mentioned how he had been in the French colonies in his youth, and had opportunities of acquiring that tongue.

Thé Prince (who had a great urbanity when well pleased, and the finest sense of humour) condescended to ask who had taught Mr. Warrington the language; and to express his opinion, that, for the pronunciation, the French ladies were by far the best teachers.

The young Virginian gentleman made a low bow, and said it was not for him to gainsay his Royal Highness; upon which the Duke was good enough to say (in a jocosè manner) that Mr. Warrington was a sly dog.

Mr. W. remaining respectfully silent, the Prince continued, most kindly: "I take the field immediately against the French, who, as you know, are threatening his Majesty's Electoral dominions. If you have a mind to make the campaign with me, your skill in the language may be useful, and I hope we shall be more fortunate than poor Braddock!" Every eye was fixed on a young man to whom so great a Prince offered so signal a favour.

And now it was that Mr. George thought he would make his very cleverest speech. "Sir," he said, "your Royal Highness's most kind proposal does me infinite honour, but —"

"But what, sir?" says the Prince, staring at him.

"But I have entered myself of the Temple, to

study our laws, and to fit myself for my duties at home. If my having been wounded in the service of my country be any claim on your kindness, I would humbly ask that my brother, who knows the French language as well as myself, and has far more strength, courage, and military genius, might be allowed to serve your Royal Highness in the place of —”

“Enough, enough, sir!” cried out the justly irritated son of the Monarch. “What? I offer you a favour, and you hand it over to your brother? Wait, sir, till I offer you another!” And with this the Prince turned his back upon Mr. Warrington, just as abruptly as he turned it on the French a few months afterwards.

“O George! O George! Here’s a pretty kettle of fish!” groaned General Lambert, as he and his young friend walked home together.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

In which the Prince marches up the hill and down again.

WE understand the respectful indignation of all loyal Britons when they come to read of Mr. George Warrington's conduct towards a gallant and gracious Prince, the beloved son of the best of monarchs, and the Captain-General of the British army. What an inestimable favour has not the young man slighted! What a chance of promotion had he not thrown away! Will Esmond, whose language was always rich in blasphemies, employed his very strongest curses in speaking of his cousin's behaviour, and expressed his delight that the confounded young Mohock was cutting his own throat. Cousin Castlewood said that a savage gentleman had a right to scalp himself if he liked: or perhaps, he added charitably, our Cousin Mr. Warrington heard enough of the war-whoop in Braddock's affair, and has no more stomach for fighting. Mr. Will rejoiced that the younger brother had gone to the deuce, and he rejoiced to think that the elder was following him. The first time he met the fellow, Will said, he should take care to let Mr. George know what he thought of him.

"If you intend to insult George, at least you had best take care that his brother Harry is out of hearing!" cried Lady Maria — on which we may fancy more curses uttered by Mr. Will, with regard to his twin kinsfolk.



"Ta, ta, ta!" says my lord. "No more of this squabbling! We can't be all warriors in the family!"

"I never heard your lordship laid claim to be one!" says Maria.

"Never, my dear; quite the contrary! Will is our champion, and one is quite enough in the house. So I dare say with the two Mohocks; — George is the student, and Harry is the fighting man. When you intended to quarrel, Will, what a pity it was you had not George, instead of t'other, to your hand!"

"Your lordship's hand is famous — at picquet," says Will's mother.

"It is a pretty one!" says my lord, surveying his fingers, with a simper. "My Lord Hervey's glove and mine were of a size. Yes, my hand, as you say, is more fitted for cards than for war. Yours, my Lady Castlewood, is pretty dexterous, too. How I bless the day when you bestowed it on my lamented father!" In this play of sarcasm, as in some other games of skill, his lordship was not sorry to engage, having a cool head, and being able to beat his family all round.

Madame de Bernstein, when she heard of Mr. Warrington's *bévue*, was exceedingly angry, stormed, and scolded her immediate household: and would have scolded George, but she was growing old, and had not the courage of her early days. Moreover, she was a little afraid of her nephew, and respectful in her behaviour to him. "You will never make your fortune at Court, nephew!" she groaned, when, soon after his discomfiture, the young gentleman went to wait upon her.

"It was never my wish, madam!" said Mr. George, in a very stately manner.

"Your wish was to help Harry? You might hereafter have been of service to your brother, had you accepted the Duke's offer. Princes do not love to have their favours refused, and I don't wonder that his Royal Highness was offended."

"General Lambert said the same thing," George confessed, turning rather red; "and I see now that I was wrong. But you must please remember that I had never seen a Court before, and I suppose I am scarce likely to shine in one."

"I think possibly not, my good nephew," says the aunt, taking snuff.

"And what then?" asked George. "I never had ambition for that kind of glory, and can make myself quite easy without it. When his Royal Highness spoke to me — most kindly, as I own — my thought was, I shall make a very bad soldier, and my brother would be a very good one. He has a hundred good qualities for the profession, in which I am deficient; and would have served a Commanding Officer far better than I ever could. Say the Duke is in battle, and his horse is shot, as my poor chief's was at home, would he not be better for a beast that had courage and strength to bear him anywhere, than with one that could not carry his weight?"

"*Au fait.* His Royal Highness's charger must be a strong one, my dear!" says the old lady.

"*Expende Hannibalem,*" mutters George, with a shrug. "*Our* Hannibal weighs no trifle."

"I don't quite follow you, sir, and your Hannibal," the Baroness remarks.

"When Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Lambert remonstrated with me as you have done, madam," George rejoins,

with a laugh, "I made this same defence which I am making to you. I said I offered to the Prince the best soldier in the family, and the two gentlemen allowed that my blunder at least had some excuse. Who knows but that they may set me right with his Royal Highness? The taste I have had of battles has shown me how little my genius inclines that way. We saw the Scotch play which everybody is talking about t'other night. And when the hero, young Norval, said how he longed to follow to the field some warlike lord, I thought to myself, 'how like my Harry is to him, except that he doth not brag.' Harry is pining now for a red coat, and if we don't mind, will take the shilling. He has the map of Germany for ever under his eyes, and follows the King of Prussia everywhere. He is not afraid of men or gods. As for me, I love my books and quiet best, and to read about battles in Homer or Lucan."

"Then what made a soldier of you at all, my dear? And why did you not send Harry with Mr. Braddock, instead of going yourself?" asked Madame de Bernstein.

"My mother loved her younger son the best," said George, darkly. "Besides, with the enemy invading our country, it was my duty, as the head of our family, to go on the campaign. Had I been a Scotchman twelve years ago, I should have been a—"

"Hush, sir! or I shall be more angry than ever!" said the old lady, with a perfectly pleased face.

George's explanation might thus appease Madame de Bernstein, an old woman whose principles we fear were but loose: but to the loyal heart of Sir Warrington and his lady, the young man's conduct gave a severe

blow indeed! "I should have thought," her ladyship said, "from my sister Esmond Warrington's letter, that my brother's widow was a woman of good sense and judgment, and that she had educated her sons in a becoming manner. But what, Sir Miles, what my dear Thomas Claypool, can we think of an education which has resulted so lamentably for both these young men?"

"The elder seems to know a power of Latin, though, and speaks the French and the German too. I heard him with the Hanover Envoy, at the Baroness's rout," says Mr. Claypool. "The French he jabbered quite easy: and when he was at a loss for the High Dutch, he and the envoy began in Latin, and talked away till all the room stared."

"It is not language, but principles, Thomas Claypool!" exclaims the virtuous matron. "What must Mr. Warrington's principles be, when he could reject an offer made him by his Prince? Can he speak the High Dutch? So much the more ought he to have accepted his Royal Highness's condescension, and made himself useful in the campaign! Look at our son, look at Miles!"

"Hold up thy head, Miley, my boy!" says Papa.

"I trust, Sir Miles, that as a member of the House of Commons, as an English gentleman, you will attend his Royal Highness's levee to-morrow, and say, if such an offer had been made to us for that child, we would have taken it, though our boy is but ten years of age."

"Faith, Miley, thou wouldst make a good little drummer or fifer!" says Papa. "Shouldst like to be a little soldier, Miley?"

“Anything, sir, anything! a Warrington ought to be ready at any moment to have himself cut in pieces for his sovereign!” cries the matron, pointing to the boy; who, as soon as he comprehended his mother’s proposal, portested against it by a loud roar, in the midst of which he was removed by Screwby. In obedience to the conjugal orders, Sir Miles went to his Royal Highness’s levee the next day, and made a protest of his love and duty, which the Prince deigned to accept, saying:

“Nobody ever supposed that Sir Miles Warrington would ever refuse any place offered to him.”

A compliment gracious indeed, and repeated everywhere by Lady Warrington, as showing how implicitly the august family on the throne could rely on the loyalty of the Warringtons.

Accordingly, when this worthy couple saw George, they received him with a ghastly commiseration, such as our dear relatives or friends will sometimes extend to us when we have done something fatal or clumsy in life; when we have come badly out of our lawsuit; when we enter the room just as the company has been abusing us; when our banker has broke; or we for our sad part have had to figure in the commercial columns of the London Gazette; — when, in a word, we are guilty of some notorious fault, or blunder, or misfortune. Who does not know that face of pity? Whose dear relations have not so deplored him, not dead, but living? Not yours? Then, sir, if you have never been in scrapes; if you have never sowed a handful of wild oats or two; if you have always been fortunate and good, and careful, and butter has never melted in your mouth, and an imprudent word has never come

out of it; if you have never sinned and repented, and been a fool and been sorry — then, sir, you are a wiseacre who won't waste your time over an idle novel, and it is not *de te* that the fable is narrated at all.

Not that it was just on Sir Miles's part to turn upon George, and be angry with his nephew for refusing the offer of promotion made by his Royal Highness, for Sir Miles himself had agreed in George's view of pursuing quite other than a military career, and it was in respect to this plan of her son's that Madam Esmond had written from Virginia to Sir Miles Warrington. George had announced to her his intention of entering at the Temple, and qualifying himself for the magisterial and civil duties which, in the course of nature, he would be called to fulfil; nor could any one applaud his resolution more cordially than his uncle Sir Miles, who introduced George to a lawyer of reputation, under whose guidance we may fancy the young gentleman reading leisurely. Madam Esmond from home signified her approval of her son's course, fully agreeing with Sir Miles (to whom and his lady she begged to send her grateful remembrances) that the British Constitution was the envy of the world, and the proper object of every English gentleman's admiring study. The chief point to which George's mother objected was the notion that Mr. Warrington should have to sit down in the Temple dinner-hall, and cut at a shoulder of mutton, and drink small-beer out of tin pannikins, by the side of rough students who wore gowns like the parish-clerk. George's loyal younger brother shared too this repugnance. Anything was good enough for *him*, Harry said; he was a younger

son, and prepared to rough it; but George, in a gown, and dining in a mess with three nobody's sons off dirty pewter platters! Harry never could relish this condescension on his brother's part, or fancy George in his proper place at any except the high table: and was sorry that a plan Madam Esmond hinted at in her letters was not feasible — viz., that an application should be made to the Master of the Temple, who should be informed that Mr. George Warrington was a gentleman of most noble birth, and of great property in America, and ought only to sit *with the very best company* in the Hall. Rather to Harry's discomfiture, when he communicated his own and his mother's ideas to the gentlemen's new coffee-house friend Mr. Spencer, Mr. Spencer received the proposal with roars of laughter; and I cannot learn, from the Warrington papers, that any application was made to the Master of the Temple on this subject. Besides his literary and historical pursuits, which were those he most especially loved, Mr. Warrington studied the laws of his country, attended the courts at Westminster, where he heard a Henley, a Pratt, a Murray, and those other great famous schools of eloquence and patriotism, the two houses of parliament.

Gradually Mr. Warrington made acquaintance with some of the members of the House and the Bar; who, when they came to know him, spoke of him as a young gentleman of good parts and good breeding, and in terms so generally complimentary, that his good uncle's heart relented towards him, and Dora and Flora began once more to smile upon him. This reconciliation dated from the time when his Royal Highness the Duke, after having been defeated by the French, in

the affair of Hastenbeck, concluded the famous capitulation with the French, which his Majesty George II. refused to ratify. His Royal Highness, as 'tis well known, flung up his commissions after this disgrace, laid down his commander's baton — which, it must be confessed, he had not wielded with much luck or dexterity — and never again appeared at the head of armies or in public life. The stout warrior would not allow a word of complaint against his father and sovereign to escape his lips; but, as he retired with his wounded honour, and as he would have no interest or authority more, nor any places to give, it may be supposed that Sir Miles Warrington's anger against his nephew diminished as his respect for his Royal Highness diminished.

As our two gentlemen were walking in St. James's Park, one day, with their friend Mr. Lambert, they met his Royal Highness in plain clothes and without a star, and made profound bows to the Prince, who was pleased to stop and speak to them.

He asked Mr. Lambert how he liked my Lord Ligonier, his new chief at the Horse Guards, and the new duties there in which he was engaged? And, recognising the young men, with that fidelity of memory for which his Royal race hath ever been remarkable, he said to Mr. Warrington:

“You did well, sir, not to come with me when I asked you in the spring.”

“I was sorry, then, sir,” Mr. Warrington said, making a very low reverence, “but I am more sorry now.”

On which the Prince said, “Thank you, sir,” and, touching his hat, walked away. And the circumstances



of this interview, and the discourse which passed at it, being related to Mrs. Esmond Warrington in a letter from her younger son, created so deep an impression in that lady's mind, that she narrated the anecdote many hundreds of times until all her friends and acquaintances knew and, perhaps, were tired of it.

Our gentlemen went through the Park, and so towards the Strand, where they had business. And Mr. Lambert, pointing to the lion on the top of the Earl of Northumberland's house at Charing Cross, says: —

“Harry Warrington! your brother is like yonder lion.”

“Because he is as brave as one,” says Harry.

“Because I respect virgins!” says George, laughing.

“Because you are a stupid lion. Because you turn your back on the East, and absolutely salute the setting sun. Why, child, what earthly good can you get by being civil to a man in hopeless dudgeon and disgrace? Your uncle will be more angry with you than ever — and so am I, sir.” But Mr. Lambert was always laughing in his waggish way, and, indeed, he did not look the least angry.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Arma Virumque.

INDEED, if Harry Warrington had a passion for military pursuits and studies, there was enough of war stirring in Europe, and enough talk in all societies which he frequented in London, to excite and inflame him. Though our own gracious Prince of the house of Hanover had been beaten, the Protestant Hero, the King of Prussia, was filling the world with his glory, and winning those astonishing victories in which I deem it fortunate on my own account that my poor Harry took no part; for then his veracious biographer would have had to narrate battles the description whereof has been undertaken by another pen. I am glad, I say, that Harry Warrington was not at Rossbach on that famous Gunpowder Fête-day, on the 5th of November, in the year 1757; nor at that tremendous slaughtering-match of Leuthen, which the Prussian king played a month afterwards; for these prodigious actions will presently be narrated in other volumes, which I and all the world are eager to behold. Would you have this history compete with yonder book? Could my jaunty, yellow park-phaeton run counter to that grim chariot of thundering war? Could my meek little jog-trot Pegasus meet the shock of yon steed of foaming bit and flaming nostril? Dear, kind reader (with whom I love to talk from time to time, stepping down from the stage where our figures are performing,

attired in the habits and using the parlance of past ages), — my kind, patient reader! it is a mercy for both of us that Harry Warrington did not follow the King of the Borussians, as he was minded to do, for then I should have had to describe battles which Carlyle is going to paint; and I don't wish you should make odious comparisons between me and that master.

Harry Warrington not only did not join the King of the Borussians, but he pined and chafed at not going. He led a sulky useless life, that is the fact. He dangled about the military coffee-houses. He did not care for reading anything save a newspaper. His turn was not literary. He even thought novels were stupid; and, as for the ladies crying their eyes out over Mr. Richardson, he could not imagine how they could be moved by any such nonsense. He used to laugh in a very hearty jolly way, but a little late, and some time after the joke was over. Pray, why should all gentlemen have a literary turn? And do we like some of our friends the worse because they never turned a couplet in their lives? Ruined, perforce idle, dependent on his brother for supplies, if he read a book falling asleep over it, with no fitting work for his great strong hands to do — how lucky it is that he did not get into more trouble. Why, in the case of Achilles himself, when he was sent by his mamma to the court of King Whatd'yecall'em in order to be put out of harm's reach, what happened to him amongst a parcel of women with whom he was made to idle his life away? And how did Pyrrhus come into the world? A powerful mettlesome young Achilles ought not to be leading-stringed by women too much; is out

of his place dawdling by distaffs or handing coffee-cups; and when he is not fighting, depend on it, is likely to fall into much worse mischief.

Those soft-hearted women, the two elder ladies of the Lambert family, with whom he mainly consorted, had an untiring pity and kindness for Harry, such as women only — and only a few of those — can give. If a man is in grief, who cheers him; in trouble, who consoles him; in wrath, who soothes him; in joy, who makes him doubly happy; in prosperity, who rejoices; in disgrace, who backs him against the world, and dresses with gentle unguents and warm poultices the rankling wounds made by the stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune? Who but woman, if you please? You who are ill and sore from the buffets of Fate, have you one or two of these sweet physicians? Return thanks to the gods that they have left you so much of consolation. What gentleman is not more or less a Prometheus? Who has not his rock (ai, ai), his chain (ea, ea), and his liver in a deuce of a condition? But the sea-nymphs come — the gentle, the sympathising; they kiss our writhing feet; they moisten our parched lips with their tears; they do their blessed best to console us Titans; *they* don't turn their backs upon us after our overthrow.

Now Theo and her mother were full of pity for Harry; but Hetty's heart was rather hard and seemingly savage towards him. She chafed that his position was not more glorious; she was angry that he was still dependent and idle. The whole world was in arms, and could he not carry a musket? It was harvest time, and hundreds of thousands of reapers were out

with their flashing sickles; could he not use his, and cut down his sheaf or two of glory?

"Why, how savage the little thing is with him!" says Papa, after a scene in which, according to her word, Miss Hetty had been firing little shots into that quivering target which came and set itself up in Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room every day.

"Her conduct is perfectly abominable!" cries Mamma; "she deserves to be whipped, and sent to bed."

"Perhaps, Mother, it is because she likes him better than any of us do," says Theo, "and it is for his sake that Hetty is angry. If I were fond of — of some one, I should like to be able to admire and respect him always — to think everything he did right — and my gentleman better than all the gentlemen in the world!"

"The truth is, my dear," answers Mrs. Lambert, "that your father is so much better than all the world, he has spoiled us. Did you ever see any one to compare with him?"

"Very few, indeed," owns Theo, with a blush.

"Very few. Who is so good tempered?"

"I think nobody, Mamma," Theo acknowledges.

"Or so brave?"

"Why, I daresay Mr. Wolfe, or Harry, or Mr. George, are very brave."

"Or so learned and witty?"

"I am sure Mr. George seems very learned, and witty too, in his way," says Theo; "and his manners are very fine — you own they are. Madame de Bernstein says they are, and she hath seen the world. Indeed, Mr. George has a lofty way with him, which I

don't see in other people; and, in reading books, I find he chooses the fine noble things always, and loves them in spite of all his satire. He certainly is of a satirical turn, but then he is only bitter against mean things and people. No gentleman hath a more tender heart I am sure; and but yesterday, after he had been talking so bitterly as you said, I happened to look out of window, and saw him stop and treat a whole crowd of little children to apples at the stall at the corner. And the day before yesterday, when he was coming and brought me the Molière, he stopped and gave money to a beggar, and how charmingly, sure, he reads the French! I agree with him though about Tartuffe, though 'tis so wonderfully clever and lively, that a mere villain and hypocrite is a figure too mean to be made the chief of a great piece. Iago, Mr. George said, is near as great a villain; but then he is not the first character of the tragedy, which is Othello, with his noble weakness. But what fine ladies and gentlemen Molière represents — so Mr. George thinks — and — but O, I don't dare to repeat the verses after *him*."

"But you know them by heart, my dear?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

And Theo replies, "O yes, Mamma! I know them by . . . Nonsense!"

I here fancy osculations, palpitations, and exit Miss Theo, blushing like a rose. Why had she stopped in her sentence? Because Mamma was looking at her so oddly. And why was Mamma looking at her so oddly? And why had she looked after Mr. George, when he was going away, and looked for him when he was coming? Ah, and why do cheeks blush, and why do roses bloom? Old Time is still a-flying. Old spring

and bud time; old summer and bloom time; old autumn and seed time; old winter-time, when the cracking, shivering old tree-tops are bald or covered with snow.

A few minutes after George arrived, Theo would come down stairs with a fluttering heart, may be, and a sweet nosegay in her cheeks, just culled, as it were, fresh in his honour; and I suppose she must have been constantly at that window which commanded the street, and whence she could espy his generosity to the sweep, or his purchases from the apple-woman. But if it was Harry who knocked, she remained in her own apartment with her work or her books, sending her sister to receive the young gentleman, or her brothers when the elder was at home from college, or Doctor Crusius from the Chartreux gave the younger leave to go home. And what good eyes Theo must have had — and often in the evening, too — to note the difference between Harry's yellow hair and George's dark locks, — and between the figures, though they were so like that people continually were mistaking one for the other brother. Now it is certain that Theo never mistook one or t'other; and that Hetty, for her part, was not in the least excited, or rude, or pert, when she found the black-haired gentleman in her mother's drawing-room.

Our friends could come when they liked to Mr. Lambert's house, and stay as long as they chose; and, one day, he of the golden locks was sitting on a couch there, in an attitude of more than ordinary idleness and despondency, when who should come down to him but Miss Hetty? I say it was a most curious thing (though the girls would have gone to the rack rather than own any collusion), that when Harry called, Hetty appeared; when George arrived, Theo somehow came;

and so, according to the usual dispensation, it was Miss Lambert, junior, who now arrived to entertain the younger Virginian.

After usual ceremonies and compliments we may imagine that the lady says to the gentleman:

“And pray, sir, what makes your honour look so glum this morning?”

“Ah, Hetty!” says he. “I have nothing else to do but to look glum. I remember when we were boys — and I a rare idle one, you may be sure — I would always be asking my tutor for a holiday, which I would pass very likely swinging on a gate, or making ducks and drakes over the pond, and those do-nothing days were always the most melancholy. What have I got to do now from morning till night?”

“Breakfast, walk — dinner, walk — tea, supper, I suppose; and a pipe of your Virginia,” says Miss Hetty, tossing her head.

“I tell you what, when I went back with Charley to the Chartreux, t’other night, I had a mind to say to the master, ‘Teach me, sir. Here’s a boy knows a deal more Latin and Greek, at thirteen, than I do, who am ten years older. I have nothing to do from morning till night, and I might as well go to my books again, and see if I can repair my idleness as a boy.’ Why do you laugh, Hetty?”

“I laugh to fancy you at the head of a class, and called up by the master!” cries Hetty.

“I shouldn’t be at the head of the class,” Harry says, humbly. “George might be at the head of any class, but I am not a book-man, you see; and when I was young neglected myself, and was very idle. We



would not let our tutors cane us much at home, but, if we had, it might have done me good."

Hetty drubbed with her little foot, and looked at the young man sitting before her, — strong, idle, melancholy.

"Upon my word, it might do you good now!" she was minded to say. "What does Tom say about the caning at school? Does his account of it set you longing for it, pray?" she asked.

"His account of his school," Harry answered simply, "makes me see that I have been idle when I ought to have worked, and that I have not a genius for books, and for what am I good? Only to spend my patrimony when I come abroad, or to lounge at coffee-houses or race-courses, or to gallop behind dogs when I am at home. I am good for nothing, I am."

"What, such a great, brave, strong fellow as you good for nothing?" cries Het. "I would not confess as much to any woman, if I were *twice* as good for nothing!"

"What am I to do? I ask for leave to go into the army, and Madam Esmond does not answer me. 'Tis the only thing I am fit for. I have no money to buy. Having spent all my own, and so much of my brother's, I cannot and won't ask for more. If my mother would but send me to the army, you know I would jump to go."

"Eh! A gentleman of spirit does not want a woman to buckle his sword on for him or to clean his firelock! What was that our Papa told us of the young gentleman at court yesterday? — Sir John Armytage —"

"Sir John Armytage? I used to know him when I frequented White's and the club-houses — a fine,

noble young gentleman, of a great estate in the North."

"And engaged to be married to a famous beauty, too — Miss Howe, my Lord Howe's sister — but *that*, I suppose, is not an obstacle to gentlemen?"

"An obstacle to what?" asks the gentleman.

"An obstacle to glory!" says Miss Hetty. "I think no woman of spirit would say 'Stay!' though she adored her lover ever so much, when his country said 'Go!' Sir John had volunteered for the expedition which is preparing, and being at court yesterday his Majesty asked him when he would be ready to go? 'To-morrow, please your Majesty,' replies Sir John, and the king said, that was a soldier's answer. My father himself is longing to go, though he has Mamma and all us brats at home. O dear, O dear! Why wasn't I a man myself? Both my brothers are for the Church; but, as for me, I know I should have made a famous little soldier!" And, so speaking, this young person strode about the room, wearing a most courageous military aspect, and looking as bold as Joan of Arc.

Harry beheld her with a tender admiration. "I think," says he, "I would hardly like to see a musket on that little shoulder, nor a wound on that pretty face, Hetty."

"Wounds! who fears wounds?" cries the little maid. "Muskets? If I could carry one, I would use it. You men fancy that we women are good for nothing but to make puddings or stitch samplers. Why wasn't I a man, I say. George was reading to us yesterday out of Tasso — look, here it is, and I thought the verses applied to me. See! Here is the book, with the mark in it where we left off."

“With the mark in it?” says Harry dutifully.

“Yes! it is about a woman who is disappointed because — because her brother does not go to war, and she says of herself —

“‘Alas! why did not Heaven these members frail  
With lively force and vigour strengthen, so  
That I this silken gown . . .’”

“Silken gown?” says downright Harry, with a look of inquiry.

“Well, sir, I know ’tis but Calimanco; — but so it is in the book —

“‘. . . this silken gown and slender veil  
Might for a breastplate and a helm forego;  
Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,  
Nor storms that fall, nor blust’ring winds that blow,  
Withhold me; but I would, both day and night,  
In pitched field or private combat, fight —’

“Fight? Yes, that I would! Why are both my brothers to be parsons, I say? One of my Papa’s children ought to be a soldier!”

Harry laughed, a very gentle, kind laugh, as he looked at her. He felt that he would not like much to hit such a tender little warrior as that.

“Why,” says he, holding a finger out, “I think here is a finger nigh as big as your arm. How would you stand up before a great, strong man? I should like to see a man try and injure you, though; I should just like to see him! You little, delicate, tender creature! Do you suppose any scoundrel would dare to do anything unkind to *you*?” And, excited by this flight of his imagination, Harry fell to walking up and down the room, too, chafing at the idea of any rogue of a Frenchman daring to be rude to Miss Hester Lambert.

It was a belief in this silent courage of his which

subjugated Hetty, and this quality which she supposed him to possess, which caused her specially to admire him. Miss Hetty was no more bold, in reality, than Madam Erminia, whose speech she had been reading out of the book, and about whom Mr. Harry Warrington never heard one single word. He may have been in the room when brother George was reading his poetry out to the ladies, but his thoughts were busy with his own affairs, and he was entirely bewildered with your Clotildas and Erminias, and giants, and enchanters, and nonsense. No, Miss Hetty, I say and believe, had nothing of the virago in her composition; else, no doubt, she would have taken a fancy to a soft young fellow with a literary turn, or a genius for playing the flute, according to the laws of contrast and nature provided in those cases; and who has not heard how great, strong men have an affinity for frail, tender little women; how tender little women are attracted by great, honest, strong men; and how your burly heroes and champions of war are constantly henpecked? *If* Mr. Harry Warrington falls in love with a woman who is like Miss Lambert in disposition, and if he marries her — without being conjurers, I think we may all see what the end will be.

So, whilst Hetty was firing her little sarcasms into Harry, he for a while scarcely felt that they were stinging him, and let her shoot on without so much as taking the trouble to shake the little arrows out of his hide. Did she mean by her sneers and inuendos to rouse him into action? He was too magnanimous to understand such small hints. Did she mean to shame him by saying that she, a weak woman, would don the casque and breast-plate? The simple fellow either

melted at the idea of her being in danger, or at the notion of her fighting fell a-laughing.

“Pray what is the use of having a strong hand if you only use it to hold a skein of silk for my mother?” cries Miss Hester; “and what is the good of being ever so strong in a drawing-room? Nobody wants you to throw anybody out of window, Harry! A strong man, indeed! I suppose there’s a stronger at Bartholomew Fair. James Wolfe is not a strong man. He seems quite weakly and ill. When he was here last he was coughing the whole time, and as pale as if he had seen a ghost.”

“I never could understand why a man should be frightened at a ghost,” says Harry.

“Pray, have you seen one, sir?” asks the pert young lady.

“No. I thought I did once at home — when we were boys; but it was only Nathan in his night-shirt; but I wasn’t frightened when I thought he *was* a ghost. I believe there’s no such things. Our nurses tell a pack of lies about ’em,” says Harry, gravely. “George was a little frightened; but then he’s —” Here he paused.

“Then George is what?” asked Hetty.

“George is different from me, that’s all. Our mother’s a bold woman as ever you saw, but she screams at seeing a mouse — always does — can’t help it. It’s her nature. So, you see, perhaps my brother can’t bear ghosts. I don’t mind ’em.”

“George always says, you would have made a better soldier than he.”

“So I think I should, if I had been allowed to try. But he can do a thousand things better than me, or

anybody else in the world. Why didn't he let me volunteer on Braddock's expedition? I might have got knocked on the head, and then I should have been pretty much as useful as I am now, and then I shouldn't have ruined myself, and brought people to point at me and say that I had disgraced the name of Warrington. Why mayn't I go on this expedition, and volunteer like Sir John Armitage? O Hetty! I'm a miserable fellow — that's what I am," and the miserable fellow paced the room at double quick time. "I wish I had never come to Europe," he groaned out.

"What a compliment to us! Thank you, Harry!" but presently, on an appealing look from the gentleman, she added, "Are you — are you thinking of going home?"

"And have all Virginia jeering at me! There's not a gentleman there that wouldn't, except one, and him my mother doesn't like. I should be ashamed to go home now, I think. You don't know my mother, Hetty. I ain't afraid of most things; but, somehow, I am of her. What shall I say to her, when she says, 'Harry, where's your patrimony?' 'Spent, Mother,' I shall have to say. 'What have you done with it?' 'Wasted it, Mother, and went to prison after.' 'Who took you out of prison?' 'Brother George, Ma'am, he took me out of prison; and now I'm come back, having done no good for myself, with no profession, no prospects, no nothing — only to look after negroes, and be scolded at home; or to go to sleep at sermons; or to play at cards, and drink, and fight cocks at the taverns about.' How can I look the gentlemen of the country in the face? I'm ashamed to go home in this way, I say. I must and will do something! What shall I do, Hetty? Ah! what shall I do?"

“Do? What did Mr. Wolfe do at Louisbourg? Ill as he was, and in love as we knew him to be, he didn’t stop to be nursed by his mother, Harry, or to dawdle with his sweetheart. He went on the King’s service, and hath come back covered with honour. If there is to be another great campaign in America, Papa says he is sure of a great command.”

“I wish he would take me with him, and that a ball would knock me on the head and finish me,” groaned Harry. “You speak to me, Hetty, as though it were my fault that I am not in the army, when you know I would give — give, forsooth, what have I to give? — yes! my life to go on service!”

“Life indeed!” says Miss Hetty, with a shrug of her shoulders.

“You don’t seem to think that of much value, Hetty,” remarked Harry, sadly. “No more it is — to anybody. I’m a poor useless fellow. I’m not even free to throw it away as I would like, being under orders here and at home.”

“Orders indeed! Why under orders?” cries Miss Hetty. “Aren’t you tall enough, and old enough, to act for yourself, and must you have George for a master here, and your mother for a schoolmistress at home? If I were a man, I would do something famous before I was two-and-twenty years old, that I would! I would have the world speak of me. I wouldn’t dawdle at apron-strings. I wouldn’t curse my fortune — I’d make it. I vow and declare I would!”

Now, for the first time, Harry began to wince at the words of his young lecturer.

“No negro on our estate is more a slave than I am, Hetty,” he said, turning very red as he addressed her;

“but then, Miss Lambert, we don’t reproach the poor fellow for not being free. That isn’t generous. At least, that isn’t the way I understand honour. Perhaps with women it’s different, or I may be wrong, and have no right to be hurt at a young girl telling me what my faults are. Perhaps my faults are not my faults — only my cursed luck. You have been talking ever so long about this gentleman volunteering, and that man winning glory, and cracking up their courage as if I had none of my own. I suppose, for the matter of that, I’m as well provided as other gentlemen. I don’t brag: but I’m not afraid of Mr. Wolfe, nor of Sir John Armytage, nor of anybody else that ever I saw. How can I buy a commission when I’ve spent my last shilling, or ask my brother for more who has already halved with me? A gentleman of my rank can’t go a common soldier — else, by Jupiter, I would! And if a ball finished me, I suppose Miss Hetty Lambert wouldn’t be very sorry. It isn’t kind, Hetty — I didn’t think it of you.”

“What is it I have said?” asks the young lady. “I have only said Sir John Armytage has volunteered, and Mr. Wolfe has covered himself with honour, and you begin to scold me! How can I help it if Mr. Wolfe is brave and famous? Is that any reason you should be angry, pray?”

“I didn’t say angry,” said Harry, gravely. “I said I was hurt.”

“O, indeed! I thought such a little creature as I am couldn’t hurt anybody! I’m sure ’tis mighty complimentary to me to say that a young lady whose arm is no bigger than your little finger can hurt such a great strong man as you!”



"I scarce thought you would try, Hetty," the young man said. "You see, I'm not used to this kind of welcome in this house."

"What is it, my poor boy?" asks kind Mrs. Lambert, looking in at the door at this juncture, and finding the youth with a very woe-worn countenance.

"O we have heard the story before, Mamma!" says Hetty, hurriedly. "Harry is making his old complaint of having nothing to do. And he is quite unhappy; and he is telling us so over and over again, that's all."

"So are you hungry over and over again, my dear! Is that a reason why your Papa and I should leave off giving you dinner?" cries Mamma, with some emotion. "Will you stay and have ours, Harry? 'Tis just three o'clock!" Harry agreed to stay, after a few faint negations. "My husband dines abroad. We are but three women, so you will have a dull dinner," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"We shall have a gentleman to enliven us, Mamma, I dare say!" says Madam Pert, and then looked in Mamma's face with that admirable gaze of blank innocence which Madam Pert knows how to assume when she has been specially and successfully wicked.

When the dinner appeared Miss Hetty came down stairs, and was exceedingly chatty, lively, and entertaining. Theo did not know that any little difference had occurred (such, alas, my Christian friends, will happen in the most charming families), did not know, I say, that anything had happened until Hetty's uncommon sprightliness and gaiety roused her suspicions. Hetty would start a dozen subjects of conversation — the King of Prussia, and the news from America; the last masquerade, and the highwayman shot near Bar-

net; and when her sister, admiring this volubility, inquired the reason of it, with her eyes, —

“O, my dear, you need not nod and wink at me!” cries Hetty. “Mamma asked Harry on purpose to enliven us, and I am talking until he begins, — just like the fiddles at the playhouse, you know, Hetty! First the fiddles. Then the play. Pray begin, Harry!”

“Hester!” cries Mamma.

“I merely asked Harry to entertain us. You said yourself, Mother, that we were only three women, and the dinner would be dull for a gentleman; unless, indeed, he chose to be very lively.”

“I’m not that on most days — and, Heaven knows, on this day less than most,” says poor Harry.

“Why on this day less than another? Tuesday is as good a day to be lively as Wednesday. The only day when we musn’t be lively is Sunday. Well, you know it is, ma’am! We musn’t sing, nor dance, nor do anything on Sunday.”

And in this naughty way the young woman went on for the rest of the evening, and was complimented by her mother and sister when poor Harry took his leave. He was not ready of wit, and could not fling back the taunts which Hetty cast against him. Nay, had he been able to retort, he would have been silent. He was too generous to engage in that small war, and chose to take all Hester’s sarcasms without an attempt to parry or evade them. Very likely the young lady watched and admired that magnanimity, while she tried it so cruelly. And after one of her fits of ill-behaviour, her parents and friends had not the least need to scold her, as she candidly told them, because she suffered a great deal more than they would ever have had her,

and her conscience punished her a great deal more severely than her kind elders would have thought of doing. I suppose she lies awake all that night, and tosses and tumbles in her bed. I suppose she wets her pillow with tears, and should not mind about her sobbing: unless it kept her sister awake; unless she was unwell the next day, and the doctor had to be fetched; unless the whole family is to be put to discomfort; mother to choke over her dinner in flurry and indignation; father to eat his roast beef in silence and with bitter sauce; everybody to look at the door each time it opens, with a vague hope that Harry is coming in. If Harry does not come, why at least does not George come? thinks Miss Theo.

Some time in the course of the evening comes a billet from George Warrington, with a large nosegay of lilacs; per Mr. Gumbo. "I send my best duty and regards to Mrs. Lambert and the ladies," George says, "and humbly beg to present to Miss Theo this nosegay of lilacs, which she says she loves in the early spring. You must not thank me for them, please, but the gardener of Bedford House, with whom I have made great friends by presenting him with some dried specimens of a Virginian plant which some ladies don't think as fragrant as lilacs.

"I have been in the garden almost all the day. It is alive with sunshine and spring; and I have been composing two scenes of you know what, and polishing the verses which the Page sings in the fourth act, under Sybilla's window, when she cannot hear, poor thing, because she has just had her head off.'

"Provoking! I wish he would not always sneer and laugh! The verses are beautiful," says Theo.

"You really think so, my dear? How very odd!" remarks Papa.

Little Het looks up from her dismal corner with a faint smile of humour. Theo's secret is a secret for nobody in the house, it seems. Can any young people guess what it is? Our young lady continues to read:

"Spencer has asked the famous Mr. Johnson to breakfast to-morrow, who condescends to hear the play, and who won't, I hope, be too angry because my heroine undergoes the fate of his in Irene. I have heard he came up to London himself as a young man with only his tragedy in his wallet. Shall I ever be able to get mine played? Can you fancy the catcall music beginning, and the pit hissing at that perilous part of the fourth act, where my executioner comes out from the closet with his great sword, at the awful moment when he is called upon to *amputate*? They say, Mr. Fielding, when the pit hissed at a part of one of his pieces, about which Mr. Garrick had warned him, said, "Hang them, they *have* found it out, have they?" and finished his punch in tranquillity. I suppose his wife was not in the boxes. There are some women to whom I would be very unwilling to give pain, and there are some to whom I would give the best I have."

"Whom can he mean? The letter is to you, my dear. I protest he is making love to your mother before my face!" cries Papa to Hetty, who only gives a little sigh, puts her hand in her father's hand, and then withdraws it.

"To whom I would give the best I have. To-day it is only a bunch of lilacs. To-morrow it may be

what? — a branch of rue — a sprig of bays, perhaps — anything, so it be my best and my all.

“I have had a fine long day, and all to myself. What do you think of Harry playing truant?” (Here we may imagine, what they call in France, or what they used to call, when men dared to speak or citizens to hear, *sensation dans l'auditoire.*)

“I suppose Carpezan wearied the poor fellow's existence out. Certain it is he has been miserable for weeks past; and a change of air and scene may do him good. This morning, quite early, he came to my room; and told me he had taken a seat in the Portsmouth machine, and proposed to go to the Isle of Wight, to the army there.”

The army! Hetty looks very pale at this announcement, and her mother continues: —

“And a little portion of it, namely, the thirty-second regiment, is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond Webb — the nephew of the famous old General under whom my grandfather Esmond served in the great wars of Marlborough. Mr. Webb met us at our uncle's, accosting us very politely, and giving us an invitation to visit him at his regiment. Let my poor brother go and listen to his darling music of fife and drum! He bade me tell the ladies that they should hear from him. I kiss their hands, and go to dress for dinner, at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall. We are to have Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Walpole, possibly, if he is not too fine to dine in a tavern; a young Irishman, a Mr. Bourke, who they say is a wonder of eloquence and learning — in fine, all the wits of Mr. Dodsley's shop. Quick, Gumbo, a coach, and my French grey suit! And if gentlemen ask me

‘Who gave you that sprig of lilac you wear on your heart-side?’ I shall call a bumper, and give Lilac for a toast.’”

I fear there is no more rest for Hetty on this night than on the previous one, when she had behaved so mutinously to poor Harry Warrington. Some secret resolution must have inspired that gentleman, for after leaving Mr. Lambert’s table, he paced the streets for a while, and appeared at a late hour in the evening at Madam de Bernstein’s house in Clarges Street. Her ladyship’s health had been somewhat ailing of late, so that even her favourite routs were denied her, and she was sitting over a quiet game of *écarté*, with a divine of whom our last news were from a lock-up house hard by that in which Harry Warrington had been himself confined. George, at Harry’s request, had paid the little debt under which Mr. Sampson had suffered temporarily. He had been at his living for a year. He may have paid and contracted ever so many debts, have been in and out of jail many times since we saw him. For some time past he had been back in London stout and hearty as usual, and ready for any invitation to cards or claret. Madame de Bernstein did not care to have her game interrupted by her nephew, whose conversation had little interest now for the fickle old woman. Next to the very young, I suppose the very old are the most selfish. Alas, the heart hardens as the blood ceases to run. The cold snow strikes down from the head, and checks the glow of feeling. Who wants to survive into old age after abdicating all his faculties one by one, and be sans teeth, sans eyes, sans memory, sans hope, sans sympathy? How fared it with those patriarchs of old who lived for their nine centuries, and

when were life's conditions so changed that, after three score years and ten, it became but a vexation and a burden?

Getting no reply but Yes and No to his brief speeches, poor Harry sat awhile on a couch opposite his aunt, who shrugged her shoulders, had her back to her nephew, and continued her game with the Chaplain. Sampson sat opposite Mr. Warrington, and could see that something disturbed him. His face was very pale, and his countenance disturbed and full of gloom. "Something has happened to him, ma'am," he whispered to the Baroness.

"Bah!" She shrugged her shoulders again, and continued to deal her cards. "What is the matter with you, sir?" she at last said, at a pause in the game, "that you have such a dismal countenance? Chaplain, that last game makes us even, I think!"

Harry got up from his place. "I am going on a journey: I am come to bid you good-bye, aunt," he said, in a very tragical voice.

"On a journey! Are you going home to America? I mark the king, Chaplain, and play him."

No, Harry said: he was not going to America yet: he was going to the Isle of Wight for the present.

"Indeed! — a lovely spot!" says the Baroness. "*Bon jour, mon ami, et bon voyage!*" And she kissed a hand to her nephew.

"I mayn't come back for some time, aunt," he groaned out.

"Indeed! We shall be inconsolable without you! Unless you have a spade, Mr. Sampson, the game is mine. Good-bye, my child! No more about your

journey at present: tell us about it when you come back!" And she gaily bade him farewell. He looked for a moment piteously at her, and was gone.

"Something grave has happened, Madam," says the Chaplain.

"O! The boy is always getting into scrapes! I suppose he has been falling in love with one of those country-girls — what are their names, Lamberts? — with whom he is ever dawdling about. He has been doing no good here for some time. I am disappointed in him, really quite grieved about him — I will take two cards if you please — again? — quite grieved. What do you think they say of his cousin — the Miss Warrington who made eyes at him when she thought he was a prize — they say the King has remarked her, and the Yarmouth is *créving* with rage. He, he! — those methodistical Warringtons! They are not a bit less worldly than their neighbours; and, old as he is if the Grand Signior throws his pocket-handkerchief, they will jump to catch it!"

"All, Madam; how your ladyship knows the world!" sighs the Chaplain. "I propose, if you please!"

"I have lived long enough in it, Mr. Sampson, to know something of it. 'Tis sadly selfish, my dear sir, sadly selfish; and everybody is struggling to pass his neighbour! No, I can't give you any more cards. You haven't the king? I play queen, knave, and a ten, — a sadly selfish world, indeed. And here comes my chocolate!"

The more immediate interest of the cards entirely absorbs the old woman. The door shuts out her nephew and his cares. Under his hat, he bears them into the street, and paces the dark town for a while.



“Good God!” he thinks, “what a miserable fellow I am, and what a spendthrift of my life I have been! I sit silent with George and his friends. I am not clever and witty as he is. I am only a burthen to him; and, if I would help him ever so much, don’t know how. My dear Aunt Lambert’s kindness never tires, but I begin to be ashamed of trying it. Why, even Hetty can’t help turning on me; and when she tells me I am idle and should be doing something, ought I to be angry? The rest have left me. There’s my cousins and uncle and my lady my aunt, they have shown me the cold shoulder this long time. They didn’t even ask me to Norfolk when they went down to the country, and offer me so much as a day’s partridge shooting. I can’t go to Castlewood — after what has happened; I should break that scoundrel William’s bones; and, faith, am well out of the place altogether.”

He laughs a fierce laugh as he recalls his adventures since he has been in Europe. Money, friends, pleasure, all have past away, and he feels the past like a dream. He strolls into White’s Chocolate House, where the waiters have scarce seen him for a year. The parliament is up. Gentlemen are away; there is not even any play going on: — not that he would join it, if there were. He has but a few pieces in his pocket; George’s drawer is open, and he may take what money he likes thence; but very, very sparingly will he avail himself of his brother’s repeated invitation. He sits and drinks his glass in moody silence. Two or three officers of the Guards enter from St. James’s. He knew them in former days, and the young men, who have been already dining and drinking on guard, insist on

more drink at the club. The other battalion of their regiment is at Winchester: it is going on this great expedition, no one knows whither, which everybody is talking about. Cursed fate that they do not belong to the other battalion; and must stay and do duty in London and at Kensington! There is Webb, who was of their regiment: he did well to exchange his company in the Coldstreams for the lieutenant-colonelcy of the thirty second. He will be of the expedition. Why, everybody is going; and the young gentlemen mention a score of names of men of the first birth and fashion, who have volunteered. "It ain't Hanoverians this time, commanded by the big Prince," says one young gentleman (whose relatives may have been Tories forty years ago) — "it's Englishmen, with the Guards at the head of 'em, and a Marlborough for a leader! Will the Frenchmen ever stand against *them*? No, by George, they are irresistible." And a fresh bowl is called, and loud toasts are drunk to the success of the expedition.

Mr. Warrington, who is a cup too low, the young Guardsmen say, walks away when they are not steady enough to be able to follow him, thinks over the matter on his way to his lodgings, and lies thinking of it all through the night.

"What is it, my boy?" asks George Warrington of his brother when the latter enters his chamber very early on a blushing May morning.

"I want a little money out of the drawer," says Harry, looking at his brother. "I am sick and tired of London."

"Good Heavens! Can anybody be tired of London?" George asks, who has reasons for thinking it the most delightful place in the world.

"I have for one. I am sick and ill," says Harry.

"You and Hetty have been quarrelling?"

"She don't care a penny piece about me, nor I for her neither," says Harry, nodding his head. "But I am ill, and a little country air will do me good," and he mentions how he thinks of going to visit Mr. Webb in the Isle of Wight, and how a Portsmouth coach starts from Holborn.

"There's the till, Harry," says George, pointing from his bed. "Put your hand in, and take what you will. What a lovely morning, and how fresh the Bedford House garden looks."

"God bless you, brother!" Harry says.

"Have a good time, Harry!" and down goes George's head on the pillow again, and he takes his pencil and note-book from under his bolster, and falls to polishing his verses, as Harry, with his cloak over his shoulder and a little valise in his hand, walks to the inn in Holborn whence the Portsmouth Machine starts.

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## CHAPTER XV.

## Melpomene.

GEORGE WARRINGTON by no means allowed his legal studies to obstruct his comfort and pleasures, or interfere with his precious health. Madam Esmond had pointed out to him in her letters that though he wore a student's gown, and sat down with a crowd of nameless people to hall-commons, he had himself a name, and a very ancient one, to support, and could take rank with the first persons at home or in his own country; and desired that he would study as a gentleman, not a mere professional drudge. With this injunction the young man complied obediently enough; so that he may be said not to have belonged to the rank and file of the law, but may be considered to have been a volunteer in her service, like some young gentlemen of whom we have just heard. Though not so exacting as she since has become — though she allowed her disciples much more leisure, much more pleasure, much more punch, much more frequenting of coffee-houses and holiday-making, than she admits now-a-days, when she scarce gives her votaries time for amusement, recreation, instruction, sleep, or dinner — the law a hundred years ago was still a jealous mistress, and demanded a pretty exclusive attention. Murray, we are told, might have been an Ovid, but he preferred

to be Lord Chief Justice, and to wear ermine instead of bays. Perhaps Mr. Warrington might have risen to a peerage and the woolsack, had he studied very long and assiduously, — had he been a dexterous courtier, and a favourite of attorneys: had he been other than he was, in a word. He behaved to Themis with a very decent respect and attention; but he loved letters more than law always; and the black letter of Chaucer was infinitely more agreeable to him than the Gothic pages of Hale and Coke.

Letters were loved indeed in those quaint times; and authors were actually authorities. Gentlemen appealed to Virgil or Lucan in the Courts or the House of Commons. What said Statius, Juvenal — let alone Tully or Tacitus — on such and such a point? Their reign is over now, the good old Heathens: the worship of Jupiter and Juno is not more out of mode than the cultivation of Pagan poetry or ethics. The age of economists and calculators has succeeded, and Tooke's Pantheon is deserted and ridiculous. Now and then, perhaps, a Stanley kills a kid, a Gladstone hangs up a wreath, a Lytton burns incense, in honour of the Olympians. But what do they care at Lambeth, Birmingham, the Tower Hamlets, for the ancient rites, divinities, worship? Who the plague are the Muses, and what is the use of all that Greek and Latin rubbish? What is Elicon, and who cares? Who was Thalia, pray, and what is the length of her i? Is Melpomene's name in three syllables or four?

Now, it has been said how Mr. George in his youth, and in the long leisure which he enjoyed at home, and during his imprisonment in the French fort on the banks of Monongahela, had whiled away his idleness by

paying court to Melpomene; and the result of their union was a tragedy, which has been omitted in "Bell's Theatre," though I dare say it is no worse than some of the pieces printed there. Most young men pay their respects to the Tragic Muse first, as they fall in love with women who are a great deal older than themselves. Let the candid reader own, if ever he had a literary turn, that his ambition was of the very highest, and that however, in his riper age, he might come down in his pretensions, and think that to translate an ode of Horace, or to turn a song of Waller or Prior into decent alcaics or sapphics, was about the utmost of his capability, tragedy and epic only did his green unknowing youth engage, and no prize but the highest was fit for him.

George Warrington, then, on coming to London, attended the theatrical performances at both houses, frequented the theatrical coffee-houses, and heard the opinions of the critics, and might be seen at the Bedford between the plays, or supping at the Cecil along with the wits and actors when the performances were over. Here he gradually became acquainted with the players and such of the writers and poets as were known to the public. The tough old Macklin, the frolicsome Foote, the vivacious Hippisley, the sprightly Mr. Garrick himself, might occasionally be seen at these houses of entertainment; and our gentleman, by his wit and modesty, as well, perhaps, as for the high character for wealth which he possessed, came to be very much liked in the coffee-house circles, and found that the actors would drink a bowl of punch with him, and the critics sup at his expense with great affability. To be on terms of intimacy with an author or an actor

has been an object of delight to many a young man; actually to hob and nob with Bobadil or Henry the Fifth or Alexander the Great, to accept a pinch out of Aristarchus's own box, to put Juliet into her coach, or hand Monimia to her chair, are privileges which would delight most young men of a poetic turn; and no wonder George Warrington loved the theatre. Then he had the satisfaction of thinking that his mother only half approved of plays and playhouses, and of feasting on fruit forbidden at home. He gave more than one elegant entertainment to the players, and it was even said that one or two distinguished geniuses had condescended to borrow money of him.

And as he polished and added new beauties to his masterpiece, we may be sure that he took advice of certain friends of his, and that they gave him applause and counsel. Mr. Spencer, his new acquaintance, of the Temple, gave a breakfast at his chambers in Fig Tree Court, when Mr. Warrington read part of his play, and the gentlemen present pronounced that it had uncommon merit. Even the learned Mr. Johnson, who was invited, was good enough to say that the piece had showed talent. It warred against the unities, to be sure; but these had been violated by other authors, and Mr. Warrington might sacrifice them as well as another. There was in Mr. W.'s tragedy a something which reminded him both of Coriolanus and Othello. "And two very good things too, sir!" the author pleaded. "Well, well, there was no doubt on that point: and 'tis certain your catastrophe is terrible, just, and being in part true, is not the less awful," remarks Mr. Spencer.

Now the plot of M. Warrington's tragedy was quite full indeed of battle and murder. A favourite book of

his grandfather had been the life of George Frundsberg of Mindelheim, a colonel of foot-folk in the Imperial service at Pavia fight, and during the wars of the Constable Bourbon: and one of Frundsberg's military companions was a certain Carpzow, or Carpezan, whom our friend selected as his tragedy hero.

His first act, as it at present stands in Sir George Warrington's manuscript, is supposed to take place before a convent on the Rhine, which the Lutherans, under Carpezan, are besieging. A godless gang these Lutherans are. They have pulled the beards of Roman friars, and torn the veils of hundreds of religious women. A score of these are trembling within the walls of the convent yonder, of which the garrison, unless the expected succours arrive before mid-day, has promised to surrender. Meanwhile there is armistice, and the sentries within look on with hungry eyes, as the soldiers and camp people gamble on the grass before the gate. Twelve o'clock, ding, ding, dong! it sounds upon the convent bell. No succours have arrived. Open gates, warder! and give admission to the famous Protestant hero, the terror of Turks on the Danube, and Papists in the Lombard plains — Colonel *Carpezan!* See, here he comes, clad in complete steel, his hammer of battle over his shoulder, with which he has battered so many infidel sconces, his flags displayed, his trumpets blowing. "No rudeness, my men," says Carpezan, "the wine is yours, and the convent larder and cellar are good: the church plate shall be melted: any of the garrison who choose to take service with Gaspar Carpezan are welcome, and shall have good pay. No insult to the religious ladies! I have promised them a safe conduct, and he who lays a finger on them, hangs! Mind that,



Provost Marshal!" The Provost Marshal, a huge fellow in a red doublet, nods his head.

"We shall see more of that Provost Marshal, or executioner," Mr. Spencer explains to his guests.

"A very agreeable acquaintance, I am sure, — shall be delighted to meet the gentleman again!" says Mr. Johnson, wagging his head over his tea. "This scene of the mercenaries, the camp-followers, and their wild sports, is novel and stirring, Mr. Warrington, and I make you my compliments on it. The Colonel has gone into the convent, I think? Now let us hear what he is going to do there."

The Abbess, and one or two of her oldest ladies, make their appearance before the conqueror. Conqueror as he is, they beard him in their sacred halls. They have heard of his violent behaviour in conventual establishments before. That hammer, which he always carries in action, has smashed many sacred images in religious houses. Pounds and pounds of convent plate is he known to have melted, the sacrilegious plunderer! No wonder the Abbess-Princess of St. Mary's, a lady of violent prejudices, free language, and noble birth, has a dislike to the low-born heretic who lords it in her convent, and tells Carpezan a bit of her mind, as the phrase is. This scene, in which the lady gets somewhat better of the Colonel, was liked not a little by Mr. Warrington's audience at the Temple. Terrible as he might be in war, Carpezan was shaken at first by the Abbess's brisk opening charge of words; and, conqueror as he was, seemed at first to be conquered by his actual prisoner. But such an old soldier was not to be beaten ultimately by any woman. "Pray, madam," says he, "how many ladies are there in your

convent, for whom my people shall provide conveyance? The Abbess, with a look of much trouble and anger, says that, besides herself, the noble Sisters of Saint Mary's House are twenty — twenty-three." She was going to say twenty-four, and now says twenty-three? "Ha! why this hesitation?" asks Captain Ulric, one of Carpezan's gayest officers.

The dark chief pulls a letter from his pocket. "I require from you, madam," he says, sternly, to the lady abbess, "the body of the noble lady Sybilla of Hoya. Her brother was my favourite captain, slain by my side, in the Milanese. By his death, she becomes heiress of his lands. 'Tis said a greedy uncle brought her hither; and fast immured the lady against her will. The damsel shall herself pronounce her fate — to stay a cloistered sister of Saint Mary's, or to return to home and liberty, as Lady Sybil, Baroness of —." Ha! The Abbess was greatly disturbed by this question. She says, haughtily: "There is no Lady Sybil in this house: of which every inmate is under your protection, and sworn to go free. The Sister Agnes was a nun professed, and what was her land and wealth revert to this Order."

"Give me straightway the body of the Lady Sybil of Hoya!" roars Carpezan, in great wrath. "If not, I make a signal to my reiters, and give you and your convent up to war."

"Faith, if I lead the storm, and have my right, 'tis not my Lady Abbess that I'll choose" (says Captain Ulric), "but rather some plump, smiling, red-lipped maid like — like —" Here, as he, the sly fellow, is looking under the veils of the two attendant nuns, the stern Abbess cries, "Silence, fellow, with thy ribald

talk! The lady, warrior, whom you ask of me is passed away from sin, temptation, vanity, and three days since our Sister Agnes — *died.*”

At this announcement Carpezan is immensely agitated. The Abbess calls upon the Chaplain to confirm her statement. Ghastly and pale, the old man has to own that three days since the wretched Sister Agnes was buried.

This is too much! In the pocket of his coat of mail Carpezan has a letter from Sister Agnes herself, in which she announces that she is going to be buried indeed, but in an *oubliette* of the convent, where she may either be kept on water and bread, or die starved outright. He seizes the unflinching Abbess by the arm, whilst Captain Ulric lays hold of the Chaplain by the throat. The Colonel blows a blast upon his horn: in rush his furious lanzknechts from without. Crash, bang! They knock the convent walls about. And in the midst of flames, screams, and slaughter, who is presently brought in by Carpezan himself, and fainting on his shoulder, but Sybilla herself. A little sister nun (that gay one with the red lips) had pointed out to the Colonel and Ulric the way to Sister Agnes's dungeon, and, indeed, had been the means of making her situation known to the Lutheran chief.

“The convent is suppressed with a vengeance,” says Mr. Warrington. “We end our first act with the burning of the place, the roars of triumph of the soldiery, and the outcries of the nuns. They had best go change their dresses immediately, for they will have to be court ladies in the next act — as you will see.” Here the gentlemen talked the matter over. If the piece were to be done at Drury Lane, Mrs. Pritchard

would hardly like to be Lady Abbess, as she doth but appear in the first act. Miss Pritchard might make a pretty Sybilla, and Miss Gates the attendant nun. Mr. Garrick was scarce tall enough for Carpezan — though, when he is excited, nobody ever thinks of him but as big as a grenadier. Mr. Johnson owns Woodward will be a good Ulric, as he plays the Mercutio parts very gaily — and so, by one and t'other, the audience fancies the play already on the boards, and casts the characters.

In act the second, Carpezan has married Sybilla. He has enriched himself in the wars, has been ennobled by the Emperor, and lives at his castle on the Danube in state and splendour.

But, truth to say, though married, rich, and ennobled, the Lord Carpezan was not happy. It may be that in his wild life, as leader of condottieri on both sides, he had committed crimes which agitated his mind with remorse. It may be that his rough soldier-manners consorted ill with his imperious high-born bride. She led him such a life — I am narrating as it were the Warrington manuscript, which is too long to print in entire — taunting him with his low birth, his vulgar companions, whom the old soldier loved to see about him, and so forth — that there were times when he rather wished that he had never rescued this lovely, quarrelsome, wayward vixen from the *oubliette* out of which he fished her. After the bustle of the first act this is a quiet one, and passed chiefly in quarrelling between the Baron and Baroness Carpezan, until horns blow, and it is announced that the young King of Bohemia and Hungary is coming hunting that way.

“Act III. is passed at Prague, whither his Majesty has invited Lord Carpezan and his wife, with noble offers of preferment to the latter. From Baron he shall be promoted to be Count, from Colonel he shall be General-in-Chief. His wife is the most brilliant and fascinating of all the ladies of the court — and as for Carpzoff —”

“O, stay — I have it — I know your story, sir, now,” says Mr. Johnson. “’Tis in Meteranus, in the *Theatrum Universum*. I read it in Oxford as a boy — Carpezanus or Carpzoff —”

“That is the fourth act,” says Mr. Warrington. In the fourth act the young King’s attentions towards Sybilla grow more and more marked; but her husband, battling against his jealousy, long refuses to yield to it, until his wife’s criminality is put beyond a doubt — and here he read the act, which closes with the terrible tragedy which actually happened. Being convinced of his wife’s guilt, Carpezan caused the executioner who followed his regiment to slay her in her own palace. And the curtain of the act falls just after the dreadful deed is done, in a side chamber illuminated by the moon shining through a great oriel window, under which the King comes with his lute, and plays the song which was to be the signal between him and his guilty victim.

This song, (writ in the ancient style, and repeated in the piece, being sung in the third act previously at a great festival given by the King and Queen,) was pronounced by Mr. Johnson to be a happy imitation of Mr. Waller’s manner, and its gay repetition at the moment of guilt, murder, and horror, very much deepened the tragic gloom of the scene.

“But whatever came afterwards?” he asked. “I remember in the *Theatrum*, Carpezan is said to have been taken into favour again by Count Mansfield, and doubtless to have murdered other folks on the reformed side.”

Here our poet has departed from historic truth. In the fifth act of “Carpezan” King Louis of Hungary and Bohemia (sufficiently terror-stricken, no doubt, by the sanguinary termination of his intrigue) has received word that the Emperor Solyman is invading his Hungarian dominions. Enter two noblemen who relate how, in the council which the King held upon the news, the injured Carpezan rushed infuriated into the royal presence, broke his sword, and flung it at the King’s feet — along with a glove which he dared him to wear, and which he swore he would one day claim. After that wild challenge the rebel fled from Prague, and had not since been heard of; but it was reported that he had joined the Turkish invader, assumed the turban, and was now in the camp of the Sultan, whose white tents glance across the river yonder, and against whom the King was now on his march. Then the King comes to his tent with his generals, prepares his order of battle, and dismisses them to their posts, keeping by his side an aged and faithful knight, his master of the horse, to whom he expresses his repentance for his past crimes, his esteem for his good and injured Queen, and his determination to meet the day’s battle like a man.

“What is this field called?”

“Mohacz, my liege!” says the old warrior, adding the remark that “Ere set of sun, Mohacz will see a battle bravely won.”

Trumpets and alarms now sound; they are the cymbals and barbaric music of the Janissaries: we are in the Turkish camp, and yonder, surrounded by turbaned chiefs, walks the Sultan Solyman's friend, the conqueror of Rhodes, the redoubted Grand Vizier.

Who is that warrior in an Eastern habit, but with a glove in his cap? 'Tis Carpezan. Even Solyman knew his courage and ferocity as a soldier. He knows the ordinance of the Hungarian host: in what arms King Louis is weakest: how his cavalry, of which the shock is tremendous, should be received, and inveigled into yonder morass, where certain death may await them — he prays for a command in the front, and as near as possible to the place where the traitor King Louis will engage. " 'Tis well," says the grim Vizier, "our invincible Emperor surveys the battle from yonder tower. At the end of the day, he will know how to reward your valour." The signal-guns fire — the trumpets blow — the Turkish captains retire, vowing death to the infidel, and eternal fidelity to the Sultan.

And now the battle begins in earnest, and with those various incidents which the lover of the theatre knoweth. Christian knights and Turkish warriors clash and skirmish over the stage. Continued alarms are sounded. Troops on both sides advance and retreat. Carpezan, with his glove in his cap, and his dreadful hammer smashing all before him, rages about the field, calling for King Louis. The renegade is about to slay a warrior who faces him, but recognising young Ulric, his ex-captain, he drops the uplifted hammer, and bids him fly, and think of Carpezan. He is softened at seeing his young friend, and thinking of former times when they fought and conquered together

in the cause of Protestantism. Ulric bids him to return, but of course that is now out of the question. They fight. Ulric *will* have it, and down he goes under the hammer. The renegade melts in sight of his wounded comrade, when who appears but King Louis, his plumes torn, his sword hacked, his shield dented with a thousand blows which he has received and delivered during the day's battle. Ha! who is this? The guilty monarch would turn away (perhaps Macbeth may have done so before), but Carpezan is on him. All his softness is gone. He rages like a fury. "An equal fight!" he roars. "A traitor against a traitor! Stand, King Louis! False King, false knight, false friend — by this glove in my helmet, I challenge you!" And he tears the guilty token out of his cap, and flings it at the King.

Of course they set-to, and the monarch falls under the terrible arm of the man whom he has injured. He dies, uttering a few incoherent words of repentance, and Carpezan, leaning upon his murderous mace, utters a heart-broken soliloquy over the royal corpse. The Turkish warriors have gathered meanwhile: the dreadful day is their own. Yonder stands the dark Vizier, surrounded by his janissaries, whose bows and swords are tired of drinking death. He surveys the Renegade standing over the corpse of the King.

"Christian renegade!" he says, "Allah has given us a great victory. The arms of the Sublime Emperor are everywhere triumphant. The Christian King is slain by you."

"Peace to his soul! He died like a good knight," gasps Ulric, himself dying on the field.

"In this day's battle," the grim Vizier continues,



“no man hath comported himself more bravely than you. You are made Bassa of Transylvania! Advance bowmen — Fire!”

An arrow quivers in the breast of Carpezan.

“Bassa of Transylvania, you were a traitor to your King, who lies murdered by your hand!” continues grim Vizier. “You contributed more than any soldier to this day’s great victory. ’Tis thus my sublime Emperor meetly rewards you. Sound trumpets! We march for Vienna to-night!”

And the curtain drops as Carpezan, crawling towards his dying comrade, kisses his hands, and gasps —

“Forgive me, Ulric!”

When Mr. Warrington has finished reading his tragedy, he turns round to Mr. Johnson, modestly, and asks, —

“What say you, sir? Is there any chance for me?”

But the opinion of this most eminent critic is scarce to be given, for Mr. Johnson had been asleep for some time, and frankly owned that he had lost the latter part of the play.

The little auditory begins to hum and stir as the noise of the speaker ceased. George may have been very nervous when he first commenced to read; but everybody allows that he read the last two acts uncommonly well, and makes him a compliment upon his matter and manner. Perhaps everybody is in good humour because the piece has come to an end. Mr. Spencer’s servant hands about refreshing drinks. The Templars speak out their various opinions whilst they sip the negus. They are a choice band of critics, familiar with the pit of the theatre, and they treat Mr.

Warrington's play with the gravity which such a subject demands.

Mr. Fountain suggests that the Vizier should not say "Fire!" when he bids the archers kill Carpezan, — as you certainly don't *fire* with a bow and arrows. A note is taken of the objection.

Mr. Figtree, who is of a sentimental turn, regrets that Ulric could not be saved, and married to the comic heroine.

"Nay, sir, there was an utter annihilation of the Hungarian army at Mohacz," says Mr. Johnson, "and Ulric must take his knock on the head with the rest. He could only be saved by flight, and you wouldn't have a hero run away! Pronounce sentence of death against Captain Ulric, but kill him with honours of war."

Messrs. Essex and Tanfield wonder to one another who is this queer looking *pert* whom Spencer has invited, and who contradicts everybody, and suggest a boat up the river and a little fresh air after the fatigues of the tragedy.

The general opinion is decidedly favourable to Mr. Warrington's performance; and Mr. Johnson's opinion, on which he sets a special value, is the most favourable of all. Perhaps Mr. Johnson is not sorry to compliment a young gentleman of fashion and figure like Mr. W. "Up to the death of the heroine," he says, "I am frankly with you, sir. And I may speak, as a playwright who have killed my own heroine, and had my share of the *plausus in theatro*. To hear your own lines nobly delivered to an applauding house, is indeed a noble excitement. I like to see a young man of good name and lineage who condescends to think that

the Tragic Muse is not below his advances. It was to a sordid roof that I invited her, and I asked her to rescue me from poverty and squalor. Happy you, sir, who can meet her upon equal terms, and can afford to marry her without a portion!"

"I doubt whether the greatest genius is not debased who has to make a bargain with Poetry," remarks Mr. Spencer.

"Nay, sir," Mr. Johnson answered, "I doubt if many a great genius would work at all without bribes and necessities; and so a man had better marry a poor Muse for good and all, for better or worse, than dally with a rich one. I make you my compliment to your play, Mr. Warrington, and if you want an introduction to the stage, shall be very happy if I can induce my friend Mr. Garrick to present you."

"Mr. Garrick shall be his sponsor," cried the florid Mr. Figtree. "Melpomene shall be his godmother, and he shall have the witches' cauldron in Macbeth for a christening font."

"Sir, I neither said font nor godmother," remarks the man of letters. "I would have no play contrary to morals or religion: nor, as I conceive, is Mr. Warrington's piece otherwise than friendly to them. Vice is chastised, as it should be, even in Kings, though perhaps we judge of their temptations too lightly. Revenge is punished — as not to be lightly exercised by our limited notion of justice. It may have been Carpezan's wife who perverted the King, and not the King who led the woman astray. At any rate, Louis is rightly humiliated for his crime, and the Renegade most justly executed for his. I wish you a good after-

noon, gentlemen!" And with these remarks, the great author took his leave of the company.

Towards the close of the reading, General Lambert had made his appearance at Mr. Spencer's chambers, and had listened to the latter part of the tragedy. The performance over, he and George took their way to the latter's lodgings in the first place, and subsequently to the General's own house, where the young author was expected, in order to recount the reception which his play had met from his Temple critics.

At Mr. Warrington's apartments in Southampton Row, they found a letter awaiting George, which the latter placed in his pocket unread, so that he might proceed immediately with his companion to Soho. We may be sure the ladies there were eager to know about the Carpezan's fate in the morning's small rehearsal. Hetty said George was so shy, that perhaps it would be better for all parties if some other person had read the play. Theo, on the contrary, cried out:

"Read it, indeed! Who can read a poem better than the author who feels it in his heart? And George had his whole heart in the piece!"

Mr. Lambert very likely thought that somebody else's whole heart was in the piece, too, but did not utter this opinion to Miss Theo.

"I think Harry would look very well in your figure of a Prince," says the General. "That scene where he takes leave of his wife before departing for the wars reminds me of your brother's manner not a little."

"O, Papa! surely Mr. Warrington himself would act the Prince's part best!" cries Miss Theo.

"And he deservedly slain in battle at the end?" asks the father of the house.

"I did not say that; only that Mr. George would make a very good Prince, Papa!" cries Miss Theo.

"In which case he would find a suitable Princess, I have no doubt. What news of your brother Harry?"

George, who has been thinking about theatrical triumphs; about *monumentum ære perennius*; about lilacs; about love whispered and tenderly accepted, remembers that he has a letter from Harry in his pocket, and gaily produces it.

"Let us hear what Mr. Truant says for himself, Aunt Lambert!" cries George, breaking the seal.

Why is he so disturbed, as he reads the contents of his letter? Why do the women look at him with alarmed eyes? And why, above all, is Hetty so pale?

"Here is the letter," says George, and begins to read it.

"RYDE, June 1, 1758.

"I did not tell my dearest George what I hoped and intended, when I left home on Wednesday. 'Twas to see Mr. Webb at Portsmouth or the Isle of Wight, wherever his Reg<sup>t</sup> was, and if need was to *go down on my knees* to him to take me as volunteer with him on the Expedition. I took boat from Portsmouth, where I learned that he was with *our regiment* incamp<sup>t</sup> at the village of Ryde. Was received by him most kindly, and my petition granted out of hand. That is why I say our regiment. We are eight gentlemen volunteers with Mr. Webb, all men of birth, and *good fortunes* except poor me, who don't deserve one. We are to mess with the officers; we take the right of the column, *and have always the right to be in front*, and in an hour we embark on board his Majesty's Ship the Rochester of 60 guns, while our Commodore's, Mr. Howe's, is the

Essex, 70. His squadron is about 20 ships, and I should think 100 transports at least. Though 'tis a secret expedition, we make no doubt France is our destination — where I hope to see my friends the Monsieurs once more, and win my colours *à la point de mon épée*, as we used to say in Canada. Perhaps my service as interpreter may be useful; I speaking the language not so well *as some one I know*, but better than most here.

“I scarce venture to write to our mother to tell her of this step. Will you, who have a *coxing tongue will wheadle any one*, write to her as soon as you have finisht the famous *tragedy*? Will you give my affectionate respects to dear General Lambert and ladies: and if any accident should happen, I know you will take care of poor Gumbo as belonging to my dearest best George's most affectionate brother,

“HENRY E. WARRINGTON.

“P.S. — Love to all at home when you write, including Dempster, Mountain, and Fanny M. and all the people, and duty to my honored mother, wishing I had pleased her better. And if I said anything unkind to dear Miss Hester Lambert, I know she will forgive me, and pray God bless all. — H. E. W.

“To G. ESMOND WARRINGTON, Esq.,

“At Mr. Scrace's house in Southampton Row,

“Opposite Bedford House Gardens, London.”

He has not read the last words with a very steady voice. Mr. Lambert sits silent, though not a little moved. Theo and her mother look at one another; but Hetty remains with a cold face and a stricken heart. She thinks “He is gone to danger, perhaps to death, and it was I sent him!”

## CHAPTER XVI.

In which Harry lives to fight another day.

THE trusty Gumbo could not console himself for the departure of his beloved master: at least to judge from his tears and howls on first hearing the news of Mr. Harry's enlistment, you would have thought the negro's heart must break at the separation. No wonder he went for sympathy to the maid-servants at Mr. Lambert's lodgings. Wherever that dusky youth was, he sought comfort in the society of females. Their fair and tender bosoms knew how to feel pity for the poor African, and the darkness of Gumbo's complexion was no more repulsive to them than Othello's to Desdemona. I believe Europe has never been so squeamish in regard to Africa, as a certain other respected Quarter. Nay, some Africans — witness the Chevalier de St. Georges, for instance — have been notorious favourites with the fair sex.

So, in his humbler walk, was Mr. Gumbo. The Lambert servants wept freely in his company; the maids kindly considered him not only as Mr. Harry's man, but their brother. Hetty could not help laughing when she found Gumbo roaring because his master had gone a volunteer, as he called it, and had not taken him. He was ready to save Master Harry's life any day, and would have done it, and had himself cut in twenty thousand hundred pieces for Master Harry, that he would! Meanwhile, Nature must be supported, and

he condescended to fortify her by large supplies of beer and cold meat in the kitchen. That he was greedy, idle, and told lies, is certain; but yet Hetty gave him half-a crown, and was especially kind to him. Her tongue, that was wont to wag so pertly, was so gentle now; that you might fancy it had never made a joke. She moved about the house mum and meek. She was humble to Mamma, thankful to John and Betty when they waited at dinner; patient to Polly when the latter pulled her hair in combing it; long-suffering when Charley from school trod on her toes, or deranged her workbox: silent in Papa's company, — O, such a transmogrified little Hetty! If Papa had ordered her to roast the leg of mutton, or walk to church arm-in-arm with Gumbo, she would have made a curtsy, and said, "Yes, if you please, dear Papa!" Leg of mutton! What sort of meal were some poor volunteers having, with the cannon-balls flying about their heads? Church? When it comes to the prayer in time of war, O how her knees smite together as she kneels, and hides her head in the pew! She holds down her head when the parson reads out "Thou shalt do no murder" from the communion-rail, and fancies he must be looking at her. How she thinks of all travellers by land or by water! How she sickens as she runs to the paper to read if there is news of the Expedition! How she watches Papa when he comes home from his Ordnance Office, and looks in his face to see if there is good news or bad! Is he well? Is he made a General yet? Is he wounded and made a prisoner? ah, me! or, perhaps, are both his legs taken off by one shot, like that pensioner they saw in Chelsea Garden t'other day? She would go on wooden legs all



her life, if his can but bring him safe home; at least, she ought never to get up off her knees until he is returned. "Haven't you heard of people, Theo," says she, "whose hair has grown grey in a single night? I shouldn't wonder if mine did, — shouldn't wonder in the least." And she looks in the glass to ascertain that phenomenon.

"Hetty, dear, you used not to be so nervous when Papa was away in Minorca," remarks Theo.

"Ah, Theo! one may very well see that George is not with the army, but safe at home," rejoins Hetty; whereat the elder sister blushes, and looks very pensive. *Au fait*, if Mr. George had been in the army, that, you see, would have been another pair of boots. Meanwhile, we don't intend to harrow anybody's kind feelings any longer, but may as well state that Harry is, for the present, as safe as any officer of the Life Guards at Regent's Park Barracks.

The first expedition in which our gallant volunteer was engaged may be called successful, but certainly was not glorious. The British Lion, or any other lion, cannot always have a worthy enemy to combat, or a battle royal to deliver. Suppose he goes forth in quest of a tiger who won't come, and lays his paws on a goose, and gobbles him up? Lions, we know, must live like any other animals. But suppose, advancing into the forest in search of the tiger aforesaid, and bellowing his challenge of war, he espies not one but six tigers coming towards him? This manifestly is not his game at all. He puts his tail between his royal legs, and retreats into his own snug den as quickly as he may. Were he to attempt to go and fight six tigers, you might write that Lion down an Ass.

Now, Harry Warrington's first feat of war was in this wise. He and about 13,000 other fighting men embarked in various ships and transports on the 1st of June, from the Isle of Wight, and at daybreak on the 5th the fleet stood in to the Bay of Cancale in Brittany. For awhile he and the gentlemen volunteers had the pleasure of examining the French coast from their ships, whilst the Commander-in-Chief and the Commodore reconnoitred the bay in a cutter. Cattle were seen, and some dragoons, who trotted off into the distance; and a little fort with a couple of guns had the audacity to fire at his Grace of Marlborough and the Commodore in the cutter. By two o'clock the whole British fleet was at anchor, and signal was made for all the grenadier companies of eleven regiments to embark on board flat-bottomed boats and assemble round the Commodore's ship, the Essex. Meanwhile, Mr. Howe, hoisting his broad pennant on board the Success frigate, went in as near as possible to shore, followed by the other frigates, to protect the landing of the troops; and now, with Lord George Sackville and General Dury in command, the gentlemen volunteers, the grenadier companies, and three battalions of guards pulled to shore.

The gentlemen volunteers could not do any heroic deed upon this occasion, because the French, who should have stayed to fight them, ran away, and the frigates having silenced the fire of the little fort which had disturbed the reconnoissance of the Commander-in-Chief, the army presently assaulted it, taking the whole garrison prisoner, and shooting him in the leg. Indeed he was but one old gentleman, who gallantly had fired his two guns, and who told his conquerors, "If every

Frenchman had acted like me, you would not have landed at Cancale at all."

The advanced detachment of invaders took possession of the village of Cancale, where they lay upon their arms all night; and our volunteer was joked by his comrades about his eagerness to go out upon the war-path, and bring in two or three scalps of Frenchmen. None such, however, fell under his tomahawk; the only person slain on the whole day being a French gentleman, who was riding with his servant, and was surprised by volunteer Lord Downe, marching in the front with a company of Kingsley's. My Lord Downe offered the gentleman quarter, which he foolishly refused, whereupon he, his servant, and the two horses, were straightway shot.

Next day the whole force was landed, and advanced from Cancale to St. Malo. All the villages were emptied through which the troops passed, and the roads were so narrow in many places that the men had to march single file, and might have been shot down from behind the tall leafy hedges had there been any enemy to disturb them.

At nightfall the army arrived before St. Malo, and were saluted by a fire of artillery from that town, which did little damage in the darkness. Under cover of this, the British set fire to the ships, wooden buildings, pitch and tar magazines in the harbour, and made a prodigious conflagration that lasted the whole night.

This feat was achieved without any attempt on the part of the French to molest the British force: but, as it was confidently asserted that there was a considerable French force in the town of St. Malo, though

they wouldn't come out, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and my Lord George Sackville determined not to disturb the garrison, marched back to Cancale again, and — and so got on board their ships.

If this were not a veracious history, don't you see that it would have been easy to send our Virginian on a more glorious campaign? Exactly four weeks after his departure from England, Mr. Warrington found himself at Portsmouth again, and addressed a letter to his brother George, with which the latter ran off to Dean Street so soon as ever he received it.

"Glorious news, ladies!" cries he, finding the Lambert family all at breakfast. "Our champion has come back. He has undergone all sorts of dangers, but has survived them all. He has seen dragons — upon my word, he says so."

"Dragons! What do you mean Mr. Warrington?"

"But not killed any — he says so, as you shall hear. He writes: —

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"I think you will be glad to hear that I am returned, without any commission as yet; without any wounds or glory; but, at any rate *alive and harty*. On board our ship, we were almost as crowded as poor Mr. Holwell and his friends in their Black Hole at Calicutta. We had rough weather, and some of the gentlemen volunteers, who prefer smooth water, grumbled not a little. My gentlemen's stomachs are dainty; and after Braund's cookery and White's kick-shaws, they don't like plain sailor's *rum and bisket*. But I, who have been at sea before, took my rations and can of flip very contentedly: being determined to put a good

face on everything before our fine English *macaronis*, and show that a Virginia gentleman is as good as the best of 'em. I wish, for the honour of old Virginia, that I had more to brag about. But all I can say in truth is, that we have been to France and come again. Why, I don't think even *your tragick pen* could make anything of such a campaign as ours has been. We landed on the 6 at Cancalle Bay, we saw a few dragons on a hill . . ."

"There! Did I not tell you there were dragons?" asks George, laughing.

"Mercy! What can he mean by dragons?" cries Hetty.

"Immense long-tailed monsters, with steel scales on their backs, who vomit fire, and gobble up a virgin a-day. Haven't you read about them in *The Seven Champions*?" says Papa. "Seeing St. George's flag, I suppose they slunk off."

"I have read of 'em," says the little boy from Chartreux, solemnly. "They like to eat women. One was going to eat Andromeda, you know, Papa; and Jason killed another, who was guarding the apple-tree."

". . . A few dragons on a hill," George resumes, "who rode away from us without engaging. We slept under canvass. We marched to St. Malo, and burned ever so many privateers there. And we went on board shipp again, without ever crossing swords with an enemy or meeting any except a few poor devils whom the troops plundered. Better luck next time! This hasn't been very much nor *particular glorious*: but I have liked it for my part. I have *smelt powder*, besides a deal of rosn and pitch we burned. I've seen the

enemy; have slept under canvass, and been dreadful crowdid and sick at sea. I like it. My best compliments to dear Aunt Lambert, and tell Miss Hetty I wasn't *very much fritened* when I saw the French horse.

“Your most affectionate brother,

“H. E. WARRINGTON.”

We hope Miss Hetty's qualms of conscience were allayed by Harry's announcement that his expedition was over, and that he had so far taken no hurt. Far otherwise. Mr. Lambert, in the course of his official duties, had occasion to visit the troops at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and George Warrington bore him company. They found Harry vastly improved in spirits and health from the excitement produced by the little campaign, quite eager and pleased to learn his new military duties, active, cheerful, and healthy, and altogether a different person from the listless moping lad who had dawdled in London coffee-houses and Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room. The troops were under canvass; the weather was glorious, and George found his brother a ready pupil in a fine brisk open-air school of war. Not a little amused, the elder brother, arm-in-arm with the young volunteer, paced the streets of the warlike city, recalled his own brief military experiences of two years back, and saw here a much greater army than that ill-fated one of which he had shared the disasters. The expedition, such as we have seen it, was certainly not glorious, and yet the troops and the nation were in high spirits with it. We were said to have humiliated the proud Gaul. We should have vanquished as well as humbled him had he dared to appear. What valour, after all, is like British valour? I daresay some

such expressions have been heard in later times. Not that I would hint that our people brag much more than any other, or more now than formerly. Have not these eyes beheld the battle-grounds of Leipzig, Jena, Dresden, Waterloo, Blenheim, Bunker's Hill, New Orleans? What heroic nation has not fought, has not conquered, has not run away, has not bragged in its turn? Well, the British nation was much excited by the glorious victory of St. Malo. Captured treasures were sent home and exhibited in London. The people were so excited, that more laurels and more victories were demanded, and the enthusiastic army went forth to seek some.

With this new expedition went a volunteer so distinguished, that we must give him precedence of all other amateur soldiers or sailors. This was our sailor Prince, H. R. H. Prince Edward, who was conveyed on board the *Essex* in the ship's twelve-oared barge, the standard of England flying in the bow of the boat, the admiral with his flag and boat following the Prince's, and all the captains following in seniority.

Away sails the fleet, Harry, in high health and spirits, waving his hat to his friends as they cheer from the shore. He must and will have his commission before long. There can be no difficulty about that, George thinks. There is plenty of money in his little store to buy his brother's ensign; but if he can win it without purchase by gallantry and good conduct, that were best. The colonel of the regiment reports highly of his recruit; men and officers like him. It is easy to see that he is a young fellow of good promise and spirit.

Hip, hip, huzzay! What famous news are these which arrive ten days after the expedition has sailed? On the 7th and 8th of August his Majesty's troops have

effected a landing in the Bay des Marais, two leagues westward of Cherbourg, in the face of a large body of the enemy. Awed by the appearance of British valour, that large body of the enemy has disappeared. Cherbourg has surrendered at discretion; and the English colours are hoisted on the three outlying forts. Seven-and-twenty ships have been burned in the harbours, and a prodigious number of fine brass cannon taken. As for your common iron guns, we have destroyed 'em, likewise the basin (about which the Mounseers bragged so), and the two piers at the entrance to the harbour.

There is no end of jubilation in London; just as Mr. Howe's guns arrive from Cherbourg, come Mr. Wolfe's colours captured at Louisbourg. The colours are taken from Kensington to St. Paul's, escorted by four-score life-guards and four-score horse grenadiers with officers in proportion, their standards, kettle-drums, and trumpets. At St. Paul's they are received by the Dean and Chapter at the West Gate, and at that minute — bang, bong, bung — the Tower and Park guns salute them! Next day is the turn of the Cherbourg cannon and mortars. These are the guns *we* took. Look at them with their carving and flaunting emblems — their lilies, and crowns, and mottoes! Here they are, the *Téméraire*, the *Malfaisant*, the *Vainqueur* (the *Vainqueur*, indeed! a pretty *vainqueur* of Britons!), and ever so many more. How the people shout as the pieces are trailed through the streets in procession! As for Hetty and Mrs. Lambert, I believe they are of opinion that Harry took every one of the guns himself, dragging them out of the batteries, and destroying the artillerymen. He has immensely risen in the general estimation in the last few days. Madame de Bernstein has asked about him.



Lady Maria has begged her dear Cousin George to see her, and, if possible, give her news of his brother. George, who was quite the head of the family a couple of months since, finds himself deposed, and of scarce any account, in Miss Hetty's eyes at least. Your wit, and your learning, and your tragedies, may be all very well; but what are these in comparison to victories and brass cannon? George takes his deposition very meekly. They are fifteen thousand Britons. Why should they not march and take Paris itself? Nothing more probable, think some of the ladies. They embrace; they congratulate each other; they are in a high state of excitement. For once, they long that Sir Miles and Lady Warrington were in town, so that they might pay her ladyship a visit, and ask, "What do you say to your nephew now, pray? Has he not taken twenty-one finest brass cannon; flung a hundred and twenty iron guns into the water, seized twenty-seven ships in the harbour, and destroyed the basin and the two piers at the entrance?" As the whole town rejoices and illuminates, so these worthy folks display brilliant red hangings in their cheeks, and light up candles of joy in their eyes, in honour of their champion and conqueror.

But now, I grieve to say, comes a cloudy day after the fair weather. The appetite of our commanders, growing by what it fed on, led them to think they had not feasted enough on the plunder of St. Malo; and thither, after staying a brief time at Portsmouth and the Wight, the conquerors of Cherbourg returned. They were landed in the Bay of St. Lunar, at the distance of a few miles from the place, and marched towards it, intending to destroy it this time. Meanwhile the harbour of St. Lunar was found insecure, and the fleet

moved up to St. Cas, keeping up its communication with the invading army.

Now the British Lion found that the town of St. Malo — which he had proposed to swallow at a single mouthful — was guarded by an army of French, which the governor of Brittany had brought to the succour of his good town, and the meditated *coup de main* being thus impossible, our leaders marched for their ships again, which lay duly awaiting our warriors in the Bay of St. Cas.

Hide, blushing glory, hide St. Cas's day! As our troops were marching down to their ships they became aware of an army following them, which the French governor of the province had sent from Brest. Two-thirds of the troops, and all the artillery, were already embarked, when the Frenchmen came down upon the remainder. Four companies of the First Regiment of guards and the grenadier companies of the army, faced about on the beach to await the enemy, whilst the remaining troops were carried off in the boats. As the French descended from the heights round the bay, these guards and grenadiers marched out to attack them, leaving an excellent position which they had occupied — a great dyke raised on the shore, and behind which they might have resisted to advantage. And now, eleven hundred men were engaged with six — nay, ten times their number; and, after awhile, broke and made for the boats with a *sauve qui peut!* Seven hundred out of the eleven were killed, drowned, or taken prisoners — the general himself was killed — and, ah! where were the volunteers?

A man of peace myself, and little intelligent of the practice or the details of war, I own I think less of the

engaged troops than of the people they leave behind. Jack the Guardsman and La Tulipe of the Royal Bretagne are face to face, and striving to knock each other's brains out. Bon! It is their nature to — like the bears and lions — and we will not say Heaven, but some Power or other has made them so to do. But the girl of Tower Hill, who hung on Jack's neck before he departed; and the lass at Quimper, who gave the Frenchman his *brûle-gueule* and tobacco-box before he departed on the *noir trajet*? What have you done, poor little tender hearts, that you should grieve so? My business is not with the army, but with the people left behind. What a fine state Miss Hetty Lambert must be in, when she hears of the disaster to the troops and the slaughter of the grenadier companies! What grief and doubt are in George Warrington's breast; what commiseration in Martin Lambert's, as he looks into his little girl's face and reads her piteous story there? Howe, the brave commodore, rowing in his barge under the enemy's fire, has rescued with his boats scores and scores of our flying people. More are drowned; hundreds are prisoners, or shot on the beach. Among these, where is our Virginian?

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## Soldier's Return.

GREAT Powers! will the vain-glory of men, especially of Frenchmen, never cease? Will it be believed, that after the action of St. Cas — a mere affair of cutting off a rear-guard, as you are aware — they were so unfeeling as to fire away I don't know how much powder at the Invalides at Paris, and brag and bluster over our misfortune? Is there any magnanimity in hallooing and huzzaying because five or six hundred brave fellows have been caught by ten thousand on a sea-shore, and that fate has overtaken them which is said to befall the hindmost? I had a mind to design an authentic picture of the rejoicings at London upon our glorious success at St. Malo. I fancied the polished guns dragged in procession by our gallant tars; the stout horse-grenadiers prancing by; the mob waving hats, roaring cheers, picking pockets, and our friends in a balcony in Fleet Street looking on and blessing this scene of British triumph. But now that the French Invalides have been so vulgar as to imitate the Tower, and set up their St. Cas against our St. Malo, I scorn to allude to the stale subject. I say Nolo, not Malo: content, for my part, if Harry has returned from one expedition and t'other with a whole skin. And have I ever said he was so much as bruised? Have I not, for fear of exciting my fair young reader, said that he was as well as ever he had been in his life? The sea

air had browned his cheek, and the ball whistling by his side-curl had spared it. The ocean had wet his gaiters and other garments, without swallowing up his body. He had, it is true, shown the lapels of his coat to the enemy; but for as short a time as possible, withdrawing out of their sight as quick as might be. And what, pray, are lapels but reverses? Coats have them, as well as men; and our duty is to wear them with courage and good-humour.

"I can tell you," said Harry, "we all had to run for it; and when our line broke; it was he who could get to the boats who was most lucky. The French horse and foot pursued us down to the sea, and were mingled among us, cutting our men down, and bayoneting them on the ground. Poor Armytage was shot in advance of me, and fell; and I took him up and staggered through the surf to a boat. It was lucky that the sailors in our boat weren't afraid; for the shot were whistling about their ears, breaking the blades of their oars, and riddling their flag with shot; but the officer in command was as cool as if he had been drinking a bowl of punch at Portsmouth, which we had done on landing, I can promise you. Poor Sir John was less lucky than me. He never lived to reach the ship, and the service has lost a fine soldier, and Miss Howe a true gentleman to her husband. There must be these casualties, you see; and his brother gets the promotion, — the baronetcy."

"It is of the poor lady I am thinking," says Miss Hetty (to whom haply our volunteer is telling his story); "and the King. Why did the King encourage Sir John Armytage to go? A gentleman could not refuse a command from such such a quarter. And now

the poor gentleman is dead! O what a state his Majesty must be in!"

"I have no doubt his Majesty will be in a deep state of grief," says Papa, wagging his head.

"Now you are laughing! Do you mean, sir, that when a gentleman dies in his service, almost at his feet, the King of England won't feel for him?" Hetty asks. "If I thought that, I vow I would be for the Pretender!"

"The sauce-box would make a pretty little head for Temple Bar," says the General, who could see Miss Hetty's meaning behind her words, and was aware in what a tumult of remorse, of consternation, of gratitude that the danger was over, the little heart was beating. — "No," says he, "my dear. Were kings to weep for every soldier, what a life you would make for them! I think better of his Majesty than to suppose him so weak; and, if Miss Hester Lambert got her Pretender, I doubt whether she would be any the happier. That family was never famous for too much feeling."

"But if the King sent Harry — I mean Sir John Armytage — actually to the war in which he lost his life, oughtn't his Majesty to repent very much?" asks the young lady.

"If Harry had fallen, no doubt the Court would have gone into mourning: as it is, gentlemen and ladies were in coloured clothes yesterday," remarks the General.

"Why should we not make bonfires for a defeat, and put on sackcloth and ashes after a victory?" asks George. "I protest I don't want to thank Heaven for helping us to burn the ships at Cherbourg."

"Yes you do, George! Not that I have a right to

“speak, and you ain’t ever so much cleverer. But when your country wins you’re glad — I know *I* am. When I run away before Frenchmen I’m ashamed — I can’t help it, though I *done* it,” says Harry. “It don’t seem to me right somehow that Englishmen should have to do it,” he added, gravely. And George smiled; but did not choose to ask his brother what, on the other hand, was the Frenchman’s opinion.

“’Tis a bad business,” continued Harry, gravely; “but ’tis lucky ’twas no worse. The story about the French is, that their governor, the Duke of Aiguillon, was rather what you call a *moistened chicken*. Our whole retreat might have been cut off, only, to be sure, we ourselves were in a mighty hurry to move. The French local militia behaved famous, I am happy to say; and there was ever so many gentlemen volunteers with ’em, who showed, as they ought to do, in the front. They say the Chevalier of Tour d’Auvergne engaged in spite of the Duke of Aiguillon’s orders. Officers told us, who came off with a list of our prisoners and wounded to General Bligh and Lord Howe. He is a lord now, since the news came of his brother’s death to home, George. He is a brave fellow, whether lord or commoner.”

“And his sister who was to have married poor Sir John Armytage, think what *her* state must be!” sighs Miss Hetty, who has grown of late so sentimental.

“And his mother!” cries Mrs. Lambert. “Have you seen her ladyship’s address in the papers to the electors of Nottingham? ‘Lord Howe being now absent upon the publick service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon me to beg the favour of your votes and interests that Lieutenant-

Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother as your representative in Parliament.' Isn't this a gallant woman?"

"A Laconic woman," says George.

"How can sons help being brave who have been nursed by such a mother as that?" asks the General.

Our two young men looked at each other.

"If one of us were to fall in defence of his country, we have a mother in Sparta who would think and write so too," says George.

"If Sparta is anywhere Virginia way, I reckon we have," remarks Mr. Harry. "And to think that we should both of us have met the enemy, and both of us been whipped by him, brother!" he adds pensively.

Hetty looks at him, and thinks of him only as he was the other day, tottering through the water towards the boats, his comrade bleeding on his shoulder, the enemy in pursuit, the shot flying round. And it was she who drove him into the danger! Her words provoked him. He never rebukes her now he is returned. Except when asked, he scarcely speaks about his adventures at all. He is very grave and courteous with Hetty; with the rest of the family especially frank and tender. But those taunts of hers wounded him. "Little hand!" his looks and demeanor seem to say, "*thou* shouldst not have been lifted against me! It is ill to scorn anyone, much more one who has been so devoted to you and all yours. I may not be over quick of wit, but in as far as the heart goes, I am the equal of the best, and the best of my heart your family has had."

Harry's wrong, and his magnanimous endurance of it, served him to regain in Miss Hetty's esteem that place which he had lost during the previous months'



inglorious idleness. The respect which the fair pay to the brave she gave him. She was no longer pert in her answers, or sarcastic in her observations regarding his conduct. In a word, she was a humiliated, an altered, an improved Miss Hetty.

And all the world seemed to change towards Harry as he towards the world. He was no longer sulky and indolent: he no more desponded about himself, or defied his neighbours. The colonel of his regiment reported his behaviour as exemplary, and recommended him for one of the commissions vacated by the casualties during the expedition. Unlucky as its termination was, it at least was fortunate to him. His brother volunteers, when they came back to St. James's Street, reported highly of his behaviour. These volunteers and their actions were the theme of everybody's praise. Had he been a general commanding, and slain in the moment of victory, Sir John Armytage could scarce have had more sympathy than that which the nation showed him. The papers teemed with letters about him, and men of wit and sensibility vied with each other in composing epitaphs in his honour. The fate of his affianced bride was bewailed. She was, as we have said, the sister of the brave commodore who had just returned from this unfortunate expedition, and succeeded to the title of his elder brother, an officer as gallant as himself, who had just fallen in America.

My Lord Howe was heard to speak in special praise of Mr. Warrington, and so he had a handsome share of the fashion and favour which the town now bestowed on the volunteers. Doubtless there were thousands of men employed who were as good as they: but the

English ever love their gentlemen, and love that they should distinguish themselves; and these volunteers were voted Paladins and heroes by common accord. As our young noblemen will, they accepted their popularity very affably. White's and Almack's illuminated when they returned, and St. James's embraced its young knights. Harry was restored to full favour amongst them. Their hands were held out eagerly to him again. Even his relations congratulated him; and there came a letter from Castlewood, whither Aunt Bernstein had by this time betaken herself, containing praises of his valour, and a pretty little bank-bill, as a token of his affectionate aunt's approbation. This was under my Lord Castlewood's frank, who sent his regards to both his kinsmen, and an offer of the hospitality of his country house, if they were minded to come to him. And besides this, there came to him a private letter through the post — not very well spelt, but in a handwriting which Harry smiled to see again, in which his affectionate cousin, Maria Esmond, told him she always loved to hear his praises (which were in everybody's mouth now), and sympathised in his good or evil fortune: and that, whatever occurred to him, she begged to keep a little place in his heart. Parson Sampson, she wrote, had preached a beautiful sermon about the horrors of war, and the noble actions of men who volunteered to face battle and danger in the service of their country. Indeed, the Chaplain wrote himself, presently, a letter full of enthusiasm, in which he saluted Mr. Harry as his friend, his benefactor, his glorious hero. Even Sir Miles Warrington dispatched a basket of game from Norfolk: and one bird (shot sitting), with

love to my cousin, had a string and paper round the leg, and was sent as the first victim of young Miles's fowling-piece.

And presently, with joy beaming in his countenance, Mr. Lambert came to visit his young friends at their lodgings in Southampton Row, and announced to them that Mr. Henry Warrington was forthwith to be gazetted as Ensign in the Second Battalion of Kingsley's, the 20th Regiment, which had been engaged in the campaign, and which now at this time was formed into a separate regiment, the 67th. Its colonel was not with his regiment during its expedition to Brittany. He was away at Cape Breton, and was engaged in capturing those guns at Louisbourg, of which the arrival in England had caused such exultation.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

In which we go a-courting.

SOME of my amiable readers no doubt are in the custom of visiting that famous garden in the Regent's Park, in which so many of our finned, feathered, four-footed fellow-creatures, are accommodated with board and lodging, in return for which they exhibit themselves for our instruction and amusement: and there, as a man's business and private thoughts follow him everywhere, and mix themselves with all life and nature round about him, I found myself, whilst looking at some fish in the aquarium, still actually thinking of our friends the Virginians. One of the most beautiful motion-masters I ever beheld, sweeping through his green bath in harmonious curves, now turning his black glistening back to me, now exhibiting his fair white chest, in every movement active and graceful, turned out to be our old homely friend the flounder, whom we have all gobbled up out of his bath of water souchy at Greenwich, without having the slightest idea that he was a beauty.

As is the race of man, so is the race of flounders. If you can but see the latter in his right element, you may view him agile, healthy, and comely: put him out of his place, and behold his beauty is gone, his motions are disgraceful: he flaps the unfeeling ground ridiculously with his tail, and will presently gasp his feeble life out. Take him up tenderly, ere it be too late, and

cast him into his native Thames again —. But stop: I believe there is a certain proverb about fish out of water, and that other profound naturalists have remarked on them before me. Now Harry Warrington had been floundering for ever so long a time past, and out of his proper element. As soon as he found it, health, strength, spirits, energy, returned to him, and with the tap of the epaulet on his shoulder he sprang up an altered being. He delighted in his new profession; he engaged in all its details, and mastered them with eager quickness. Had I the skill of my friend Lorrequer, I would follow the other Harry into camp, and see him on the march, at the mess, on the parade-ground; I would have many a carouse with him and his companions; I would cheerfully live with him under the tents; I would knowingly explain all the manœuvres of war, and all the details of the life military. As it is, the reader must please, out of his experience and imagination, to fill in the colours of the picture of which I can give but meagre hints and outlines, and, above all, fancy Mr. Harry Warrington in his new red coat and yellow facings, very happy to bear the King's colours, and pleased to learn and perform all the duties of his new profession.

As each young man delighted in the excellence of the other, and cordially recognised his brother's superior qualities, George, we may be sure, was proud of Harry's success, and rejoiced in his returning good fortune. He wrote an affectionate letter to his mother in Virginia, recounting all the praises which he had heard of Harry, and which his brother's modesty, George knew, would never allow him to repeat. He described how Harry had won his own first step in the army,

and how he, George, would ask his mother leave to share with her the expense of purchasing a higher rank for him.

Nothing, said George, would give him a greater delight, than to be able to help his brother, and the more so, as, by his sudden return into life as it were, he had deprived Harry of an inheritance which he had legitimately considered as his own. Labouring under that misconception Harry had indulged in greater expenses than he ever would have thought of incurring as a younger brother; and George thought it was but fair, and, as it were, as a thank-offering for his own deliverance, that he should contribute liberally to any scheme for his brother's advantage.

And now, having concluded his statement respecting Harry's affairs, George took occasion to speak of his own, and addressed his honoured mother on a point which very deeply concerned himself. She was aware that the best friends he and his brother had found in England, were the good Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, the latter Madam Esmond's school-fellow of earlier years. Where their own blood relations had been worldly and unfeeling, these true friends had ever been generous and kind. The General was respected by the whole army, and beloved by all who knew him. No mother's affection could have been more touching than Mrs. Lambert's for both Madam Esmond's children; and now, wrote Mr. George, he himself had formed an attachment for the elder Miss Lambert, on which he thought the happiness of his life depended, and which he besought his honoured mother to approve. He had made no precise offers to the young lady or her parents; but he was bound to say that he had made

little disguise of his sentiments, and that the young lady, as well as her parents, seemed favourable to him. She had been so admirable and exemplary a daughter to her own mother, that he felt sure she would do her duty by his. In a word, Mr. Warrington described the young lady as a model of perfection, and expressed his firm belief that the happiness or misery of his own future life depended upon possessing or losing her. Why do you not produce this letter? haply asks some sentimental reader, of the present Editor, who has said how he has the whole Warrington correspondence in his hands. Why not? Because 'tis cruel to babble the secrets of a young man's love; to overhear his incoherent vows and wild raptures, and to note, in cold blood, the secrets — it may be, the follies — of his passion. Shall we play eaves-dropper at twilight embrasures, count sighs and hand-shakes, bottle hot tears: lay our stethoscope on delicate young breasts, and feel their heart throbs? I protest, for one, love is sacred. Wherever I see it (as one sometimes may in this world) shooting suddenly out of two pair of eyes; or glancing sadly even from one pair; or looking down from the mother to the baby in her lap; or from papa at his girl's happiness as she is whirling round the room with the captain; or from John Anderson, as his old wife comes into the room — *the bonne vieille*, the everpeerless among women; wherever we see that signal, I say, let us salute it. It is not only wrong to kiss and tell, but to tell about kisses. Everybody who has been admitted to the mystery, — hush about it. Down with him *qui Deæ sacrum vulgarit arcanae*. Beware how you dine with him, he will print your private talk: as sure as you sail with him, he will throw you over.

Whilst Harry's love of battle has led him to smell powder — to rush upon *reluctantes dracones*, and to carry wounded comrades out of fire, George has been pursuing an amusement much more peaceful and delightful to him; penning sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, mayhap; pacing in the darkness under her window, and watching the little lamp which shone upon her in her chamber; finding all sorts of pretexts for sending little notes which don't seem to require little answers, but get them; culling bits out of his favourite poets, and flowers out of Covent Garden for somebody's special adornment and pleasure; walking to St. James's Church, singing very likely out of the same Prayer-book, and never hearing one word of the sermon, so much do other thoughts engross him; being prodigiously affectionate to all Miss Hetty's relations — to her little brother and sister at school; to the elder at college; to Miss Hetty with whom he engages in gay passages of wit; and, to Mamma, who is half in love with him herself, Martin Lambert says; for if fathers are sometimes sulky at the appearance of the destined son-in-law, is it not a fact that mothers become sentimental and, as it were, love their own loves over again?

Gumbo and Sady are for ever on the trot between Southampton Row and Dean Street. In the summer months all sorts of junketings and pleasure-parties are devised; and there are countless proposals to go to Ranelagh, to Hampstead, to Vauxhall, to Marylebone Gardens, and what not. George wants the famous tragedy copied out fair for the stage, and who can write such a beautiful Italian hand as Miss Theo. As the sheets pass to and fro they are accompanied by little notes of thanks, of interrogation, of admiration,



always. See, here is the packet, marked in Warrington's neat hand, "T's letters, 1758-9." Shall we open them and reveal their tender secrets to the public gaze? Those virgin words were whispered for one ear alone. Years after they were written, the husband read, no doubt, with sweet pangs of remembrance, the fond lines addressed to the lover. It were a sacrilege to show the pair to public eyes: only let kind readers be pleased to take our word that the young lady's letters are modest and pure, the gentleman's most respectful and tender. In fine, you see, we have said very little about it; but, in these few last months, Mr. George Warrington has made up his mind that he has found the woman of women. She mayn't be the most beautiful. Why, there is Cousin Flora, there is Coelia, and Ardelia, and a hundred more, who are ever so much more handsome: but her sweet face pleases *him* better than any other in the world. She mayn't be the most clever, but her voice is the dearest and pleasantest to hear; and in her company he is so clever himself; he has such fine thoughts; he uses such eloquent words; he is so generous, noble, witty, that no wonder he delights in it. And, in regard to the young lady, — as thank Heaven I never thought so ill of women as to suppose them to be just, — we may be sure that there is no amount of wit, of wisdom, of beauty, of valour, of virtue with which she does not endow her young hero.

When George's letter reached home, we may fancy that it created no small excitement in the little circle round Madam Esmond's fireside. So he was in love, and wished to marry! It was but natural, and would keep him out of harm's way. If he proposed to unite

himself with a well-bred Christian young woman, Madam saw no harm.

"I knew they would be setting their caps at him," says Mountain. "They fancy that his wealth is as great as his estate. He does not say whether the young lady has money. I fear otherwise."

"People would set their caps at him here, I dare say," says Madam Esmond, grimly looking at her dependant, "and try and catch Mr. Esmond Warrington for their own daughters, who are no richer than Miss Lambert may be."

"I suppose your ladyship means me!" says Mountain. "My Fanny is poor, as you say; and 'tis kind of you to remind me of her poverty!"

"I said people would set their caps at him. If the cap fits you, *tant pis!* as my papa used to say."

"You think, Madam, I am scheming to keep George for my daughter? I thank you, on my word! A good opinion you seem to have of us after the years we have lived together!"

"My dear Mountain, I know you much better than to suppose you could ever fancy your daughter would be a suitable match for a gentleman of Mr. Esmond's rank and station," says Madam, with much dignity.

"Fanny Parker was as good as Molly Benson at school, and Mr. Mountain's daughter is as good as Mr. Lambert's!" Mrs. Mountain cries out.

"Then you *did* think of marrying her to my son? I shall write to Mr. Esmond Warrington, and say how sorry I am that you should be disappointed!" says the mistress of Castlewood. And we, for our parts, may suppose that Mrs. Mountain was disappointed, and had some ambitious views respecting her daughter — else,

why should she have been so angry at the notion of Mr. Warrington's marriage?

In reply to her son, Madam Esmond wrote back that she was pleased with the fraternal love George exhibited; that it was indeed but right in some measure to compensate Harry, whose expectations had led him to adopt a more costly mode of life than he would have entered on had he known he was only a younger son. And with respect to purchasing his promotion, she would gladly halve the expense with Harry's elder brother, being thankful to think his own gallantry had won him his first step. This bestowal of George's money, Madam Esmond added, was at least much more satisfactory than some other extravagances to which she would not advert.

The other extravagance to which Madam alluded was the payment of the ransom to the French captain's family, to which tax George's mother never would choose to submit. She had a determined spirit of her own, which her son inherited. *His* persistence she called pride and obstinacy. What she thought of her own pertinacity, her biographer who lives so far from her time does not pretend to say. Only I daresay people a hundred years ago pretty much resembled their grandchildren of the present date, and loved to have their own way, and to make others follow it.

Now, after paying his own ransom, his brother's debts, and half the price for his promotion, George calculated that no inconsiderable portion of his private patrimony would be swallowed up: nevertheless he made the sacrifice with a perfect good heart. His good mother always enjoined him in her letters to remember who his grandfather was, and to support the dignity of

his family accordingly. She gave him various commissions to purchase goods in England, and though she as yet had sent him very trifling remittances, she alluded so constantly to the exalted rank of the Esmonds, to her desire that he should do nothing unworthy of that illustrious family; she advised him so peremptorily and frequently to appear in the first society of the country, to frequent the Court where his ancestors had been accustomed to move, and to appear always in the world in a manner worthy of his name, that George made no doubt his mother's money would be forthcoming when his own ran short, and generously obeyed her injunctions as to his style of life. I find in the Esmond papers of this period, bills for genteel entertainments, tailors' bills for Court suits supplied, and liveries for his honour's negro servants and chairmen, horse-dealers' receipts, and so forth; and am thus led to believe that the elder of our Virginians was also after a while living at a considerable expense.

He was not wild or extravagant like his brother. There was no talk of gambling or race-horses against Mr. George; his table was liberal, his equipages handsome, his purse always full, the estate to which he was heir was known to be immense. I mention these circumstances because they may probably have influenced the conduct both of George and his friends in that very matter concerning which, as I have said, he and his mother had been just corresponding. The young heir of Virginia was travelling for his pleasure and improvement in foreign kingdoms. The Queen, his mother, was in daily correspondence with his Highness, and constantly enjoined him to act as became his lofty station. There could be no doubt from her letters that

she desired he should live liberally and magnificently. He was perpetually making purchases at his parent's order. She had not settled as yet; on the contrary, she had wrote out by the last mail for twelve new sets of waggon-harness, and an organ that should play fourteen specified psalm-tunes: which articles George dutifully ordered. She had not paid as yet, and might not to-day or to-morrow, but eventually, of course, she would: and Mr. Warrington never thought of troubling his friends about these calculations, or discussing with them his mother's domestic affairs. They, on their side, took for granted that he was in a state of competence and ease, and, without being mercenary folks, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were no doubt pleased to see an attachment growing up between their daughter and a young gentleman of such good principles, talents, family, and expectations. There was honesty in all Mr. Esmond Warrington's words and actions, and in his behaviour to the world a certain grandeur and simplicity, which showed him to be a true gentleman. Somewhat cold and haughty in his demeanor to strangers, especially towards the great, he was not in the least supercilious: he was perfectly courteous towards women, and with those people whom he loved, especially kind, amiable, lively, and tender.

No wonder that one young woman we know of got to think him the best man in all the world — alas! not even excepting Papa. A great love felt by a man towards a woman makes him better, as regards her, than all other men. We have said that George used to wonder himself when he found how witty, how eloquent, how wise he was, when he talked with the fair young creature whose heart had become all his. . . .

I say we will not again listen to their love whispers. Those soft words do not bear being written down. If you please — good sir, or madam, who are sentimentally inclined — lay down the book and think over certain things for yourself. You may be ever so old now; but you remember. It may be all dead and buried; but in a moment, up it springs out of its grave, and looks, and smiles, and whispers as of yore when it clung to your arm, and dropped fresh tears on your heart. It is here, and alive, did I say? O far, far away! O lonely hearth and cold ashes! Here is the vase, but the roses are gone; here is the shore, and yonder the ship was moored; but the anchors are up, and it has sailed away for ever.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. This, however, is mere sentimentality; and as regards George and Theo, is neither here nor there. What I mean to say is, that the young lady's family were perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs between her and Mr. Warrington; and though he had not as yet asked the decisive question, everybody else knew what the answer would be when it came.

Mamma perhaps thought the question was a long time coming.

"Psha! my dear!" says the General. "There is time enough in all conscience. Theo is not much more than seventeen; George, if I mistake not, is under forty; and, besides, he must have time to write to Virginia, and ask Mamma."

"But suppose she refuses?"

"That will be a bad day for old and young," says the General. "Let us rather say, suppose she consents, my love? — I can't fancy anybody in the world re-

fusing Theo anything she has set her heart on," adds the father: "and I am sure 'tis bent upon this match."

So they all waited with the utmost anxiety until an answer from Madam Esmond should arrive; and trembled lest the French privateers should take the packet-ship by which the precious letter was conveyed.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

In which a Tragedy is acted, and two more are begun.

JAMES WOLFE, Harry's new Colonel, came back from America a few weeks after our Virginian had joined his regiment. Wolfe had previously been Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley's, and a second battalion of the regiment had been formed and given to him in reward for his distinguished gallantry and services at Cape Breton. Harry went with quite unfeigned respect and cordiality to pay his duty to his new Commander, on whom the eyes of the world began to be turned now, — the common opinion being that he was likely to become a great General. In the late affairs in France, several officers of great previous repute had been tried and found lamentably wanting. The Duke of Marlborough had shown himself no worthy descendant of his great ancestor. About my Lord George Sackville's military genius there were doubts, even before his unhappy behaviour at Minden prevented a great victory. The nation was longing for military glory, and the minister was anxious to find a general who might gratify the eager desire of the people. Mr. Wolfe's and Mr. Lambert's business keeping them both in London, the friendly intercourse between those officers was renewed, no one being more delighted than Lambert at his younger friend's good fortune.

Harry, when he was away from his duty, was never tired of hearing Mr. Wolfe's details of the military operations of the last year, about which Wolfe talked



very freely and openly. Whatever thought was in his mind, he appears to have spoken it out generously. He had that heroic simplicity which distinguished Nelson afterwards: he talked frankly of his actions. Some of the fine gentlemen at St. James's might wonder and sneer at him; but amongst our little circle of friends we may be sure he found admiring listeners. The young General had the romance of a boy on many matters. He delighted in music and poetry. On the last day of his life he said he would rather have written Grey's *Elegy* than have won a battle. We may be sure that with a gentleman of such literary tastes our friend George would become familiar; and as they were both in love, and both accepted lovers, and both eager for happiness, no doubt they must have had many sentimental conversations together which would be very interesting to report could we only have accurate accounts of them. In one of his later letters, Warrington writes:

"I had the honour of knowing the famous General Wolfe, and seeing much of him during his last stay in London. We had a subject of conversation then which was of unfailling interest to both of us, and I could not but admire Mr. Wolfe's simplicity, his frankness, and a sort of glorious bravery which characterised him. He was much in love, and he wanted heaps and heaps of laurels to take to his mistress. 'If it be a sin to covet honour,' he used to say with Harry the Fifth (he was passionately fond of plays and poetry), 'I am the most offending soul alive.' Surely on his last day he had a feast which was enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for glory. He hungered after it. He seemed to me not merely like a soldier going resolutely to do his duty, but rather like a knight in quest of dragons and giants.

My own country has furnished of late a chief of a very different order, and quite an opposite genius. I scarce know which to admire most. The Briton's chivalrous ardour, or the more than Roman constancy of our great Virginian."

As Mr. Lambert's official duties detained him in London, his family remained contentedly with him, and I suppose Mr. Warrington was so satisfied with the rural quiet of Southampton Row and the beautiful flowers and trees of Bedford Gardens, that he did not care to quit London for any long period. He made his pilgrimage to Castlewood, and passed a few days there, occupying the chamber of which he had often heard his grandfather talk, and which Colonel Esmond had occupied as a boy: and he was received kindly enough by such members of the family as happened to be at home. But no doubt he loved better to be in London by the side of a young person in whose society he found greater pleasure than any which my Lord Castlewood's circle could afford him, though all the ladies were civil, and Lady Maria especially gracious, and enchanted with the tragedy which George and Parson Sampson read out to the ladies. The Chaplain was enthusiastic in its praises, and indeed it was through his interest and not through Mr. Johnson's after all, that Mr. Warrington's piece ever came on the stage. Mr. Johnson, it is true, pressed the play on his friend Mr. Garrick for Drury Lane, but Garrick had just made an arrangement with the famous Mr. Home for a tragedy from the pen of the author of Douglas. Accordingly, Carpezan was carried to Mr. Rich at Covent Garden, and accepted by that manager.

On the night of the production of the piece, Mr.

Warrington gave an elegant entertainment to his friends at the Bedford Head, in Covent Garden, whence they adjourned in a body to the theatre; leaving only one or two with our young author, who remained at the Coffee House, where friends from time to time came to him with an account of the performance. The part of Carpezan was filled by Barry, Shuter was the old nobleman, Reddish, I need scarcely say, made an excellent Ulric, and the King of Bohemia was by a young actor from Dublin, Mr. Geoghegan, or Hagan as he was called on the stage, and who looked and performed the part to admiration. Mrs. Woffington looked too old in the first act as the heroine, but her murder in the fourth act, about which great doubts were expressed, went off to the terror and delight of the audience. Miss Wayn sang the ballad which is supposed to be sung by the king's page, just at the moment of the unhappy wife's execution, and all agreed that Barry was very terrible and pathetic as Carpezan, especially in the execution scene. The grace and elegance of the young actor, Gahagan, won general applause. The piece was put very elegantly on the stage by Mr. Rich, though there was some doubt whether, in the march of Janisaries in the last, the manager was correct in introducing a favourite elephant, which had figured in various pantomimes, and by which one of Mr. Warrington's black servants marched in a Turkish habit. The other sate in the footman's gallery, and uproariously wept and applauded at the proper intervals.

The execution of Sybilla was the turning point of the piece. Her head off, George's friends breathed freely, and one messenger after another came to him at the Coffee House, to announce the complete success of

the tragedy. Mr. Barry, amidst general applause, announced the play for repetition, and that it was the work of a young gentleman of Virginia, his first attempt in the dramatic style.

We should like to have been in the box where all our friends were seated during the performance, to have watched Hetty's flutter and anxiety whilst the success of the play seemed dubious, and have beheld the blushes and the sparkles in her eyes, when the victory was assured. Harry, during the little trouble in the fourth act, was deadly pale — whiter, Mrs. Lambert said, than Barry, with all his chalk. But if Briareus could have clapped hands, he could scarcely have made more noise than Harry at the end of the piece. Mr. Wolfe and General Lambert huzzayed enthusiastically. Mrs. Lambert, of course, cried: and though Hetty said, "Why do you cry, Mamma? You don't want any of them alive again; you know it serves them all right:" — the girl was really as much delighted as any person present, including little Charley from the Chartreux, who had leave from Dr. Crusius for that evening, and Miss Lucy, who had been brought from boarding-school on purpose to be present on the great occasion. My Lord Castlewood and his sister, Lady Maria, were present; and his lordship went from his box and complimented Mr. Barry and the other actors on the stage; and Parson Sampson was invaluable in the pit, where he led the applause, having, I believe, given previous instructions to Gumbo to keep an eye upon him from the gallery, and do as he did.

Be sure there was a very jolly supper of Mr. Warrington's friends that night — much more jolly than Mr. Garrick's, for example, who made but a very poor

success with his Agis and its dreary choruses, and who must have again felt that he had missed a good chance, in preferring Mr. Home's tragedy to our young author's. A jolly supper, did we say? — Many jolly suppers. Mr. Gumbo gave an entertainment to several gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who had concurred in supporting his master's masterpiece; Mr. Henry Warrington gave a supper at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, to ten officers of his new regiment, who had come up for the express purpose of backing Carpezan; and finally, Mr. Warrington received the three principal actors of the tragedy, our family party from the side box, Mr. Johnson and his ingenious friend, Mr. Reynolds the painter, my Lord Castlewood and his sister, and one or two more. My Lady Maria happened to sit next to the young actor who had performed the part of the king. Mr. Warrington somehow had Miss Theo for a neighbour, and no doubt passed a pleasant evening beside her. The greatest animation and cordiality prevailed, and when toasts were called, Lady Maria gaily gave "The King of Hungary" for hers. That gentleman, who had plenty of eloquence and fire, and excellent manners, on as well as off the stage, protested that he had already suffered death in the course of the evening, hoped that he should die a hundred times more on the same field; but, dead or living, vowed he knew whose humble servant he ever should be. Ah, if he had but a real crown in place of his diadem of pasteboard and tinsel, with what joy would he lay it at her ladyship's feet! Neither my lord nor Mr. Esmond were over well pleased with the gentleman's exceeding gallantry — a part of which they attributed, no doubt justly, to the wine and punch, of which he had been partaking very freely.

Theo and her sister, who were quite new to the world, were a little frightened by the exceeding energy of Mr. Hagan's manner — but Lady Maria, much more experienced, took it in perfectly good part. At a late hour coaches were called, to which the gentlemen attended the ladies, after whose departure some of them returned to the supper-room, and the end was that Carpezan had to be carried away in a chair, and that the King of Hungary had a severe headache; and that the Poet, though he remembered making a great number of speeches, was quite astounded when half a dozen of his guests appeared at his house the next day, whom he had invited over night to come and sup with him once more.

As he put Mrs. Lambert and her daughters into their coach on the night previous, all the ladies were flurried, delighted, excited; and you may be sure our gentleman was with them the next day, to talk of the play and audience, and the actors, and the beauties of the piece, over and over again. Mrs. Lambert had heard that the ladies of the theatre were dangerous company for young men. She hoped George would have a care, and not frequent the green-room too much.

George smiled, and said he had a preventive against all green-room temptations, of which he was not in the least afraid; and as he spoke he looked in Theo's face, as if in those eyes lay the amulet which was to preserve him from all danger.

"Why should he be afraid, Mamma?" asks the maiden simply. She had no idea of danger or of guile.

"No, my darling, I don't think he need be afraid," says the mother, kissing her.

"You don't suppose Mr. George would fall in love

with that painted old creature who performed the chief part?" asks Miss Hetty, with a toss of her head. "She must be old enough to be his mother."

"Pray, do you suppose that at our age nobody can care for us, or that we have no hearts left?" asks Mamma, very tartly. "I believe, or I may say, I hope and trust, your father thinks otherwise. *He* is, I imagine, perfectly satisfied, miss. *He* does not sneer at age, whatever little girls out of the schoolroom may do. And they had much better be back there, and they had much better remember what the fifth commandment is — that they had, Hetty!"

"I didn't think I was breaking it by saying that an actress was as old as George's mother," pleaded Hetty.

"George's mother is as old as I am, miss! — at least she was when we were *at school*. And Fanny Parker — Mrs. Mountain who now is — was seven months older, and we were in the French class together; and I have no idea that our age is to be made the subject of remarks and ridicule by our children, and I will thank you to spare it, if you please! Do you consider your mother too old, George?"

"I am glad my mother is of your age, Aunt Lambert," says George, in the most sentimental manner.

Strange infatuation of passion — singular perversity of reason! At some period before his marriage, it not unfrequently happens that a man actually is fond of his mother-in-law! At this time our good General vowed, and with some reason, that he was jealous. Mrs. Lambert made much more of George than of any other person in the family. She dressed up Theo to the utmost advantage in order to meet him; she was for ever caressing her, and appealing to her when he spoke.

It was, "Don't you think he looks well?" — "Don't you think he looks pale, Theo, to-day?" — "Don't you think he has been sitting up over his books too much at night?" and so forth. If he had a cold, she would have liked to make gruel for him and see his feet in hot water. She sent him recipes of her own for his health. When he was away, she never ceased talking about him to her daughter. I daresay Miss Theo liked the subject well enough. When he came, she was sure to be wanted in some other part of the house, and would bid Theo take care of him till she returned. Why, before she returned to the room, could you hear her talking outside the door to her youngest innocent children, to her servants in the upper regions, and so forth? When she re-appeared, was not Mr. George always standing or sitting at a considerable distance from Miss Theo — except, to be sure, on that one day when she had just happened to drop her scissors, and he had naturally stooped down to pick them up? Why was she blushing? Were not youthful cheeks made to blush, and roses to bloom in the spring? Not that Mamma ever noted the blushes, but began quite an artless conversation about this or that, as she sate down brimful of happiness to her work-table.

And at last there came a letter from Virginia in Madam Esmond's neat, well-known hand, and over which George trembled and blushed before he broke the seal. It was in answer to the letter which he had sent home, respecting his brother's commission and his own attachment to Miss Lambert. Of his intentions respecting Harry, Madam Esmond fully approved. As for his marriage, she was not against early marriages. She would take his picture of Miss Lambert with the



allowance that was to be made for lovers' portraits, and hope, for his sake, that the young lady was all he described her to be. With money, as Madam Esmond gathered from her son's letter, she did not appear to be provided at all, which was a pity, as, though wealthy in land, their family had but little ready-money. However, by Heaven's blessing, there was plenty at home for children and children's children, and the wives of her sons should share all she had. When she heard more at length from Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, she would reply for her part more fully. She did not pretend to say that she had not greater hopes for her son, as a gentleman of his name and prospects might pretend to the hand of the first lady of the land; but as Heaven had willed that her son's choice should fall upon her old friend's daughter, she acquiesced, and would welcome George's wife as her own child. This letter was brought by Mr. Van den Bosch of Albany, who had lately bought a very large estate in Virginia, and who was bound for England to put his grand-daughter to a boarding-school. She, Madam Esmond, was not mercenary, nor was it because this young lady was heiress of a very great fortune that she desired her sons to pay Mr. Van d. B. every attention. Their properties lay close together, and could Harry find in the young lady those qualities of person and mind *suitable for a companion for life*, at least she would have the satisfaction of seeing both her children near her in her declining years. Madam Esmond concluded by sending her affectionate compliments to Mrs. Lambert, from whom she begged to hear further, and her blessing to the young lady who was to be her daughter-in-law.

The letter was not cordial, and the writer evidently

but half satisfied; but, such as it was, her consent was here formally announced. How eagerly George ran away to Soho with the long-desired news in his pocket! I suppose our worthy friends there must have read his news in his countenance — else why should Mrs. Lambert take her daughter's hand and kiss her with such uncommon warmth, when George announced that he had received letters from home? Then, with a break in his voice, a pallid face, and a considerable tremor, turning to Mr. Lambert, he said: "Madam Esmond's letter, sir, is in reply to one of mine, in which I acquainted her that I had formed an attachment in England, for which I asked my mother's approval. She gives her consent, I am grateful to say, and I have to pray my dear friends to be equally kind to me."

"God bless thee, my dear boy!" says the good General, laying a hand on the young man's head. "I am glad to have thee for a son, George. There, there, don't go down on your knees, young folks! George may, to be sure, and thank God for giving him the best little wife in all England. Yes, my dear, except when you were ill, you never caused me a heartache — and happy is the man, I say, who wins thee!"

I have no doubt the young people knelt before their parents, as was the fashion in those days; and am perfectly certain that Mrs. Lambert kissed both of them, and likewise bedewed her pocket-handkerchief in the most plentiful manner. Hetty was not present at this sentimental scene, and when she heard of it, spoke with considerable asperity, and a laugh that was by no means pleasant, saying: "Is this all the news you have to give me? Why, I have known it these months past. Do you think I have no eyes to see,

and no ears to hear, indeed?" But in private she was much more gentle. She flung herself on her sister's neck, embracing her passionately, and vowing that never, never would Theo find anyone to love her like her sister. With Theo she became entirely mild and humble. She could not abstain from her jokes and satire with George, but he was too happy to heed her much, and too generous not to see the cause of her jealousy.

When all parties concerned came to read Madam Esmond's letter, that document, it is true, appeared rather vague. It contained only a promise that she would receive the young people at her house, and no sort of proposal for a settlement. The General shook his head over the letter — he did not think of examining it until some days after the engagement had been made between George and his daughter: but now he read Madam Esmond's words, they gave him but small encouragement.

"Bah!" says George. "I shall have three hundred pounds for my tragedy. I can easily write a play a-year; and if the worst comes to the worst, we can live on that."

"On that and your patrimony," says Theo's father.

George now had to explain, with some hesitation, that what with paying bills for his mother, and Harry's commission and debts, and his own ransom — George's patrimony proper was well nigh spent.

Mr. Lambert's countenance looked graver still at this announcement, but he saw his girl's eyes turned towards him with an alarm so tender, that he took her in his arms and vowed that, let the worst come to the worst, his darling should not be baulked of her wish.

About the going back to Virginia, George frankly

owned that he little liked the notion of returning to be entirely dependent on his mother. He gave General Lambert an idea of his life at home, and explained how little to his taste that slavery was. No. Why should he not stay in England, write more tragedies, study for the bar, get a place, perhaps? Why, indeed? He straightway began to form a plan for another tragedy. He brought portions of his work, from time to time, to Miss Theo and her sister: Hetty yawned over the work; but Theo pronounced it to be still more beautiful and admirable than the last, which was perfect.

The engagement of our young friends was made known to the members of their respective families, and announced to Sir Miles Warrington, in a ceremonious letter from his nephew. For a while Sir Miles saw no particular objection to the marriage; though, to be sure, considering his name and prospects, Mr. Warrington might have looked higher. The truth was, that Sir Miles imagined that Madam Esmond had made some considerable settlement on her son, and that his circumstances were more than easy. But when he heard that George was entirely dependent on his mother, and that his own small patrimony was dissipated, as Harry's had been before, Sir Miles's indignation at his nephew's imprudence knew no bounds; he could not find words to express his horror and anger at the want of principle exhibited by both these unhappy young men: he thought it his duty to speak his mind about them, and wrote his opinion to his sister Esmond in Virginia. As for General and Mrs. Lambert, who passed for respectable persons, was it to be borne that such people should inveigle a penniless young man into a marriage with their penniless daughter? Regarding them, and George's be-

haviour, Sir Miles fully explained his views to Madam Esmond, gave half a finger to George whenever his nephew called on him in town, and did not even invite him to partake of the famous family small-beer. Towards Harry his uncle somewhat unbent; Harry had done his duty in the campaign, and was mentioned with praise in high quarters. He had sown his wild oats, — he at least was endeavouring to amend; but George was a young prodigal, fast careering to ruin, and his name was only mentioned in the family with a groan. Are there any poor fellows now-a-days, I wonder, whose polite families fall on them and persecute them; groan over them and stone them, and hand stones to their neighbours that they may do likewise? All the patrimony spent! Gracious Heavens! Sir Miles turned pale when he saw his nephew coming. Lady Warrington prayed for him as a dangerous reprobate; and, in the mean time, George was walking the town, quite unconscious that he was occasioning so much wrath and so much devotion. He took little Miley to the play and brought him back again. He sent tickets to his aunt and cousins which they could not refuse, you know; it would look too marked were they to break altogether. So they not only took the tickets, but whenever country constituents came to town they asked for more, taking care to give the very worst motives to George's intimacy with the theatre, and to suppose that he and the actresses were on terms of the most disgraceful intimacy. An august personage having been to the theatre, and expressed his approbation of Mr. Warrington's drama to Sir Miles, when he attended his R-y-l H-ghn-ss's levee at Saville House, Sir Miles, to be sure, modified his opinion regarding the piece, and spoke henceforth

more respectfully of it. Meanwhile, as we have said, George was passing his life entirely careless of the opinion of all the uncles, aunts, and cousins in the world.

Most of the Esmond cousins were at least more polite and cordial than George's kinsfolk of the Warrington side. In spite of his behaviour over the cards, Lord Castlewood, George always maintained, had a liking for our Virginians, and George was pleased enough to be in his company. He was a far abler man than many who succeeded in life. He had a good name, and somehow only stained it; a considerable wit, and nobody trusted it; and a very shrewd experience and knowledge of mankind, which made him mistrust them, and himself most of all, and which perhaps was the bar to his own advancement. My Lady Castlewood, a woman of the world, wore always a bland mask, and received Mr. George with perfect civility, and welcomed him to lose as many guineas as he liked at her ladyship's card-tables. Between Mr. William and the Virginian brothers there never was any love lost; but, as for Lady Maria, though her love affair was over, she had no rancour; she professed for her cousins a very great regard and affection, a part of which the young gentlemen very gratefully returned. She was charmed to hear of Harry's valour in the campaign; she was delighted with George's success at the theatre; she was for ever going to the play, and had all the favourite passages of Carpezan by heart. One day, as Mr. George and Miss Theo were taking a sentimental walk in Kensington Gardens, whom should they light upon but their Cousin Maria in company with a gentleman in a smart suit and handsome laced-hat, and who should the gen-

tleman be but his Majesty King Louis of Hungary, Mr. Hagan? He saluted the party, and left them presently. Lady Maria had only just happened to meet him. Mr. Hagan came sometimes, he said, for quiet, to study his parts in Kensington Gardens, and George and the two ladies walked together to Lord Castlewood's door in Kensington Square, Lady Maria uttering a thousand compliments to Theo upon her good looks, upon her virtue, upon her future happiness, upon her Papa and Mamma, upon her destined husband, upon her paduasoy cloak and dear little feet and shoe-buckles.

Harry happened to come to London that evening, and slept at his accustomed quarters. When George appeared at breakfast, the Captain was already in the room (the custom of that day was to call all army gentlemen Captains), and looking at the letters on the breakfast-table.

"Why, George," he cries, "there is a letter from Maria!"

"Little boy bring it from Common Garden last night — Master George asleep," says Gumbo.

"What can it be about?" asks Harry, as George peruses his letter with a queer expression of face.

"About my play, to be sure," George answers, tearing up the paper, and still wearing his queer look.

"What, she is not writing love-letters to *you*, is she, Georgy?"

"No, certainly not to me," replies the other. But he spoke no word more about the letter; and when at dinner in Dean Street, Mrs. Lambert said, "So you met somebody walking with the King of Hungary yesterday in Kensington Gardens?"

"What little tell-tale told you?"

"A mere casual rencontre — the King goes there to study his parts, and Lady Maria happened to be crossing the garden to visit some of the *other* King's servants at Kensington Palace." And so there was an end to that matter for the time being.

Other events were at hand fraught with interest to our Virginians. One evening after Christmas, the two gentlemen, with a few more friends, were met round General Lambert's supper-table, and among the company was Harry's new Colonel of the 67th, Major-General Wolfe. The young General was more than ordinarily grave. The conversation all related to the war. Events of great importance were pending. The great minister now in power was determined to carry on the war on a much more extended scale than had been attempted hitherto: an army was ordered to Germany to help Prince Ferdinand, another great expedition was preparing for America, and here, says Mr. Lambert, "I will give you the health of the Commander — a glorious campaign, and a happy return to him!"

"Why do you not drink the toast, General James?" asked the hostess of her guest.

"He must not drink his own toast," says General Lambert; "it is we must do that!"

"What? was James appointed? — All the ladies must drink such a toast as that," and they mingled their kind voices with the applause of the rest of the company.

Why did he look so melancholy? the ladies asked of one another when they withdrew. In after days they remembered his pale face.

"Perhaps he has been parting from his sweetheart,"



suggests tender-hearted Mrs. Lambert. And at this sentimental notion, no doubt all the ladies looked sad.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, continued their talk about the war and its chances. Mr. Wolfe did not contradict the speakers when they said that the expedition was to be directed against Canada.

"Ah, sir," says Harry, "I wish your regiment was going with you, and that I might pay another visit to my old friends at Quebec."

What, had Harry been there? Yes. He described his visit to the place five years before, and knew the city, and the neighbourhood, well. He lays a number of bits of biscuit on the table before him, and makes a couple of rivulets of punch on each side. "This fork is the Isle d'Orleans," says he, "with the north and south branches of St. Lawrence on each side. Here's the Low town, with a battery — how many guns was mounted there in our time, brother? — but at long shots from the St. Joseph shore you might play the same game. Here's what they call the little river, the St. Charles, and a bridge of boats with a tête du pont over to the place of arms. Here's the citadel, and here's convents — ever so many convents — and the cathedral; and here, outside the lines to the west and south, is what they call the Plains of Abraham — where a certain little affair took place, do you remember, brother? He and a young officer of the Rousillon regiment *ça ça'd* at each other for twenty minutes, and George pinked him, and then they *juré'd* each other an *amitié éternelle*. Well it was for George: for his second saved his life on that awful day of Braddock's defeat. He was a fine little fellow, and I give his toast: '*Je bois à la santé du Chevalier de Florac!*'"

“What, can you speak French too, Harry?” asks Mr. Wolfe. The young man looked at the General with eager eyes.

“Yes,” says he, “I can speak, but not so well as George.”

“But he remembers the city, and can place the batteries, you see, and knows the ground a thousand times better than I do!” cries the elder brother.

The two elder officers exchanged looks with one another; Mr. Lambert smiled and nodded, as if in reply to the mute queries of his comrade: on which the other spoke. “Mr. Harry,” he said, “if you have had enough of fine folks, and White’s, and horse-racing —”

“O, sir!” says the young man, turning very red.

“And if you have a mind to a sea-voyage at a short notice, come and see me at my lodgings to-morrow.”

What was that sudden uproar of cheers which the ladies heard in their drawing-room? It was the hurrah which Harry Warrington gave when he leaped up at hearing the General’s invitation.

The women saw no more of the gentlemen that night. General Lambert had to be away upon his business early next morning, before seeing any of his family; nor had he mentioned a word of Harry’s outbreak on the previous evening. But when he rejoined his folks at dinner, a look at Miss Hetty’s face informed the worthy gentleman that she knew what had passed on the night previous, and what was about to happen to the young Virginian. After dinner Mrs. Lambert sat demurely at her work, Miss Theo took her book of Italian Poetry. Neither of the General’s customary guests happened to be present that evening.

He took little Hetty's hand in his, and began to talk with her. He did not allude to the subject which he knew was uppermost in her mind, except that by a more than ordinary gentleness and kindness he perhaps caused her to understand that her thoughts were known to him.

"I have breakfasted," says he, "with James Wolfe this morning, and our friend Harry was of the party. When he and the other guests were gone, I remained and talked with James about the great expedition on which he is going to sail. Would that his brave father had lived a few months longer to see him come back covered with honours from Louisbourg, and knowing that all England was looking to him to achieve still greater glory! James is dreadfully ill in body — so ill that I am frightened for him — and not a little depressed in mind at having to part from the young lady whom he has loved so long. A little rest, he thinks, might have set his shattered frame up; and to call her his has been the object of his life. But, great as his love is (and he is as romantic as one of you young folks of seventeen), honour and duty are greater, and he leaves home, and wife, and ease, and health, at their bidding. Every man of honour would do the like; every woman who loves him truly would buckle on his armour for him. James goes to take leave of his mother to-night; and though she loves him devotedly, and is one of the tenderest women in the world, I am sure she will show no sign of weakness at his going away."

"When does he sail, Papa?" the girl asked.

"He will be on board in five days." And Hetty knew quite well who sailed with him.

## CHAPTER XX.

In which Harry goes Westward.

OUR tender hearts are averse to all ideas and descriptions of parting; and I shall therefore say nothing of Harry Warrington's feelings at taking leave of his brother and friends. Were not thousands of men in the same plight? Had not Mr. Wolfe his mother to kiss (his brave father had quitted life during his son's absence on the glorious Louisbourg campaign), and his sweetheart to clasp in a farewell embrace? Had not stout Admiral Holmes, before sailing westward with his squadron, The Somerset, The Terrible, The Northumberland, The Royal William, The Trident, The Diana, The Sea-horse — his own flag being hoisted on board The Dublin — to take leave of Mrs. and the Misses Holmes? Was Admiral Saunders, who sailed the day after him, exempt from human feeling? Away go William and his crew of jovial sailors, ploughing through the tumbling waves, and poor Black-eyed Susan on shore watches the ship as it dwindles in the sunset.

It dwindles in the West. The night falls darkling over the ocean. They are gone: but their hearts are at home yet awhile. In silence, with a heart inexpressibly soft and tender, how each man thinks of those he has left! What a chorus of pitiful prayer rises up to the Father, at sea and on shore, on that parting night: at home by the vacant bedside, where the wife

kneels in tears; round the fire, where the mother and children together pour out their supplications: or on deck, where the sea-farer looks up to the stars of heaven, as the ship cleaves through the roaring midnight waters! To-morrow the sun rises upon our common life again, and we commence our daily task of toil and duty.

George accompanies his brother, and stays awhile with him at Portsmouth whilst they are waiting for a wind. He shakes Mr. Wolfe's hand, looks at his pale face for the last time, and sees the vessels depart amid the clangour of bells, and the thunder of cannon from the shore. Next day he is back at his home, and at that business which is sure one of the most selfish and absorbing of the world's occupations, to which almost every man who is thirty years old has served ere this his apprenticeship. He has a pang of sadness, as he looks in at the lodgings to the little room which Harry used to occupy, and sees his half-burned papers still in the grate. In a few minutes he is on his way to Dean Street again, and whispering by the fitful firelight in the ear of the clinging sweetheart. She is very happy — O so happy! at his return. She is ashamed of being so. Is it not heartless to be so, when poor Hetty is so melancholy? Poor little Hetty! Indeed, it *is* selfish to be glad when she is in such a sad way. It makes one quite wretched to see her. "Don't, sir! Well, I *ought* to be wretched, and it's very, very wicked of me if I'm not," says Theo; and one can understand her soft-hearted repentance. What she means by "Don't" who can tell? I have said the room was dark, and the fire-burned fitfully — and "Don't" is no doubt uttered in one of the dark fits. Enter servants

with supper and lights. The family arrives; the conversation becomes general. The destination of the fleet is known everywhere now. The force on board is sufficient to beat all the French in Canada; and, under such an officer as Wolfe, to repair the blunders and disasters of previous campaigns. He looked dreadfully ill, indeed. But he has a great soul in a feeble body. The ministers, the country hope the utmost from him. After supper, according to custom, Mr. Lambert assembles his modest household, of whom George Warrington may be said quite to form a part; and as he prays for all travellers by land and water, Theo and her sister are kneeling together. And so, as the ship speeds farther and farther into the West, the fond thoughts pursue it; and the night passes, and the sun rises.

A day or two more, and everybody is at his books or his usual work. As for George Warrington, that celebrated dramatist is busy about another composition. When the tragedy of Carpezan had run some thirty or two-score nights, other persons of genius took possession of the theatre.

There may have been persons who wondered how the town could be so fickle as ever to tire of such a masterpiece as the Tragedy — who could not bear to see the actors dressed in other habits, reciting other men's verses; but George, of a sceptical turn of mind, took the fate of his Tragedy very philosophically, and pocketed the proceeds with much quiet satisfaction. From Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller, he had the usual complement of a hundred pounds; from the manager of the theatre two hundred or more; and such praises from the critics and his friends, that he set to work to

prepare another piece, with which he hoped to achieve even greater successes than by his first performance.

Over these studies, and the other charming business which occupies him, months pass away. Happy business! Happiest time of youth and life, when love is first spoken and returned; when the dearest eyes are daily shining welcome, and the fondest lips never tire of whispering their sweet secrets; when the parting look that accompanies "Good night!" gives delightful warning of to-morrow; when the heart is so overflowing with love and happiness, that it has to spare for all the world; when the day closes with glad prayers, and opens with joyful hopes; when doubt seems cowardice, misfortune impossible, poverty only a sweet trial of constancy! Theo's elders, thankfully remembering their own prime, sit softly by and witness this pretty comedy performed by their young people. And in one of his later letters, dutifully written to his wife during a temporary absence from home, George Warrington records how he had been to look up at the windows of the dear old house in Dean Street, and wondered who was sitting in the chamber where he and Theo had been so happy.

Meanwhile we can learn how the time passes, and our friends are engaged, by some extracts from George's letters to his brother.

"FROM the old window opposite Bedford Gardens,  
this 20th August, 1759.

"WHY are you gone back to rugged rocks, bleak shores, burning summers, nipping winters, at home, when you might have been cropping ever so many laurels in Germany? Kingsley's are coming back as

covered with 'em as Jack-a-Green on May-day. Our six regiments did wonders; and our horse would have done if my Lord George Sackville only had let them. But when Prince Ferdinand said 'Charge!' his lordship could not hear, or could not translate the German word for 'Forward;' and so we only beat the French, without utterly annihilating them, as we might, had Lord Granby or Mr. Warrington had the command. My lord is come back to town, and is shouting for a Court Martial. He held his head high enough in prosperity; in misfortune he shows such a constancy of arrogance that one almost admires him. He looks as if he rather envied poor Mr. Byng, and the not shooting him were a *manque d'égards* towards him.

"The Duke has had notice to get himself in readiness for departing from this world of grandeurs and victories, and downfalls and disappointments. An attack of palsy has visited his Royal Highness; and *pallida mors* has just peeped in at his door, as it were, and said, 'I will call again.' Tyrant as he was, this prince has been noble in disgrace; and no king has ever had a truer servant than ours has found in his son. Why do I like the losing side always, and am I disposed to revolt against the winners? Your famous Mr. P —, your chief's patron and discoverer, I have been to hear in the House of Commons twice or thrice. I revolt against his magniloquence. I wish some little David would topple over that swelling giant. His thoughts and his language are always attitudinising. I like Barry's manner best, though the other is the more awful actor.

"Pocahontas gets on apace. Barry likes his part of Captain Smith; and, though he will have him wear



a red coat and blue facings and an epaulet, I have a fancy to dress him exactly like one of the pictures of Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen at Hampton Court: with a ruff and a square beard and square shoes. 'And Pocahontas — would you like her to be tattooed?' asks Uncle Lambert. Hagan's part as the warrior who is in love with her, and, seeing her partiality for the Captain, nobly rescues him from death, I trust will prove a hit. A strange fish is this Hagan: his mouth full of stage-plays and rant, but good, honest, and brave, if I don't err. He is angry at having been cast lately for Sir O'Brallaghan, in Mr. Macklin's new farce of *Love A-la-mode*. He says that he does not keer to disgreece his tongue with imiteetions of that rascal brogue. As if there was any call for imiteetions, when he has such an admirable twang of his own!

"Shall I tell you? Shall I hide the circumstance? Shall I hurt your feelings? Shall I set you in a rage of jealousy, and cause you to ask for leave to return to Europe? Know, then, that though Carpezan is long since dead, Cousin Maria is for ever coming to the play-house. Tom Spencer has spied her out night after night in the gallery, and she comes on the night when Hagan performs. Quick, Burroughs, Mr. Warrington's boots and portmanteau! Order a chaise and four for Portsmouth immediately! The letter which I burned one morning when we were at breakfast (I may let the cat out of the bag, now puss has such a prodigious way to run) was from Cousin M., hinting that she wished me to tell no tales about her: but I can't help just whispering to you that Maria at this moment is busy consoling herself as fast as possible. Shall I spoil sport? Shall I tell her brother? Is the affair any busi-

ness of mine? What have the Esmonds done for you and me but win our money at cards? Yet I like our noble cousin. It seems to me that he would be good if he could — or rather, he would have been once. He has been set on a wrong way of life, from which 'tis now probably too late to rescue him. *O beati agricolæ!* Our Virginia was dull, but let us thank Heaven we were bred there. We were made little slaves, but not slaves to wickedness, gambling, bad male and female company. It was not until my poor Harry left home that he fell among thieves. I mean thieves *en grand*, such as waylaid him and stripped him on English high-roads. I consider you none the worse because you were the unlucky one, and had to deliver your purse up. And now you are going to retrieve, and make a good name for yourself; and kill more 'French dragons,' and become a great commander. And our mother will talk of her son the Captain, the Colonel, the General, and have his picture painted with all his stars and epaulets, when poor I shall be but a dawdling poetaster, or, if we may hope for the best, a snug placeman, with a little box at Richmond or Kew, and a half-score of little picaninnies, that will come and bob curtseys at the garden-gate when their uncle the General rides up on his great charger, with his aide-de-camp's pockets filled with ginger-bread for the nephews and nieces. 'Tis for you to brandish the sword of Mars. As for me I look forward to a quiet life: a quiet little home, a quiet little library full of books, and a little *Some one dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem,* on t' other side of the fire, as I scribble away at my papers. I am so pleased with this prospect, so utterly contented and happy, that I feel afraid as I think of

it, lest it should escape me; and, even to my dearest Hal, am shy of speaking of my happiness. What is ambition to me, with this certainty? What do I care for wars, with this beatific peace smiling near?

“Our mother’s friend, Mynheer Van den Bosch, has been away on a tour to discover his family in Holland, and, strange to say, has found one. Miss (who was intended by maternal solicitude to be a wife for your worship) has had six months at Kensington School, and is coming out with a hundred pretty accomplishments, which are to complete her a perfect fine lady. Her Papa brought her to make a curtsey in Dean Street, and a mighty elegant curtsey she made. Though she is scarce seventeen, no dowager of sixty can be more at her ease. She conversed with Aunt Lambert on an equal footing; she treated the girls as chits — to Hetty’s wrath and Theo’s amusement. She talked politics with the General, and the last routs, dresses, operas, fashions, scandal, with such perfect ease that, but for a blunder or two, you might have fancied Miss Lydia was born in Mayfair. At the Court end of the town she will live, she says; and has no patience with her father, who has a lodging in Monument Yard. For those who love a brown beauty, a prettier little *mignonne* creature cannot be seen. But my taste, you know, dearest brother, and . . . .”

Here follows a page of raptures and quotations of verse, which, out of a regard for the reader, and the writer’s memory, the editor of the present pages declines to reprint. Gentlemen and ladies of a certain age may remember the time when they indulged in these rapturous follies on their own accounts; when the praises

of the charmer were for ever warbling from their lips or trickling from their pens; when the flowers of life were in full bloom, and all the birds of spring were singing. The twigs are now bare, perhaps, and the leaves have fallen; but, for all that, shall we not remember the vernal time? As for you, young people, whose May (or April, is it?) has not commenced yet, you need not be detained over other folks' love-rhapsodies; depend on it, when your spring-season arrives, kindly Nature will warm all your flowers into bloom, and rouse your glad bosoms to pour out their full song.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

## A little Innocent.

GEORGE WARRINGTON has mentioned in the letter just quoted, that in spite of my Lord Castlewood's previous play transactions with Harry, my lord and George remained friends, and met on terms of good kinsmanship. Did George want franks, or an introduction at Court, or a place in the House of Lords to hear a debate, his cousin was always ready to serve him, was a pleasant and witty companion, and would do anything which might promote his relative's interests, provided his own were not prejudiced.

Now he even went so far as to promise that he would do his best with the people in power to provide a place for Mr. George Warrington, who daily showed a greater disinclination to return to his native country, and place himself once more under the maternal servitude. George had not merely a sentimental motive for remaining in England: the pursuits and society of London pleased him infinitely better than any which he could have at home. A planter's life of idleness might have suited him, could he have enjoyed independence with it. But in Virginia he was only the first, and, as he thought, the worst-treated, of his mother's subjects. He dreaded to think of returning with his young bride to his home, and of the life which she would be destined to lead there. Better freedom and poverty in England, with congenial society, and a hope perchance of future distinction, than the wearisome routine of

home life, the tedious subordination, the frequent bickerings, the certain jealousies and differences of opinion, to which he must subject his wife so soon as they turned their faces homeward.

So Lord Castlewood's promise to provide for George was very eagerly accepted by the Virginian. My lord had not provided very well for his own brother to be sure, and his own position, peer as he was, was anything but enviable; but we believe what we wish to believe, and George Warrington chose to put great stress upon his kinsman's offer of patronage. Unlike the Warrington family, Lord Castlewood was quite gracious when he was made acquainted with George's engagement to Miss Lambert; came to wait upon her parents; praised George to them and the young lady to George, and made himself so prodigiously agreeable in their company that these charitable folk forgot his bad reputation, and thought it must be a very wicked and scandalous world which maligned him. He said, indeed, that he was improved in their society, as every man must be who came into it. Among them he was witty, lively, good for the time being. He left his wickedness and worldliness with his cloak in the hall, and only put them on again when he stepped into his chair. What worldling on life's voyage does not know of some such harbour of rest and calm, some haven where he puts in out of the storm? Very likely Lord Castlewood was actually better whilst he stayed with those good people, and for the time being, at least no hypocrite.

And, I dare say, the Lambert elders thought no worse of his lordship for openly proclaiming his admiration for Miss Theo. It was quite genuine, and he did not profess it was very deep.

"It don't affect my sleep, and I am not going to break my heart because Miss Lambert prefers somebody else," he remarked. "Only I wish when I was a young man, Madam, I had had the good fortune to meet with somebody so innocent and good as your daughter. I might have been kept out of a deal of harm's way: but innocent and good young women did not fall into mine, or they would have made me better than I am."

"Sure, my lord, it is not too late!" says Mrs. Lambert, very softly.

Castlewood started back, misunderstanding her.

"Not too late, Madam?" he inquired.

She blushed. "It is too late to court my dear daughter," my lord, "but not too late to repent. We read, 'tis never too late to do that. If others have been received at the eleventh hour, is there any reason why you should give up hope?"

"Perhaps I know my own heart better than you," he says in a plaintive tone. "I can speak French and German very well, and why? because I was taught both in the nursery. A man who learns them late can never get the practice of them on his tongue. And so 'tis the case with goodness, I can't learn it at my age. I can only see others practice it, and admire them. When I am on — on the side opposite to Lazarus, will Miss Theo give me a drop of water? Don't frown! I know I shall be there, Mrs. Lambert. Some folks are doomed so; and I think some of our family are amongst these. Some people are vacillating, and one hardly knows which way the scale will turn. Whereas some are predestined angels, and fly Heavenwards naturally, and do what they will."

“O, my lord, and why should you not be of the predestined? Whilst there is a day left — whilst there is an hour — there is hope!” says the fond matron.

“I know what is passing in your mind, my dear Madam — nay, I read your prayers in your looks; but how can they avail?” Lord Castlewood asked sadly. “You don’t know all, my good lady. You don’t know what a life ours is of the world; how early it began; how selfish Nature, and then necessity and education have made us. It is Fate holds the reins of the chariot, and we can’t escape our doom. I know better: I see better people: I go my own way. My own? No, not mine — Fate’s: and it is not altogether without pity for us, since it allows us, from time to time, to see such people as you.” And he took her hand and looked her full in the face, and bowed with a melancholy grace. Every word he said was true. No greater error than to suppose that weak and bad men are strangers to good feelings, or deficient of sensibility. Only the good feeling does not last — nay, the tears are a kind of debauch of sentiment, as old libertines are said to find that the tears and grief of their victims add a zest to their pleasure. But Mrs. Lambert knew little of what was passing in this man’s mind (how should she?), and so prayed for him with the fond persistence of woman. He was much better — yes, much better than he was supposed to be. He was a most interesting man. There were hopes, why should there not be the most precious hopes for him still?

It remains to be seen which of the two speakers formed the correct estimate of my lord’s character. Meanwhile, if the gentleman was right, the lady was



mollified, and her kind wishes and prayers for this experienced sinner's repentance, if they were of no avail for his amendment, at least could do him no harm. Kind souled doctors (and what good woman is not of the faculty?) look after a reprobate as physicians after a perilous case. When the patient is converted to health their interest ceases in him, and they drive to feel pulses and prescribe medicines elsewhere.

But, while the malady was under treatment, our kind lady could not see too much of her sick man. Quite an intimacy sprung up between my Lord Castlewood and the Lamberts. I am not sure that some worldly views might not suit even with good Mrs. Lambert's spiritual plans (for who knows into what pure Eden, though guarded by flaming-sworded angels, worldliness will not creep?). Her son was about to take orders. My Lord Castlewood feared very much that his present Chaplain's, Mr. Sampson's, careless life and heterodox conversations might lead him to give up his chaplaincy; in which case, my lord hinted the little modest cure would be vacant, and at the service of some young divine of good principles and good manners, who would be content with a small stipend, and a small but friendly congregation.

Thus an acquaintance was established between the two families, and the ladies of Castlewood, always on their good behaviour, came more than once to make their curtsies in Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room. They were civil to the parents and the young ladies. My Lady Castlewood's card assemblies were open to Mrs. Lambert and her family. There was play, certainly — all the world played — his Majesty, the Bishops, every Peer and Peeress in the land. But nobody need

play who did not like; and surely nobody need have scruples regarding the practice, when such august and venerable personages were daily found to abet it. More than once Mrs. Lambert made her appearance at her ladyship's routs, and was grateful for the welcome which she received, and pleased with the admiration which her daughters excited.

Mention has been made, in a foregoing page and letter, of an American family of Dutch extraction, who had come to England very strongly recommended by Madam Esmond, their Virginian neighbour, to her sons in Europe. The views expressed in Madam Esmond's letter were so clear, that that arch match-maker, Mrs. Lambert, could not but understand them. As for George, he was engaged already; as for poor Hetty's flame, Harry, he was gone on service, for which circumstance Hetty's mother was not very sorry perhaps. She laughingly told George that he ought to obey his Mamma's injunctions, break off his engagement with Theo, and make up to Miss Lydia, who was ten times — ten times! a hundred times as rich as her poor girl, and certainly much handsomer. "Yes, indeed," says George, "that I own: she is handsomer, and she is richer, and perhaps even cleverer." (All which praises Mrs. Lambert but half liked.) "But say she is all these? So is Mr. Johnson much cleverer than I am: so is, whom shall we say? — so is Mr. Hagan the actor much taller and handsomer: so is Sir James Lowther much richer: yet pray, Ma'am, do you suppose I am going to be jealous of any one of these three, or think my Theo would jilt me for their sakes? Why should I not allow that Miss Lydia is handsomer, then? and richer, and clever; too, and lively, and well bred, if you insist on

it, and an angel if you will have it so? Theo is not afraid: art thou, child?"

"No, George," says Theo, with such an honest look of the eyes, as would convince any scepticism, or shame any jealousy. And if, after this pair of speeches, Mamma takes occasion to leave the room for a minute to fetch her scissors, or her thimble, or a boot-jack and slippers, or the cross and ball on the top of St. Paul's, or her pocket-handkerchief which she has forgotten in the parlour — if, I say, Mrs. Lambert quits the room on any errand or pretext, natural or preposterous, I shall not be in the least surprised, if, at her return in a couple of minutes, she finds George in near proximity to Theo, who has a heightened colour, and whose hand George is just dropping, I shall not have the least idea of what they have been doing. Have you, Madam? Have you any remembrance of what used to happen when Mr. Grundy came a courting? Are you, who, after all, were not in the room with our young people, going to cry out fie and for shame? Then fie and for shame upon you, Mrs. Grundy!

Well, Harry being away, and Theo and George irrevocably engaged, so that there was no possibility of bringing Madam Esmond's little plans to bear, why should not Mrs. Lambert have plans of her own; and if a rich, handsome, beautiful little wife should fall in his way, why should not Jack Lambert from Oxford have her? So thinks Mamma, who was always thinking of marrying and giving in marriage, and so she prattles to General Lambert, who, as usual, calls her a goose for her pains. At any rate, Mrs. Lambert says beauty and riches are no objection; at any rate, Madam Esmond desired that this family should be hospitably

entertained, and it was not her fault that Harry was gone away to Canada. Would the General wish him to come back; leave the army and his reputation, perhaps; yes, and come to England and marry this American, and break poor Hetty's heart — would her father wish that? Let us spare further arguments, and not be so rude as to hint that Mr. Lambert was in the right in calling a fond wife by the name of that absurd splay-footed bird, annually sacrificed at the Feast of St. Michael.

In those early days, there were vast distinctions of rank drawn between the Court and city people: and Mr. Van den Bosch, when he first came to London, scarcely associated with any but the latter sort. He had a lodging near his agent's in the city. When his pretty girl came from school for a holiday, he took her an airing to Islington or Highgate, or an occasional promenade in the Artillery Ground in Bunhill Fields. They went to that Baptist meeting-house in Finsbury Fields, and on the sly to see Mr. Garrick once or twice, or that funny rogue Mr. Foote, at the Little Theatre. To go to a Lord Mayor's feast was a treat to the gentleman of the highest order: and to dance with a young mercer at Hampstead Assembly gave the utmost delight to the young lady. When George first went to wait upon his mother's friends, he found our old acquaintance, Mr. Draper, of the Temple, sedulous in his attentions to her; and the lawyer, who was married, told Mr. Warrington to look out, as the young lady had a plumb to her fortune. Mr. Drabshaw, a young Quaker gentleman, and nephew of Mr. Trail, Madam Esmond's Bristol agent, was also in constant attendance upon the young lady, and in dreadful alarm and suspicion when

Mr. Warrington first made his appearance. Wishing to do honour to his mother's neighbours, Mr. Warrington invited them to an entertainment at his own apartments; and who should so naturally meet them as his friends from Soho? Not one of them but was forced to own little Miss Lydia's beauty. She had the foot of a fairy; the arms, neck, flashing eyes of a little brown huntress of Diana. She had brought a little plaintive accent from home with her — of which I, *moi qui vous parle*, have heard a hundred gross Cockney imitations, and watched as many absurd disguises, and which I say (in moderation) is charming in the mouth of a charming woman. Who sets up to say No, forsooth? You dear Miss Whittington, with whose h's fate has dealt so unkindly? — you lovely Miss Nicol Jarvie, with your northern burr? — you beautiful Miss Molony, with your Dame Street warble? All accents are pretty from pretty lips, and who shall set the standard up? Shall it be a rose, or a thistle, or a shamrock, or a star and stripe? As for Miss Lydia's accent, I have no doubt it was not odious even from the first day when she set foot on these polite shores, otherwise Mr. Warrington, as a man of taste, had certainly disapproved of her manner of talking, and her schoolmistress at Kensington had not done her duty by her pupil.

After the six months were over, during which, according to her father's calculation, she was to learn all the accomplishments procurable at the Kensington Academy, Miss Lydia returned nothing loth to her grandfather, and took her place in the world. A narrow world at first it was to her; but she was a resolute little person, and resolved to enlarge her sphere in society; and whither she chose to lead the way, the obedient

grandfather followed her. He had been thwarted himself in early life, he said, and little good came of the severity he underwent. He had thwarted his own son, who had turned out but ill. As for little Lyddy, he was determined she should have as pleasant a life as was possible. Did not Mr. George think he was right? 'Twas said in Virginia — he did not know with what reason — that the young gentlemen of Castlewood had been happier if Madam Esmond had allowed them a little of their own way. George could not gainsay this public rumour, or think of inducing the benevolent old gentleman to alter his plans respecting his granddaughter. As for the Lambert family, how could they do otherwise than welcome the kind old man, the parent so tender and liberal, Madam Esmond's good friend?

When Miss came from school, grandpapa removed from Monument Yard to an elegant house in Bloomsbury; whither they were followed at first by their city friends. There were merchants from Virginia Walk; there were worthy tradesmen, with whom the worthy old merchant had dealings; there were their ladies and daughters and sons, who were all highly gracious to Miss Lyddy. It would be a long task to describe how these disappeared one by one — how there were no more junketings at Belsize, or trips to Highgate, or Saturday jaunts to Deputy Higgs' villa, Highbury, or country dances at honest Mr. Lutestring's house at Hackney. Even the Sunday practice was changed; and, O abomination of abominations! Mr. Van den Bosch left Bethesda Chapel in Bunhill Row, and actually took a pew in Queen Square Church!

Queen Square Church, and Mr. George Warrington lived hard by in Southampton Row! 'Twas easy to see

at whom Miss Lyddy was setting her cap, and Mr. Draper, who had been full of her and her grandfather's praises before, now took occasion to warn Mr. George, and gave him very different reports regarding Mr. Van den Bosch to those which had first been current. Mr. Van d. B., for all he bragged so of his Dutch parentage, came from Albany, and was nobody's son at all. He had made his money by land speculation, or by privateering (which was uncommonly like piracy), and by the Guinea trade. His son had married — if marriage it could be called, which was very doubtful — an assigned servant, and had been cut off by his father, and had taken to bad courses, and had died, luckily for himself, in his own bed.

“Mr. Draper has told you bad tales about me,” said the placid old gentleman to George. “Very likely we are all sinners, and some evil may be truly said of all of us, with a great deal more that is untrue. Did he tell you that my son was unhappy with me? I told you so too. Did he bring you wicked stories about my family? He liked it so well that he wanted to marry my Lyddy to his brother. Heaven bless her! I have had a many offers for her. And you are the young gentleman I should have chose for her, and I like you none the worse because you prefer somebody else; though what you can see in your Miss, as compared to my Lyddy, begging your honour's pardon, I am at a loss to understand.”

“There is no accounting for tastes, my good sir,” said Mr. George, with his most superb air.

“No, sir; 'tis a wonder of nature, and daily happens. When I kept store to Albany, there was one of your tip-top gentry there that might have married my dear

daughter that was alive then, and with a pretty piece of money, whereby — for her father and I had quarrelled — Miss Lyddy would have been a pauper, you see: and in place of my beautiful Bella, my gentleman chooses a little homely creature, no prettier than your Miss, and without a dollar to her fortune. The more fool he, saving your presence, Mr. George.”

“Pray don’t save my presence, my good sir,” says George, laughing. “I suppose the gentleman’s word was given to the other lady, and he had seen her first, and hence was indifferent to your charming daughter.”

“I suppose when a young fellow gives his word to perform a cursed piece of folly, he always sticks to it, my dear sir, begging your pardon. But Lord, Lord, what am I speaking of? I am speaking of twenty year ago. I was well-to-do then, but I may say Heaven has blessed my store, and I am three times as well off now. Ask my agents how much they will give for Joseph Van den Bosch’s bill at six months on New York — or at sight may be — for forty thousand pound? I warrant they will discount the paper.”

“Happy he who has the bill, sir!” says George, with a bow, not a little amused with the candour of the old gentleman.

“Lord, Lord, how mercenary you young men are!” cries the elder, simply. “Always thinking about money now-a-days! Happy he who has the girl, I should say — the money ain’t the question, my dear sir, when it goes along with such a lovely young thing as that — though I humbly say it, who oughtn’t, and who am her fond silly old grandfather. We were talking about you, Lyddy darling — come, give me a kiss, my blessing! We were talking about you, and Mr. George said he



wouldn't take you with all the money your poor old grandfather can give you."

"Nay, sir," says George.

"Well, you are right to say nay, for I didn't say all, that's the truth. My Blessing will have a deal more than that trifle I spoke of, when it shall please Heaven to remove me out of this world to a better — when poor old Gappy is gone, Lyddy will be a rich little Lyddy, that she will. But she don't wish me to go yet, does she?"

"O you darling dear grandpapa!" says Lyddy.

"This young gentleman won't have you. (Lyddy looks an arch 'thank you, sir,' from her brown eyes.) But at any rate he is honest, and that is more than we can say of some folks in this wicked London: O Lord, Lord, how mercenary they are! Do you know that yonder, in Monument Yard, they were all at my poor little Blessing for her money? There was Tom Lutestring; there was Mr. Draper, your precious lawyer; there was actually Mr. Tubbs, of Bethesda Chapel; and they must all come buzzing like flies round the honey-pot. That is why we came out of the quarter, where my brother tradesmen live."

"To avoid the flies, to be sure!" says Miss Lydia, tossing up her little head.

"Where my brother tradesmen live," continues the old gentleman. "Else who am I to think of consorting with your grandees and fine folk? I don't care for the fashions, Mr. George; I don't care for plays and poetry, begging your honour's pardon; I never went to a play in my life, but to please this little minx."

"O, sir, 'twas lovely! and I cried so, didn't I, grandpapa?" says the child.

"At what, my dear?"

"At — at Mr. Warrington's play, grandpapa."

"Did you, my dear? I daresay; I daresay! It was mail day: and my letters had come in: and my ship the 'Lovely Lyddy' had just come into Falmouth; and Captain Joyce reported how he had mercifully escaped a French privateer; and my head was so full of thanks for that escape, which saved me a deal of money, George — for the rate at which ships is underwrote this war-time is so scandalous that I often prefer to venture than to insure — that I confess I didn't listen much to the play, sir, and only went to please this little Lyddy."

"And you *did* please me, dearest Gappy!" cries the young lady.

"Bless you! then it's all I want. What does a man want more here below than to please his children, Mr. George? especially me, who knew what was to be unhappy when I was young, and to repent of having treated this darling's father too hard."

"O grandpapa!" cries the child, with more caresses.

"Yes, I *was* too hard with him, dear; and that's why I spoil my little Lydkin so!"

More kisses ensue between Lyddy and Gappy. The little creature flings the pretty polished arms round the old man's neck, presses the dark red lips on his withered cheek, surrounds the venerable head with a halo of powder beaten out of his wig by her caresses; and eyes Mr. George the while, as much as to say, There, sir! should you not like me to do as much for you?

We confess; — but do we confess all? George certainly told the story of his interview with Lyddy and Gappy, and the old man's news regarding his

grand-daughter's wealth; but I don't think he told everything; else Theo would scarce have been so much interested, or so entirely amused and good-humoured with Lyddy when next the two young ladies met.

They met now pretty frequently, especially after the old American gentleman took up his residence in Bloomsbury. Mr. Van den Bosch was in the city for the most part of the day, attending to his affairs, and appearing at his place upon 'Change. During his absence Lyddy had the command of the house, and received her guests there like a lady, or rode abroad in a fine coach, which she ordered her grandpapa to keep for her, and into which he could very seldom be induced to set his foot. Before long Miss Lyddy was as easy in the coach as if she had ridden in one all her life. She ordered the domestics here and there; she drove to the mercer's and the jeweller's, and she called upon her friends with the utmost stateliness, or rode abroad with them to take the air. Theo and Hetty were both greatly diverted with her: but would the elder have been quite as well pleased had she known all Miss Lyddy's doings? Not that Theo was of a jealous disposition, — far otherwise; but there are cases when a lady has a right to a little jealousy, as I maintain, whatever my fair readers may say to the contrary.

It was because she knew he was engaged, very likely, that Miss Lyddy permitted herself to speak so frankly in Mr. George's praise. When they were alone — and this blessed chance occurred pretty often at Mr. Van den Bosch's house, for we have said he was constantly absent on one errand or the other — it was wonderful how artlessly the little creature would show her enthusiasm, asking him all sorts of simple questions

about himself, his genius, his way of life at home and in London, his projects of marriage, and so forth.

"I am glad you are going to be married, O so glad!" she would say, heaving the most piteous sigh the while, "for I can talk to you frankly, quite frankly as a brother, and not be afraid of that odious politeness about which they were always scolding me at boarding-school. I may speak to you frankly; and if I like you, I may say so, mayn't I, Mr. George?"

"Pray, say so," says George, with a bow and a smile. "That is a kind of talk which most men delight to hear, especially from such pretty lips as Miss Lydia's."

"What do you know about my lips?" says the girl, with a pout and an innocent look into his face.

"What, indeed?" asks George. "Perhaps I should like to know a great deal more."

"They don't tell nothin' but truth, any how!" says the girl; "that's why some people don't like them! If I have anything on my mind, it must come out. I am a country-bred girl, I am — with my heart in my mouth — all honesty and simplicity; not like your English girls, who have learned I don't know what at their boarding-schools, and from the men afterwards."

"Our girls are monstrous little hypocrites, indeed!" cries George.

"You are thinking of Miss Lamberts? and I might have thought of them; but I declare I did not then. They have been at boarding-school; they have been in the world a great deal — so much the greater pity for them, for be certain they learned no good there. And now I have said so, of course you will go and tell Miss Theo, won't you, sir?"

"That she has learned no good in the world? She

has scarce spoken to men at all, except her father, her brother, and me. Which of us would teach her any wrong, think you?"

"O, not you! Though I can understand its being very dangerous to be with you!" says the girl, with a sigh.

"Indeed there is no danger, and I don't bite!" says George, laughing.

"I didn't say bite," says the girl, softly. "There's other things dangerous besides biting, I should think. Aren't you very witty? Yes, and sarcastic, and clever, and always laughing at people? Haven't you a coaxing tongue? If you was to look at me in that kind of way, I don't know what would come to me. Was your brother like you, as I was to have married? Was he as clever and witty as you? I have heard he was like you: but he hadn't your coaxing tongue. Heigho! 'Tis well you are engaged, Master George, that is all. Do you think if you had seen me first, you would have liked Miss Theo best?"

"They say marriages were made in Heaven, my dear, and let us trust that mine has been arranged there," says George.

"I suppose there was no such thing never known, as a man having two sweethearts?" asks the artless little maiden. "Guess it's a pity. O me! What nonsense I'm a-talking; there now! I'm like the little girl who cried for the moon; and I can't have it. 'Tis too high for me — too high and splendid and shining: can't reach up to it nohow. Well, what a foolish, wayward, little spoilt thing I am now! But one thing you promise — on your word and your honour, now, Mr. George?"

"And what is that?"

"That you won't tell Miss Theo, she'll hate me."

"Why should she hate you?"

"Because I hate her, and wish she was dead!" breaks out the young lady. And the eyes that were looking so gentle and lachrymose but now, flame with sudden wrath, and her cheeks flush up. "For shame!" she adds, after a pause. "I'm a little fool to speak! But whatever is in my heart must come out. I am a girl of the woods, I am. I was bred where the sun is hotter than in this foggy climate. And I am not like your cold English girls; who, before they speak, or think, or feel, must wait for Mamma to give leave. There, there! I may be a little fool for saying what I have. I know you'll go and tell Miss Lambert. Well, do!"

But, as we have said, George didn't tell Miss Lambert. Even from the beloved person there must be some things kept secret; even to himself, perhaps, he did not quite acknowledge what was the meaning of the little girl's confession; or, if he acknowledged it, did not act on it; except in so far as this, perhaps, that my gentleman, in Miss Lydia's presence, was particularly courteous and tender; and in her absence thought of her very kindly, and always with a certain pleasure. It were hard, indeed, if a man might not repay by a little kindness and gratitude the artless affection of such a warm young heart.

What was that story meanwhile which came round to our friends, of young Mr. Lutestring and young Mr. Drabshaw the Quaker having a boxing-match at a tavern in the city, and all about this young lady? They fell out over their cups, and fought probably. Why did Mr. Draper, who had praised her so at first, tell such stories now against her grandfather? "I suspect," says Madame de Bernstein, "that he wants

the girl for some client or relation of his own; and that he tells these tales in order to frighten all suitors from her. When she and her grandfather came to me, she behaved perfectly well; and I confess, sir, I thought it was a great pity that you should prefer yonder red-cheeked countryfied little chit, without a halfpenny, to this pretty, wild, artless girl, with such a fortune as I hear she has."

"Oh, she has been with you, has she, aunt?" asks George of his relative.

"Of course she has been with me," the other replies, curtly. "Unless your brother has been so silly as to fall in love with that other little Lambert girl —"

"Indeed, Ma'am. I think I can say he has not," George remarks.

"Why, then, when he comes back with Mr. Wolfe, should he not take a fancy to this little person, as his Mamma wishes — only, to do us justice, we Esmonds care very little for what our Mammams wish — and marry her, and set up beside you in Virginia? She is to have a great fortune, which you won't touch. Pray, why should it go out of the family?"

George now learned that Mr. Van den Bosch and his grand-daughter had been often at Madame de Bernstein's house. Taking his favourite walk with his favourite companion to Kensington Gardens, he saw Mr. Van den Bosch's chariot turning into Kensington Square. The Americans were going to visit Lady Castlewood then? He found, on some little inquiry, that they had been more than once with her ladyship. It was, perhaps, strange that they should have said nothing of their visits to George; but, being little curious of other people's affairs, and having no intrigues or mysteries of his own, George was quite slow to

imagine them in other people. What mattered to him how often Kensington entertained Bloomsbury, or Bloomsbury made its bow at Kensington?

A number of things were happening at both places, of which our Virginian had not the slightest idea. Indeed, do not things happen under our eyes, and we not see them? Are not comedies and tragedies daily performed before us of which we understand neither the fun nor the pathos? Very likely George goes home thinking to himself, "I have made an impression on the heart of this young creature. She has almost confessed as much. Poor artless little maiden! I wonder what there is in me that she should like me?" Can he be angry with her for this unlucky preference? Was ever a man angry at such a reason? He would not have been so well pleased, perhaps, had he known all; and that he was only one of the performers in the comedy, not the principal character by any means; Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern in the Tragedy, the part of Hamlet by a gentleman unknown. How often are our little vanities shocked in this way, and subjected to wholesome humiliation! Have you not fancied that Lucinda's eyes beamed on you with a special tenderness, and presently become aware that she ogles your neighbour with the very same killing glances? Have you not exchanged exquisite whispers with Lalage at the dinner-table (sweet murmurs heard through the hum of the guests, and clatter of the banquet!) and then overheard her whispering the very same delicious phrases to old Surdus in the drawing-room? The sun shines for everybody; the flowers smell sweet for all noses; and the nightingale and Lalage warble for all ears — not your long ones only, good Brother!



## CHAPTER XXII.

In which Cupid plays a considerable Part.

WE must now, however, and before we proceed with the history of Miss Lydia and her doings, perform the duty of explaining that sentence in Mr. Warrington's letter to his brother which refers to Lady Maria Esmond, and which, to some simple readers, may be still mysterious. For how, indeed, could well-regulated persons divine such a secret? How could innocent and respectable young people suppose that a woman of noble birth, of ancient family, of mature experience, — a woman whom we have seen exceedingly in love only a score of months ago, — should so far forget herself as (O, my very finger-tips blush as I write the sentence!), — as not only to fall in love with a person of low origin, and very many years her junior, but actually to marry him in the face of the world? That is, not exactly in the face, but behind the back of the world, so to speak; for Parson Sampson privily tied the indissoluble knot for the pair at his chapel in May-Fair.

Now stop before you condemn her utterly. Because Lady Maria had had, and overcome, a foolish partiality for her young cousin, was that any reason why she should never fall in love with anybody else? Are men to have the sole privilege of change, and are women to be rebuked for availing themselves now and again of their little chance of consolation? No invectives can be more rude, gross, and unphilosophical than, for in-

stance, Hamlet's to his mother about her second marriage. The truth, very likely, is, that that tender, parasitic creature wanted a something to cling to, and, Hamlet senior out of the way, twined herself round Claudius. Nay, we have known females so bent on attaching themselves, that they can twine round two gentlemen at once. Why, forsooth, shall there not be marriage-tables after funeral baked-meats? If you said grace for your feast yesterday, is that any reason why you shall not be hungry to-day? Your natural fine appetite and relish for this evening's feast, shows that to-morrow evening at eight o'clock you will most probably be in want of your dinner. I, for my part, when Flirtilla or Jiltissa were partial to me (the kind reader will please to fancy that I am alluding here to persons of the most ravishing beauty and lofty rank), always used to bear in mind that a time would come when they would be fond of somebody else. We are served *à la Russe*, and gobbled up a dish at a time, like the folks in Polyphemus's cave. 'Tis *hodie mihi, cras tibi*: there are some Anthropophagi who devour dozens of us, — the old, the young, the tender, the tough, the plump, the lean, the ugly, the beautiful: there's no escape, and one after another, as our fate is, we disappear down their omnivorous maws. Look at Lady Ogresham! We all remember, last year, how she served poor Tom Kydd: seized upon him, devoured him, picked his bones, and flung them away. Now it is Ned Suckling she has got into her den. He lies under her great eyes, quivering and fascinated. Look at the poor little trepid creature, panting and helpless under the great eyes! She trails towards him nearer and nearer; he draws to her, closer and closer. Presently, there will be one or

two feeble squeaks for pity, and — hobblegobble — he will disappear! Ah me! it is pity, too. I knew, for instance, that Maria Esmond had lost her heart ever so many times before Harry Warrington found it; but I liked to fancy that he was going to keep it; that, bewailing mischance and times out of joint, she would yet have preserved her love, and fondled it in decorous celibacy. If, in some paroxysm of senile folly, I should fall in love to-morrow, I shall still try and think I have acquired the fee-simple of my charmer's heart; — not that I am only a tenant, on a short lease, of an old battered furnished apartment, where the dingy old wine-glasses have been clouded by scores of pairs of lips, and the tumbled old sofas are muddy with the last lodger's boots. Dear, dear nymph! Being beloved and beautiful! Suppose I had a little passing passion for Glycera (and her complexion really was as pure as splendid Parian marble); suppose you had a fancy for Telephus, and his low collars and absurd neck; — those follies are all over now, aren't they? We love each other for good now, don't we? Yes, for ever; and Glycera may go to Bath, and Telephus take his *cervicem roseam* to Jack Ketch, *n'est-ce pas?*

No. *We* never think of changing, my dear. However winds blow, or time flies, or spoons stir, *our* potage, which is now so piping hot, will never get cold. Passing fancies we may have allowed ourselves in former days; and really your infatuation for Telephus (don't frown so, my darling creature! and make the wrinkles in your forehead worse) — I say, really it was the talk of the whole town; and as for Glycera, she behaved confoundedly ill to me. Well, well, now that we understand each other, it is for ever that our

hearts are united, and we can look at Sir Cresswell Cresswell; and snap our fingers at his wig. But this Maria of the last century was a woman of an ill-regulated mind. You, my love, who know the world, know that in the course of this lady's career a great deal must have passed that would not bear the light, or edify in the telling. You know (not, my dear creature, that I mean you have any experience; but you have heard people say — you have heard your mother say) that an old flirt, when she has done playing the fool with one passion, will play the fool with another; that flirting is like drinking; and the brandy being drunk up, you — no, not you — Glycera — the brandy being drunk up, Glycera, who has taken to drinking, will fall upon the gin. So, if Maria Esmond has found a successor for Harry Warrington, and set up a new sultan in the precious empire of her heart, what, after all, could you expect from her? That territory was like the Low Countries, accustomed to being conquered, and for ever open to invasion.

And Maria's present enslaver was no other than Mr. Geoghegan or Hagan, the young actor who had performed in George's Tragedy. His tones were so thrilling, his eye so bright, his mien so noble, he looked so beautiful in his gilt leather armour and large buckled periwig, giving utterance to the poet's glowing verses, that the lady's heart was yielded up to him, even as Ariadne's to Bacchus when her affair with Theseus was over. The young Irishman was not a little touched and elated by the high-born damsel's partiality for him. He might have preferred a Lady Maria Hagan more tender in years, but one more tender in disposition it were difficult to discover. She clung to him closely,

indeed. She retired to his humble lodgings in Westminster with him, when it became necessary to disclose their marriage, and when her furious relative disowned her.

General Lambert brought the news home from his office in Whitehall one day, and made merry over it with his family. In those homely times a joke was none the worse for being a little broad; and a fine lady would laugh at a jolly page of Fielding, and weep over a letter of Clarissa, which would make your present ladyship's eyes start out of your head with horror. He uttered all sorts of waggeries, did the merry General, upon the subject of this marriage; upon George's share in bringing it about; upon Harry's jealousy when he should hear of it. He vowed it was cruel that Cousin Hagan had not selected George as groomsman; that the first child should be called Carpezan or Sybilla, after the Tragedy, and so forth. They would not quite be able to keep a coach, but they might get a chariot and pasteboard dragons from Mr. Rich's theatre. The baby might be christened in Macbeth's cauldron: and Harry and harlequin ought certainly to be godfathers.

"Why shouldn't she marry him if she likes him?" asked little Hetty. "Why should he not love her because she is a little old? Mamma is a little old, and you love her none the worse. When you married my Mamma, sir, I have heard you say you were very poor; and yet you were very happy, and nobody laughed at you!" Thus this impudent little person spoke by reason of her tender age, not being aware of Lady Maria Esmond's previous follies.

So her family has deserted her? George described

what wrath they were in; how Lady Castlewood had gone into mourning; how Mr. Will swore he would have the rascal's ears; how furious Madame de Bernstein was, the most angry of all. "It is an insult to the family," says haughty little Miss Hett; "and I can fancy how ladies of that rank must be indignant at their relative's marriage with a person of Mr. Hagan's condition; but to desert her is a very different matter."

"Indeed, my dear child," cries Mamma, "you are talking of what you don't understand. After my Lady Maria's conduct, no respectable person can go to see her."

"What conduct, Mamma?"

"Never mind," cries Mamma. "Little girls can't be expected to know, and ought not to be too curious to inquire, what Lady Maria's conduct has been! Suffice it, miss, that I am shocked her ladyship should ever have been here; and I say again, no honest person should associate with her!"

"Then, Aunt Lambert, I must be whipped and sent to bed," says George, with mock gravity. "I own to you (though I did not confess sooner, seeing that the affair was not mine) that I have been to see my cousin the player, and her ladyship his wife. I found them in very dirty lodgings in Westminster, where the wretch has the shabbiness to keep not only his wife, but his old mother, and a little brother, whom he puts to school. I found Mr. Hagan, and came away with a liking, and almost a respect for him, although I own he has made a very improvident marriage. But how improvident some folks are about marriage, aren't they, Theo?"

"Improvident, if they marry such spendthrifts as you," says the General. "Master George found his re-

lations, and I'll be bound to say he left his purse behind him."

"No, not the purse, sir," says George, smiling very tenderly. "Theo made that. But I am bound to own it came empty away. Mr. Rich is in great dudgeon. He says he hardly dares have Hagan on his stage, and is afraid of a riot, such as Mr. Garrick had about the foreign dancers. This is to be a fine gentleman's riot. The Macaronis are furious, and vow they will pelt Mr. Hagan, and have him cudgelled afterwards. My cousin Will, at Arthur's, has taken his oath he will have the actor's ears. Meanwhile, as the poor man does not play, they have cut off his salary; and without his salary, this luckless pair of lovers have no means to buy bread and cheese."

"And you took it to them, sir? It was like you, George!" says Theo, worshipping him with her eyes.

"It was your purse took it, dear Theo!" replies George.

"Mamma, I hope you will go and see them to-morrow!" prays Theo.

"If she doesn't, I shall get a divorce, my dear!" cries Papa. "Come and kiss me, you little wench — that is, *avec la bonne permission de Monsieur mon beau-fils.*"

"Monsieur mon beau fiddlestick, Papa!" says Miss Lambert, and I have no doubt complies with the paternal orders. And this was the first time George Esmond Warrington, Esquire, was ever called a fiddlestick.

Any man, even in our time, who makes an imprudent marriage, knows how he has to run the gauntlet of the family, and undergo the abuse, the scorn, the wrath, the pity of his relations. If your respectable

family cry out because you marry the curate's daughter, one in ten, let us say, of his charming children; or because you engage yourself to the young barrister whose only present pecuniary resources come from the court which he reports, and who will have to pay his Oxford bills out of your slender little fortune; — if your friends cry out for making such engagements as these, fancy the feelings of Lady Maria Hagan's friends, and even those of Mr. Hagan's, on the announcement of this marriage.

There is old Mrs. Hagan, in the first instance. Her son has kept her dutifully and in tolerable comfort, ever since he left Trinity College at his father's death, and appeared as Romeo at Crow Street Theatre. His salary has sufficed of late years to keep the brother at school, to help the sister who has gone out as companion, and to provide fire, clothing, tea, dinner, and comfort for the old clergyman's widow. And now, forsooth, a fine lady with all sorts of extravagant habits, must come and take possession of the humble home, and share the scanty loaf and mutton! Were Hagan not a high-spirited fellow, and the old mother very much afraid of him, I doubt whether my lady's life at the Westminster lodgings would be very comfortable. It *was* very selfish perhaps to take a place at that small table, and in poor Hagan's narrow bed. But Love in some passionate and romantic dispositions never regards consequences, or measures accommodation. Who has not experienced that frame of mind; what thrifty wife has not seen and lamented her husband in that condition; when with rather a heightened colour and a deuce-may-care smile on his face, he comes home and announces that he has asked twenty people to dinner next Satur-



day? He doesn't know whom exactly; and he does know the dining-room will only hold sixteen. Never mind! Two of the prettiest girls can sit upon young gentlemen's knees: others won't come: there's sure to be plenty! In the intoxication of love people venture upon this dangerous sort of house-keeping; they don't calculate the resources of their dining table, or those inevitable butchers' and fishmongers' bills, which will be brought to the ghastly housekeeper at the beginning of the month.

Yes. It was rather selfish of my Lady Maria to seat herself at Hagan's table and take the cream off the milk, and the wings of the chickens, and the best half of everything where there was only enough before; and no wonder the poor old mamma-in-law was disposed to grumble. But what was her outcry compared to the clamour at Kensington among Lady Maria's noble family? Think of the talk and scandal all over the town! Think of the titters and whispers of the ladies in attendance at the Princess's court, where Lady Fanny had a place; of the jokes of Mr. Will's brother-officers at the usher's table; of the waggeries in the daily prints and magazines; of the comments of outraged prudes; of the clubs and the sneers of the ungodly! At the receipt of the news Madame Bernstein had fits and ran off to the solitude of her dear rocks at Tunbridge Wells, where she did not see above forty people of a night at cards. My lord refused to see his sister; and the Countess in mourning, as we have said, waited upon one of her patronesses, a gracious princess, who was pleased to condole with her upon the disgrace and calamity which had befallen her house. For one, two, three whole days the town was excited and amused by

the scandal; then there came other news — a victory in Germany; doubtful accounts from America; a general officer coming home to take his trial; an exquisite new soprano singer from Italy; and the public forgot Lady Maria in her garret, eating the hard-earned meal of the actor's family.

This is an extract from Mr. George Warrington's letter to his brother, in which he describes other personal matters, as well as a visit he had paid to the newly-married pair:

"My dearest little Theo," he writes, "was eager to accompany her Mamma upon this errand of charity, but I thought Aunt Lambert's visit would be best under the circumstances, and without the attendance of her little spinster *aide-de-camp*. Cousin Hagan was out when we called; we found her ladyship in a loose undress, and with her hair in not the neatest papers, playing at cribbage with a neighbour from the second-floor, while good Mrs. Hagan sate on the other side of the fire with a glass of punch, and the Whole Duty of Man.

"Maria, your Maria once, cried a little when she saw us; and Aunt Lambert, you may be sure, was ready with her sympathy. While she bestowed it on Lady Maria, I paid the best compliments I could invent to the old lady. When the conversation between Aunt L. and the bride began to flag, I turned to the latter, and between us we did our best to make a dreary interview pleasant. Our talk was about you, about Wolfe, about war; you must be engaged face to face with the Frenchmen by this time, and God send my dearest brother safe and victorious out of the battle! Be sure we follow your steps anxiously — we fancy

you at Cape Breton. We have plans of Quebec, and charts of the St. Lawrence. Shall I ever forget your face of joy that day when you saw me return safe and sound from the little combat with the little Frenchman? So will my Harry, I know, return from his battle. I feel quite assured of it; elated somehow with the prospect of your certain success and safety. And I have made all here share my cheerfulness. We talk of the campaign as over, and Captain Warrington's promotion as secure. Pray Heaven, all our hopes may be fulfilled one day ere long.

“How strange it is that you who are the mettlesome fellow (you know you are) should escape quarrels hitherto, and I, who am a peaceful youth, wishing no harm to anybody, should have battles thrust upon me! What do you think actually of my having had another affair upon my wicked hands, and with whom think you? With no less a personage than your old enemy our kinsman, Mr. Will.

“What or who set him to quarrel with me, I cannot think. Spencer (who acted as second for me, for matters actually have gone this length; — don't be frightened; it is all over, and nobody is a scratch the worse) thinks some one set Will on me, but who, I say? His conduct has been most singular; his behaviour quite unbearable. We have met pretty frequently lately at the house of good Mr. Van den Bosch, whose pretty grand-daughter was consigned to both of us by our good mother. O, dear mother! did you know that the little thing was to be such a *causa belli*, and to cause swords to be drawn, and precious lives to be menaced? But so it has been. To show his own spirit, I suppose, or having some reasonable doubt about mine, whenever

Will and I have met at Mynheer's house — and he is for ever going there — he has shown such downright rudeness to me, that I have required more than ordinary patience to keep my temper. He has contradicted me once, twice, thrice, in the presence of the family, and out of sheer spite and rage, as it appeared to me. Is he paying his addresses to Miss Lydia, and her father's ships, negroes, and forty thousand pounds? I should guess so. The old gentleman is for ever talking about his money, and adores his grand-daughter, and as she is a beautiful little creature, numbers of folk here are ready to adore her too. Was Will rascal enough to fancy that I would give up my Theo for a million of guineas, and negroes, and Venus to boot? Could the thought of such baseness enter into the man's mind? I don't know that he has accused me of stealing Van den Bosch's spoons and tankards when we dine there, or of robbing on the highway. But for one reason or the other he has chosen to be jealous of me, and as I have parried his impertinences with little sarcastic speeches (though perfectly civil before company), perhaps I have once or twice made him angry. Our little Miss Lydia has unwittingly added fuel to the fire on more than one occasion, especially yesterday, when there was talk about your worship.

“‘Ah!’ says the heedless little thing, as we sat over our dessert, ‘’tis lucky for you, Mr. Esmond, that Captain Harry is not here.’

“‘Why, miss?’ asks he, with one of his usual conversational ornaments. He must have offended some fairy in his youth, who has caused him to drop curses for ever out of his mouth, as she did the girl to spit out toads and serpents. (I know some one from whose

gentle lips there only fall pure pearls and diamonds.) 'Why?' says Will, with a cannonade of oaths.

"'O fie!' says she, putting up the prettiest little fingers to the prettiest little rosy ears in the world. 'O fie, sir! to use such naughty words. 'Tis lucky the Captain is not here, because he might quarrel with you; and Mr. George is so peaceable and quiet, that he won't. Have you heard from the Captain, Mr. George?'

"'From Cape Breton,' says I. 'He is very well, thank you; that is —' I couldn't finish the sentence, for I was in such a rage, that I scarce could contain myself.

"'From the Captain, as you call him, Miss Lyddy,' says Will. 'He'll distinguish himself as he did at Saint Cas! Ho, ho!'

"'So I apprehend he did, sir,' says Will's brother.

"'Did he?' says our dear cousin; 'always thought he ran away; took to his legs; got a ducking, and ran away as if a bailiff was after him.'

"'La!' says miss, 'did the Captain ever have a bailiff after him?'

"'Didn't he! Ho, ho!' laughs Mr. Will.

"I suppose I must have looked very savage, for Spencer, who was dining with us, trod on my foot under the table. 'Don't laugh so loud, cousin,' I said, very gently; 'you may wake good old Mr. Van den Bosch.' The good old gentleman was asleep in his arm-chair, to which he commonly retires for a nap after dinner.

"'O, indeed! cousin,' says Will, and he turned and winks at a friend of his, Captain Deuceace, whose own and whose wife's reputation I daresay you heard of

when you frequented the clubs, and whom Will has introduced into this simple family as a man of the highest fashion. 'Don't be afraid, miss,' says Mr. Will, 'nor my cousin needn't be.'

"'O what a comfort!' cries Miss Lyddy. 'Keep quite quiet, gentlemen, and don't quarrel, and come up to me when I send to say the tea is ready.' And with this she makes a sweet little curtsy, and disappears.

"'Hang it, Jack, pass the bottle, and don't wake the old gentleman!' continues Mr. Will. 'Won't you help yourself, cousin?' he continues; being particularly facetious in the tone of that word cousin.

"'I am going to help myself,' I said, 'but I am not going to drink the glass; and I'll tell you what I am going to do with it, if you will be quite quiet, cousin!' (Desperate kicks from Spencer all this time.)

"'And what the deuce do I care what you are going to do with it?' asks Will, looking rather white.

"'I am going to fling it into your face, cousin,' says I, very rapidly performing that feat.

"'By Jove, and no mistake!' cries Mr. Deuceace; and as he and William roared out an oath together, good old Van den Bosch woke up, and, taking the pocket-handkerchief off his face, asked what was the matter.

"'I remarked it was only a glass of wine gone the wrong way: and the old man said, 'Well, well, there is more where that came from! Let the butler bring you what you please, young gentlemen!' and he sank back in his great chair, and began to sleep again.

"'From the back of Montagu House Gardens there is a beautiful view of Hampstead at six o'clock in the morning; and the statue of the King on St. George's

Church, is reckoned elegant, cousin!' says I, resuming the conversation.

"'D— the statue!' begins Will: but I said, 'Don't, cousin! or you will wake up the old gentleman. Had we not best go up-stairs to Miss Lyddy's tea-table?'

"We arranged a little meeting for the next morning; and a coroner might have been sitting upon one or other, or both, of our bodies this afternoon; but, would you believe it? just as our engagement was about to take place, we were interrupted by three of Sir John Fielding's men, and carried to Bow Street, and ignominiously bound over to keep the peace.

"Who gave the information? Not I, or Spencer, I can vow. Though I own I was pleased when the constables came running to us, bludgeon in hand: for I had no wish to take Will's blood, or sacrifice my own to such a rascal. Now, sir, have you such a battle as this to describe to me? — a battle of powder and no shot? — a battle of swords as bloody as any on the stage? I have filled my paper, without finishing the story of Maria and her Hagan. You must have it by the next ship. You see, the quarrel with Will took place yesterday, very soon after I had written the first sentence or two of my letter. I had been dawdling till dinner time (I looked at the paper last night, when I was grimly making certain little accounts up, and wondered shall I ever finish this letter?), and now the quarrel has been so much more interesting to me than poor Molly's love adventures, that behold my paper is full to the brim! Wherever my dearest Harry reads it, I know there will be a heart full of love for

"His loving brother,

"G. E. W."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## White Favours.

THE little quarrel between George and his cousin caused the former to discontinue his visits to Bloomsbury in a great measure; for Mr. Will was more than ever assiduous in his attentions; and, now that both were bound over to peace, so outrageous in his behaviour, that George found the greatest difficulty in keeping his hands from his cousin. The artless little Lydia had certainly a queer way of receiving her friends. But six weeks before madly-jealous of George's preference for another, she now took occasion repeatedly to compliment Theo in her conversation. Miss Theo was such a quiet, gentle creature, Lyddy was sure George was just the husband for her. How fortunate that horrible quarrel had been prevented! The constables had come up just in time; and it was quite ridiculous to hear Mr. Esmond cursing and swearing, and the rage he was in at being disappointed of his duel! "But the arrival of the constables saved your valuable life, dear Mr. George, and I am sure Miss Theo ought to bless them for ever," says Lyddy, with a soft smile. "You won't stop and meet Mr. Esmond at dinner to-day? You don't like being in his company? He can't do you any harm; and I am sure you will do him none." Kind speeches like these, addressed by a little girl to a gentleman, and spoken by a strange inadvertency in company, and when other gentlemen and ladies were present, were not likely to



render Mr. Warrington very eager for the society of the young American lady.

George's meeting with Mr. Will was not known for some days in Dean Street, for he did not wish to disturb those kind folks with his quarrel; but when the ladies were made aware of it, you may be sure there was a great flurry and to do. "You were actually going to take a fellow-creature's life, and you came to see us, and said not a word! O, George, it was shocking!" said Theo.

"My dear, he had insulted me and my brother," pleaded George. "Could I let him call us both cowards, and sit by and say, Thank you?"

The General sate by and looked very grave.

"You know you think, Papa, it is a wicked and un-Christian practice; and have often said you wished gentlemen would have the courage to refuse!"

"To refuse? Yes," says Mr. Lambert, still very glum.

"It must require a prodigious strength of mind to refuse," says Jack Lambert, looking as gloomy as his father; "and I think if any man were to call me a coward, I should be apt to forget my orders."

"You see brother Jack is with me!" cries George.

"I must not be against you, Mr. Warrington," says Jack Lambert.

"Mr. Warrington!" cries George, turning very red.

"Would you, a clergyman, have George break the Commandments, and commit murder, John?" asks Theo, aghast.

"I am a soldier's son, sister," says the young divine, drily. "Besides, Mr. Warrington has committed no murder at all. We must soon be hearing from

Canada, father. The great question of the supremacy of the two races must be tried there ere long!" He turned his back on George as he spoke, and the latter eyed him with wonder.

Hetty, looking rather pale at this original remark of brother Jack, is called out of the room by some artful pretext of her sister. George started up and followed the retreating girls to the door.

"Great powers, gentlemen!" says he, coming back, "I believe, on my honour, you are giving me the credit of shirking this affair with Mr. Esmond!" The clergyman and his father looked at one another.

"A man's nearest and dearest are always the first to insult him," says George, flashing out.

"You mean to say, 'Not guilty?' God bless thee, my boy!" cries the General. "I told thee so, Jack." And he rubbed his hand across his eyes, and blushed, and wrung George's hand with all his might.

"Not guilty of what, in Heaven's name?" asks Mr. Warrington.

"Nay," said the General, "Mr. Jack, here, brought the story. Let him tell it. I believe 'tis a —— lie, with all my heart." And uttering this wicked expression, the General fairly walked out of the room.

The Rev. J. Lambert looked uncommonly foolish.

"And what is this — this d — d lie, sir, that somebody has been telling of me?" asked George, grinning at the young clergyman.

"To question the courage of any man, is always an offence to him," says Mr. Lambert, "and I rejoice that yours has been belied."

"Who told the falsehood, sir, which you repeated?" bawls out Mr. Warrington. "I insist on the man's name!"

"You forget you are bound over to keep the peace," says Jack.

"Curse the peace, sir! We can go and fight in Holland. Tell me the man's name, I say!"

"Fair and softly, Mr. Warrington!" cries the young parson, "my hearing is perfectly good. It was not a man who told me the story which, I confess, I imparted to my father."

"What?" asks George, the truth suddenly occurring. "Was it that artful, wicked little vixen in Bloomsbury Square?"

"Vixen is not the word to apply to any young lady, George Warrington!" exclaims Lambert, "much less to the charming Miss Lydia. She artful — the most innocent of Heaven's creatures! She wicked — that angel! With unfeigned delight that the quarrel should be over — with devout gratitude to think that blood consanguineous should not be shed — she spoke in terms of the highest praise of you for declining this quarrel, and of the deepest sympathy with you for taking the painful but only method of averting it."

"What method?" demands George, stamping his foot.

"Why, of laying an information, to be sure!" says Mr. Jack; on which George burst forth into language much too violent for us to repeat here, and highly uncomplimentary to Miss Lydia.

"Don't utter such words, sir!" cried the parson, who, as it seemed, now took his turn to be angry. "Do not insult, in my hearing, the most charming, the most innocent of her sex! If she has been mistaken in her information regarding you, and doubted your willingness to commit what, after all, is a crime — for a crime

homicide is, and of the most awful description — you, sir, have no right to blacken that angel's character with foul words: and, innocent yourself, should respect the most innocent as she is the most lovely of women! O, George, are you to be my brother?"

"I hope to have that honour," answered George, smiling. He began to perceive the other's drift.

"What, then, what — though 'tis too much bliss to be hoped for by sinful man — what, if she should one day be your sister? Who could see her charms without being subjugated by them? I own that I am a slave. I own that those Latin Sapphics in the September number of the Gentleman's Magazine, beginning *Lydiæ quondam cecinit venustæ* (with an English version by my friend Hickson of Corpus) were mine. I have told my mother what hath passed between us, and Mrs. Lambert also thinks that the most lovely of her sex has deigned to look favourably on me. I have composed a letter — she another. She proposes to wait on Miss Lydia's grandpapa this very day, and to bring me the answer, which shall make me the happiest or the most wretched of men! It was in the unrestrained intercourse of family conversation that I chanced to impart to my father the sentiments which my dear girl had uttered. Perhaps I spoke slightly of your courage, which I don't doubt — by Heaven, I don't doubt: it may be, she has erred, too, regarding you. It may be, that the fiend jealousy has been gnawing at my bosom and — horrible suspicion! — that I thought my sister's lover found too much favour with her I would have all my own. Ah, dear George, who knows his faults? I am as one distracted with passion. Confound it, sir! What right have you

to laugh at me? I would have you to know that *risu inepto* . . . .”

“What, have you two boys made it up?” cries the General, entering at this moment, in the midst of a roar of laughter from George.

“I was giving my opinion to Mr. Warrington upon laughter, and upon his laughter in particular,” says Jack Lambert, in a fume.

“George is bound over to keep the peace, Jack! Thou canst not fight him for two years; and between now and then, let us trust you will have made up your quarrel. Here is dinner, boys! We will drink absent friends, and an end to the war, and no fighting out of the profession!”

George pleaded an engagement, as a reason for running away early from his dinner; and Jack must have speedily followed him, for when the former, after transacting some brief business at his own lodgings, came to Mr. Van den Bosch's door, in Bloomsbury Square, he found the young parson already in parley with a servant there. “His master and mistress had left town yesterday,” the servant said.

“Poor Jack! And you had the decisive letter in your pocket?” George asked of his future brother-in-law.

“Well, yes,” — Jack owned he had the document — “and my mother has ordered a chair, and was coming to wait on Miss Lyddy,” he whispered piteously, as the young men lingered on the steps.

George had a note, too, in his pocket for the young lady, which he had not cared to mention to Jack. In truth, his business at home had been to write a smart note to Miss Lyddy, with a message for the gentleman

who had brought her that funny story of his giving information regarding the duel! The family being absent, George, too, did not choose to leave his note. "If Cousin Will has been the slander-bearer, I will go and make him recant," thought George. "Will the family soon be back?" he blandly asked.

"They are gone to visit the quality," the servant replied. "Here is the address on this paper;" and George read, in Miss Lydia's hand, "The box from Madam Hocquet's to be sent by the Farnham Flying Coach; addressed to Miss Van den Bosch, at the Right Honourable the Earl of Castlewood's, Castlewood, Hants."

"*Where?*" cried poor Jack, aghast.

"His lordship and their ladyships have been here often," the servant said, with much importance. "The families is quite intimate."

This was very strange: for, in the course of their conversation, Lyddy had owned but to one single visit from Lady Castlewood.

"And they must be a-going to stay there some time, for Miss have took a power of boxes and gowns with her!" the man added. And the young men walked away, each crumpling his letter in his pocket.

"What was that remark you made?" asks George of Jack, at some exclamation of the latter. "I think you said —"

"Distraction! I am beside myself, George! I — I scarce know what I am saying," groans the clergyman. "She is gone to Hampshire, and Mr. Esmond is gone with her!"

"Othello could not have spoken better! and she has a pretty scoundrel in her company!" says Mr. George.

“Ha! Here is your mother’s chair!” Indeed, at this moment poor Aunt Lambert came swinging down Great Russell Street, preceded by her footman. “’Tis no use going farther, Aunt Lambert!” cries George. “Our little bird has flown.”

“What little bird?”

“The bird Jack wished to pair with: the Lyddy bird, Aunt. Why, Jack, I protest you are swearing again! This morning ’twas the Sixth Commandment you wanted to break; and now —”

“Confound it! leave me alone, Mr. Warrington, do you hear?” growls Jack, looking very savage; and away he strides far out of the reach of his mother’s bearers.

“What is the matter, George?” asks the lady.

George, who has not been very well pleased with brother Jack’s behaviour all day, says: “Brother Jack has not a fine temper, Aunt Lambert. He informs you all that I am a coward, and remonstrates with me for being angry. He finds his mistress gone to the country, and he bawls, and stamps, and swears. O, fie! O, Aunt Lambert, beware of jealousy! Did the quarrel ever make you jealous?”

“You will make me very angry if you speak to me in this way,” says poor Aunt Lambert, from her chair.

“I am respectfully dumb. I make my bow. I withdraw,” says George, with a low bow, and turns towards Holborn. His soul was wrath within him. He was bent on quarrelling with somebody. Had he met Cousin Will that night, it had gone ill with his sureties.

He sought Will at all his haunts, at Arthur’s, at his own house. There Lady Castlewood’s servants informed him that they believed Mr. Esmond had gone to join

the family in Hants. He wrote a letter to his cousin:

“My dear, kind cousin William,” he said, “you know I am bound over, and would not quarrel with any one, much less with a dear, truth-telling, affectionate kinsman, whom my brother insulted by caning. But if you can find any one who says that I prevented a meeting the other day by giving information, will you tell your informant that I think it is not I but somebody else is the coward? And I write to Mr. Van den Bosch by the same post, to inform him and Miss Lyddy that I find some rascal has been telling them lies to my discredit, and to beg them to have a care of such persons.” And, these neat letters being dispatched, Mr. Warrington dressed himself, showed himself at the play, and took supper cheerfully at the Bedford.

In a few days George found a letter on his breakfast table franked “Castlewood,” and, indeed, written by that nobleman.

“Dear Cousin,” my lord wrote, “there has been so much annoyance in our family of late, that I am sure ’t is time our quarrels should cease. Two days since my brother William brought me a very angry letter, signed G. Warrington, and at the same time, to my great grief and pain, acquainted me with a quarrel that had taken place between you, in which, to say the least, your conduct was violent. ’Tis an ill use to put good wine to — that to which you applied good Mr. Van den Bosch’s. Sure, before an old man, young ones should be more respectful. I do not deny that Wm.’s language and behaviour are often irritating. I know he has often tried my temper, and that within the 24 hours.

“Ah! Why should we not all live happily together?”



You know, cousin, I have ever professed a sincere regard for you — that I am a sincere admirer of the admirable young lady to whom you are engaged, and to whom I offer my most cordial compliments and remembrances. I would live in harmony with all my family where 'tis possible — the more because I hope to introduce to it a Countess of Castlewood.

“At my mature age, 'tis not uncommon for a man to choose a young wife. My Lydia (you will divine that I am happy in being able to call mine the elegant Miss Van den Bosch) will naturally survive me. After soothing my declining years, I shall not be jealous if at their close she should select some happy man to succeed me; though I shall envy him the possession of so much perfection and beauty. Though of a noble Dutch family, her rank, the dear girl declares, is not equal to mine, which she confesses that she is pleased to share. I, on the other hand, shall not be sorry to see descendants to my house, and to have it, through my Lady Castlewood's means, restored to something of the splendour which it knew before two or three improvident predecessors impaired it. My Lydia, who is by my side, sends you and the charming Lambert family her warmest remembrances.

“The marriage will take place very speedily here. May I hope to see you at church? My brother will not be present to quarrel with you. When I and dear Lydia announced the match to him yesterday, he took the intelligence in bad part, uttered language that I know he will one day regret, and is at present on a visit to some neighbours. The Dowager Lady Castlewood retains the house at Kensington; we having our

own establishment, where you will ever be welcomed,  
dear cousin, by your affectionate humble servant,  
"CASTLEWOOD."

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From the London Magazine of November, 1759:  
"Saturday, October 13th, married, at his seat,  
Castlewood, Hants, the Right Honourable Eugene Earl  
of Castlewood to the beautiful Miss Van den Bosch,  
of Virginia. £ 70,000."

END OF VOL. III.

